THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A° D: 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Volume 200, Number 18

OCTOBER 29, 1927

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Duck, Al! Here's Another Open Letter—By Will Rogers

On with the Frolic!

Here's a combination of nuts and chocolate that makes for merriment

The sweets for Hallowe'en

In the very center of the fun, giving warmth and "pep", is the chosen box of candy. Let us suggest the Fussy Package for the Hallowe'en revels. And, as a most appropriate gift, the Fussy Package in its bright orange and black special gift wrapper. Whitman agencies will mail it to your friends at a distance.

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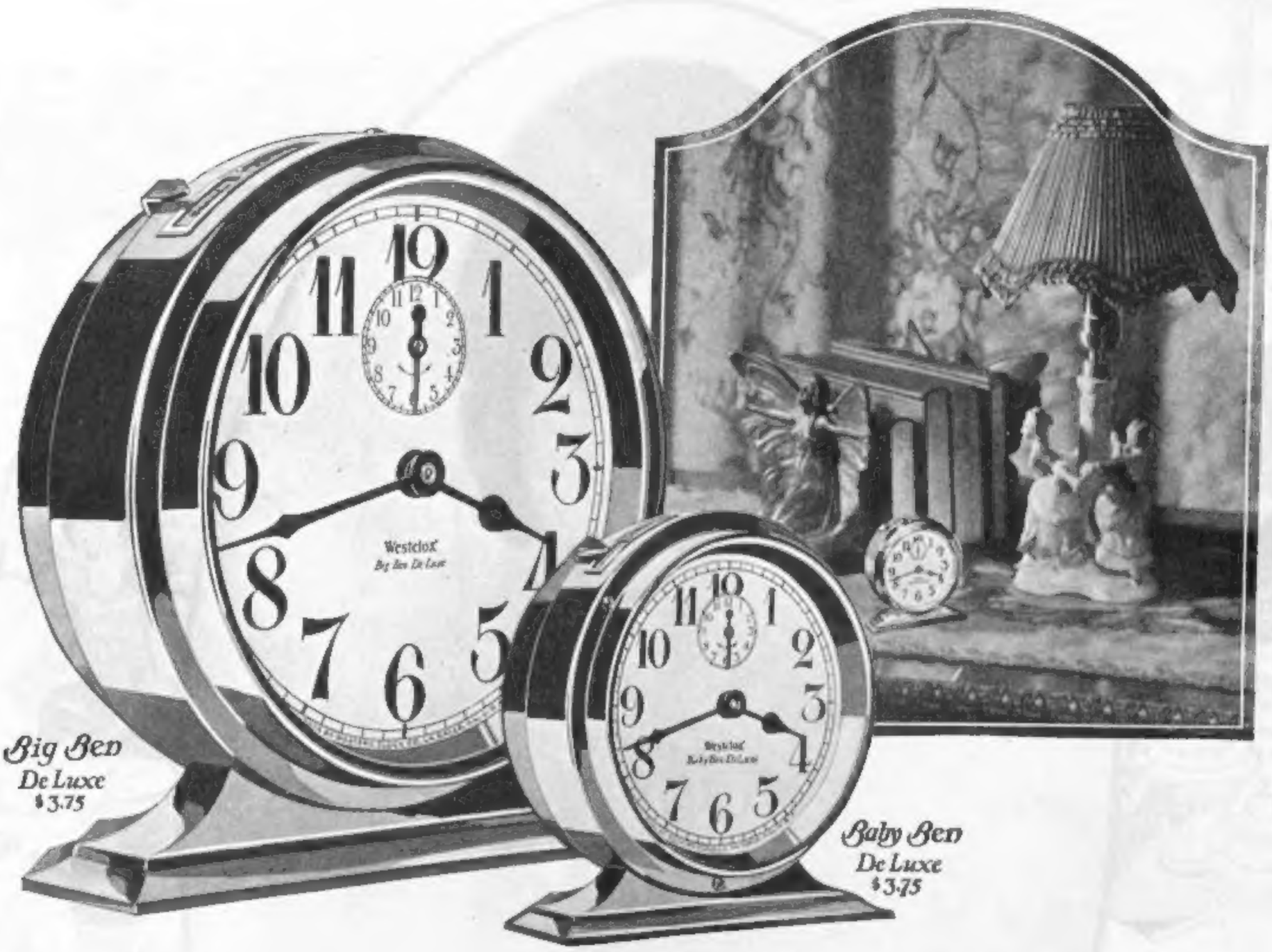
Fussy Chocolates

Westclox



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TELEGRAPH

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DUCK, AL! HERE'S ANOTHER OPEN LETTER

By WILL ROGERS

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

THIS is another one of those open letters that always litter up Al Smith's mail. Al has got so many open letters that it looks like everybody that writes to him has run out of saliva for the tongue. Calvin is the smartest Guy with those open letters. If they are open, he just leaves the impression they was lost in the mail. You can't smoke Cal out with an open letter. He just thrives on smoke. He won't answer a private letter, much less an open one.

Al, I never saw a man in my life where everybody wants to know or help take care of their business like they do you. You are the champion advice receiver of our day. Now, Al, I have known you for years. I don't mean by that that it's been mutual. But even at that, we been speaking to each other for a good many years. I hung around the old town myself for many a year. I have watched your career. I know the story of your life better than I know the story of Amy's Escape.

I first met you when you was sheriff of N. Y. I thought then that was the highest job of anybody's in the World. Town Marshall of New York, I remember when you quit that, when they made it a straight salary instead of a commission job. Your career has been watched with good wishes from everybody connected with the stage, because you have been the stage's greatest booster among our public men. You seemed to savvy our problems, you spoke our tonguee. It dident get us nervous when you was out in front; it just made us feel good.

Al, your career has been phenomial. You have gone like a fresh opened quart in a crowd. You grabbed the old Empire State, tucked it under your arm and did a Red Grange. Every time they had an election you had the ball. They can't stop you on the home grounds. You are Babe Ruth with a short right-field fence. It's just nothing but the showers for any Guy they send in against you. You can call in your outfielders in your league and set the Republicans down in one-two-three order. You can burn the votes through there so fast on election day that they can't get the bat off their shoulder. They can't produce a man that can even get a foul off you. The man you run against ain't a Candidate; he is just a victim.

You remember the night the Friars Club gave you the big testimonial dinner in N. Y.

and I was the one to introduce you. Jimmy Walker was there. That was before either of us ever thought we would be Mayor of a great City. Jimmy was a State Senator and nobody ever thinks a State Senator will ever live it down. Well, I had a lot of my little bum jokes on you because I knew, and we all did, that you was a good fellow and would stand for anything and give back more than you received.

Well, you certainly did come back and knock me over with a beaut. I was j king in my introduction of you about you being an Amateur Actor and took a leading part in all the Theatricals. I said that an Actor was bad enough, but that an Actor that acted for nothing was the last word; that he was a real Ham when a fellow couldent act good enough to get paid for it.

Then when you got up you looked at me and said, "Will calls me a Ham Actor because I acted for nothing. Well, at least my conscience is clear."

You sunk me and knocked the audience right back on their flasks with that one. I figured I would get the worst of it from you, because everybody knows you are mighty handy on your feet when it comes to the repartee. Then do you remember along toward the end of my little tirade I spoke about you owing nothing to Tammany Hall?—that you had outgrown Tammany; that you were the only Tammany product that they could point to Nationally with pride; that as far as National politics were concerned they were a liability instead of an asset to you? Well, you remember my little speech died along about then with a lot of them. There was lots of Tammanyites there. Judge Olivany was right there by us. It was whispered around after the dinner that Will should have stuck to the comedy. But some of the smarter ones told me afterwards that I was right and that it was the truth that hurt.

I was simply trying to pay you the best deserved compliment that I could. Well, if they dident think you was bigger than Tammany that night, they think so now. Now a nomination has passed since then and another one is coming on before either party is ready for it. You are the most talked of man outside Mr. Coolidge in America today. You are out naturally for the Democratic nomination and you will go into the convention with more votes than any other man. You will have the advantage of deligates about like McAdoo originally had over you. But that don't mean you will have enough to nominate.

Now both of you boys feel like you have got a bad deal from the other. He feels if it hadent been for you that he would have been nominated, and you feel if it wasent for him that you would be nominated. Each feels that the other has been wronged, when, as a matter of fact, you have both favored each other up to now. You are in New York.

There is only one trouble with New York, and that is that it is the most self-centered place in the world, outside an Englishman's London. It feels like it's the biggest place in the world and ought to run everything, but it just don't. Politically, nationally, it just looks like Claremore, Oklahoma. You-all there get the wrong prospectus, especially on politics. The men you meet is the big Democratic leaders from all over. They give you glowing accounts, sure they do; you look like their best bet. They tell you what their State will do. They tell you what the Democrats in their State will do, but they don't tell you what the Republicans will do.

In the past year I have been all over every State in the Union. I gab politics with every person I meet. Commercial traveling men go round the country swapping funny stories. Now I don't do that. I get all my quiet amusement talking politics and making them think that I am taking it all serious; that's my amusement—watching them be serious about politics.

Now you want the nomination—that's no more than human—and if you get it you will split your party, because unfortunately they are not composed entirely of the brains of our commonwealth. They think that if they elected a wet that the Constitution would be changed the next day and the country would be wet. They don't know that, as a matter of fact, the President never gets what he wants. Pres. Wilson wanted the League of Nations; every President has wanted something that he dident get but Mr. Coolidge, and he was smart enough not to let anybody know what he wanted so they would never know what he had been disappointed over.

Now here is what I am getting at: It's not that you ain't strong all over the Country, Al, for you are; you are the strongest one they got—that is, for a Democrat—and if you was running against Democrats you would beat 'em. But unfortunately in the finals of this somebody has to meet a Republican, and when a Democrat meets him next year it's just too bad. Everybody talks about what's wrong with the Democratic Party. Well, if they will be honest with themselves they will admit there is just one thing wrong with it. They havent got enough voters.

Now why go into a race when you can't win? Politics is the only sporting events in the world where they don't pay off for second money; a man to run second in any other event in the world it's an honor. But any time he runs second for President it's not an honor; it's a pity.

Now, Al, don't let 'em kid you; you can't beat this Guy Coolidge. There has been too much prosperity among big capital to allow a change to be made at this time. As for farmers, there is not enough of them to get anything. The minute they get some bill to want to raise the price of what they raise, they make mad the millions of others that have to buy what they raise. You see, you won't ever remedy that, because there is more people eating than there is raising things to eat.

Coolidge will recommend a bill which he will know that can't be passed, but that will set him in K. O. Besides, Al, your strength hasent been with the farmers in your own State. It's with the people in the cities that don't know whether you shake Alfalfa off the trees or dig it up. They think succotash is one of Burbank's new grafts.

You got the chance of making yourself the biggest man the Democratic Party has housed in many a day. Just frame up a statement something like this—get all the boys in, print it on a slip of paper and just hand it out and don't say a word:

I, Al Smith, of my own free will and accord, do this day relinquish any claim or promise that I might have of any support or Deligates at the next Democratic Convention. I don't want to hinder what little harmony there is left in the party.

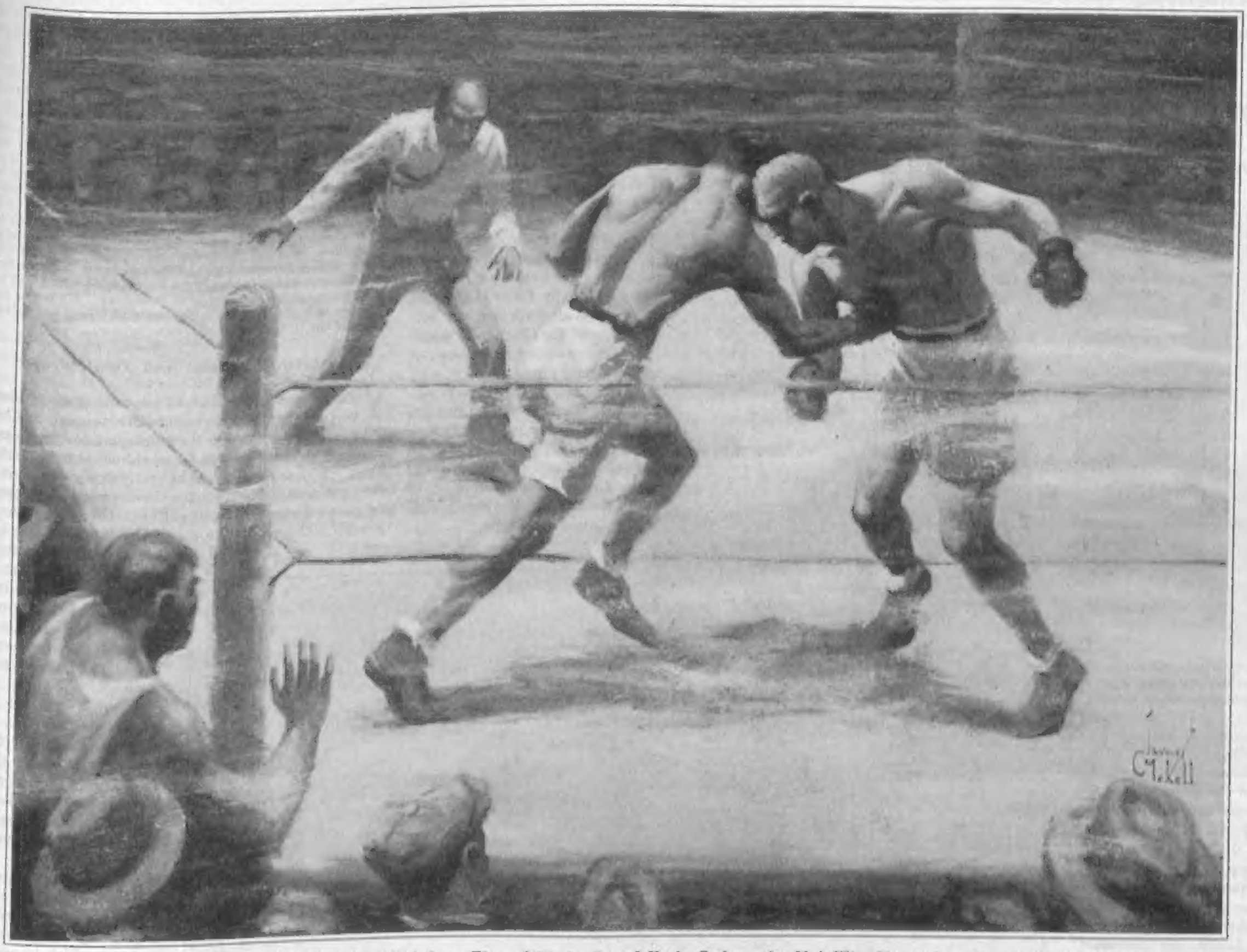
(Continued on Page 133)

But in Reality You Won't be Giving Up a Thing; You Will Just be Saving Yourself

THUMBS UP

By CHARLES FRANCIS COE

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES C. McKELL



I Staggered Around, Out on My Feet, and Gave Them Still the Best I Had—Before the Mob Who Cheered at Seeing Me Slaughtered

WHEN a man falls in love a lot of things can happen to him. I guess that is all the more true if the man happens, like me, to be a fighter. But let me set you straight on the fighting thing right away.

I never have been a champion and never could have been, but I am pretty good and had worked in main bouts for nearly ten years before I ever met Mildred. A good trial horse, they said I was, and I let them say it and went along making money and putting a good bit of it aside for a rainy day.

That was the situation when I met her. Right away, just after one flash at her, I knew that Whipper Magee, the same being me, was in love. If you remember the first time you ever looked into a slot machine in a dime museum you have an idea of what a thrill I got out of that first glance at Mildred. After that the whole World War was just an incident. Glances at Mildred are like bullets. You need only one.

Just as soon as I could I started out meeting her family. That is a sure sign. Excepting Reginald, we will pass over the family, because nobody ever got anywhere talking about other people's relatives. Reginald is Mildred's brother and he is a queer mug.

Three or four times he came to watch me fight and I would see him sitting there in the second or third row holding his breath, his knees hunched up and his fingers twisting at his lips. But he never said anything, never hollered out. After the fights he was as mute as a brick wall and I never learned anything from him.

Being that I was trying to use him to impress Mildred, I got to thinking he was excess baggage of the worst kind. Even if he did always look like he was trying to think, I could see he never made good at it, because he never talked about what he had tried to think.

"How did you like the bout?" I would ask him. "Did it look good to the customers?"

"Soit'nly," he would crack. He had a way of saying that word that beat any style in Paris. His left shoulder would hike up in the air and his right hand would jerk out, palm down and fingers stiff, like a railroad signal. "Soit'nly!"

A queer guy. All the talking he ever did, it seemed to me, he did to himself, and that was when he was reading something. Then his lips would move and he would make no sound. Reading to himself like, and that always gives me the willies. Another thing about Reginald, outside his name, which I will explain in a minute, was the way he smoked cigarettes.

Not only that he smoked too many, because one is too many, even if it is brought to you and you have to do no walking whatever, but it was the way he done it. He would take a deep puff, look like he had a mouthful of water, roll his tongue, then suck in his breath and the smoke at the same time. After that he would hunch his shoulders forward and hold the smoke in his lungs a long time and then let it come easy and slow out of his nose.

But that ain't all. The smoke only came out of one nostril. I don't know whether it was a trick or a cold, or maybe his adenoids had been neglected, but that was the way he smoked, and that, too, kind of gave me the willies.

Besides that, I had to call him Reginald. If I had said Reggie down in our neighborhood, there would have been a riot, and anyway, I found out after a while that all Mildred's family have a notion against nicknames. Once when I was just beginning to think that Mildred did not get chills when I came near her, I got chesty and called her Millie.

"Don't ever call me that, Whipper," she told me. "I think you are very nice and all like that, but don't call me Millie. It sounds like a grain elevator."

So I never did. And I always called this brother Reginald because his father and mother did. Besides, I had the idea that the only reason he ever was named that was because his old man could pronounce it and wanted the public to know he could.

Well, I hope you are beginning to see the jam I was in. Here I was planning to use Reginald to get at Mildred's heart, and all Reginald would say was "Soit'nly." I kept thinking that he probably never said more than that to Mildred, either, so how could he whisper things to her when they both had to stay home and wipe the dishes for their mother? If he did not tell her what I said about her, what was the use of my hanging around Reginald?

But I hung around just the same. That is why I say a man in love does funny things. Don't forget that I had been fighting ten years, and, in the ring, that is a very long time. I was at that point where I fought with tricks and experience and did it just for the money, because I knew that, pretty soon, if I got any more money, I would have to work for it. I was about ready to quit the ring when I met Mildred. A man ought to know enough to realize when he is through in the fight racket.

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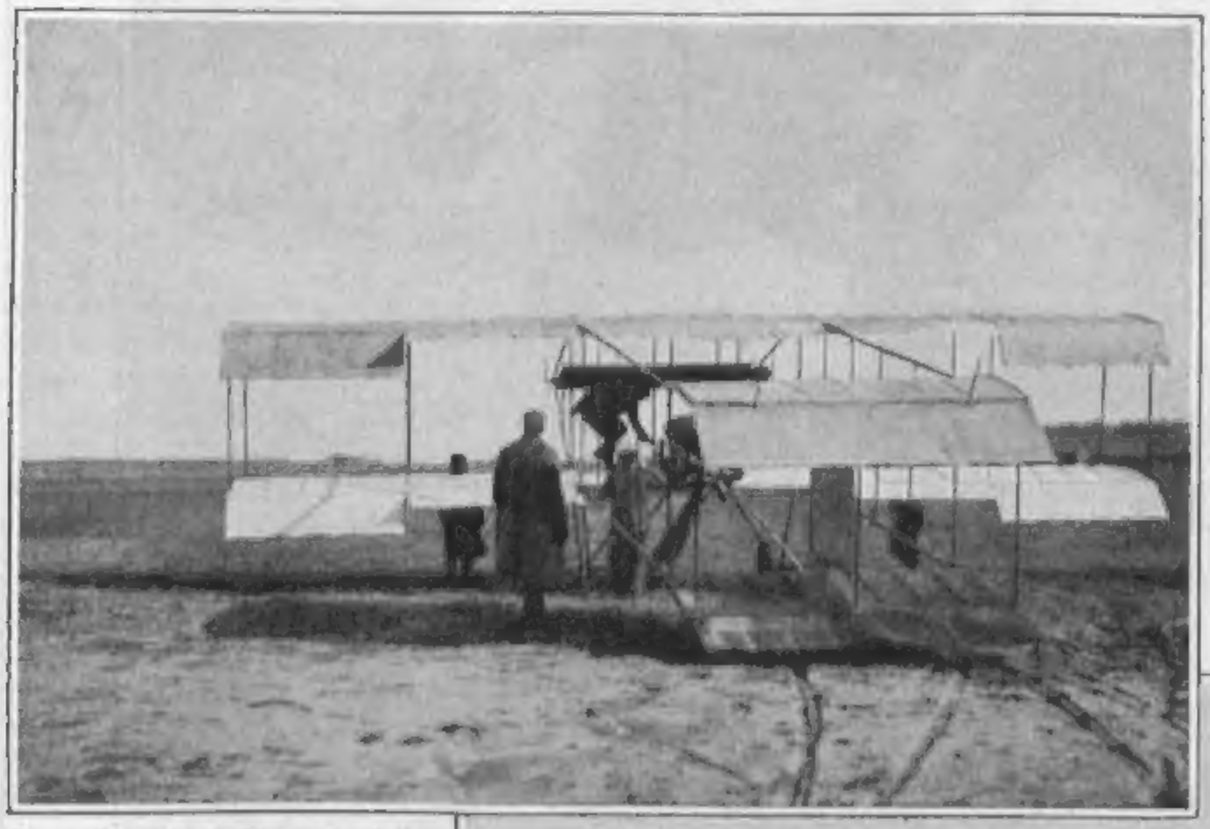
ACCELERATING SENTIMENT

By William Hickman Pickens

I didn't get thinking seriously of aviation, though, until I went to college. I've only been flying five years. The first time I ever saw anyone fly was in Washington, when I saw Lincoln Beachey fly. I was about eight years old. It made quite an impression on me.

COL. CHARLES LINDBERGH, in the Los Angeles Examiner, June 20, 1927.

WHEN I took Lincoln Beachey to Washington in 1914 it was not with the idea of impressing young Lindy or any other eight-year-old boy. I was trying to impress some of the eighty-year-old boys in Congress with America's necessity for aerial preparedness. At least, I wanted Congress to accept that view of the situation, for my real motive was to work up a ballyhoo for Beachey and increase his box-office value at the numerous pumpkin and state fairs throughout the country. Lindy can consider himself fortunate, for that was the only free show I ever put on in thirty-five years of sport promotion.



Louis Paulhan About to Take Off in His Farman Plane at Jamaica, Long Island

At that time the house of Will H. Pickens boasted of an aviation fleet bigger than the United States Aviation Corps. I was the general commander of fifty-four airplanes and the admiral of six flying boats. This flotilla was distributed from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf. I had retired from the Zeppelin field in 1910, at which time my quartet of dirigibles were serving as Christmas ornaments on church steeples in widely distributed sections of America.

PHOTOS. FROM KEYSTONE VIEW COMPANY, INC., N. Y.

Roy Knabenshue and His Primitive Dirigible

The Days of Bamboo and Linen

MY SIXTY intrepid aviators also did their share of bouncing off roofs and tangling up with town-hall towers, for aviation was a deadly and venomous pastime in those years. Which didn't faze me a whit, for I was known as the gamest and bravest exponent of dangerous feats—by other men. I was always willing to risk a generous dollar provided the other man would chance his neck. The most daring of my sixty aviators was Beachey, who was good for $1000 to $6000 for every flight he made at a rural squash carnival. He was America's greatest flying attraction, and when he zoomed aloft in a Curtiss plane, constructed of bamboo and linen fabric, he caused the farmers' necks to bend back like reeds in a tempest and also made whiskers grow straight up into the air.

He was good, but as a promoter it was my business to make people think he was better and to keep him in the limelight. The free flying exhibition at Washington was the result of my publicity campaign to keep Beachey on the front pages. The government aviation flyers were game at that time, but the equipment was antiquated and there were not enough planes to go round. Every time an army flyer crashed I would hustle to the nearest press association with a long diatribe against the parsimonious policy of the House and Senate.

For three years we bombarded newspapers with these criticisms.

Finally I was challenged by Walter Howey, city editor of the Chicago Tribune. He wanted to know, if Beachey was so good, why he didn't go down to Washington and show Congress how to fly. I told Howey I would be delighted if he could arrange it, but that Congress was sore at us because of Beachey's continued criticisms.

The blow-off came in San Diego in November, 1913. On the very day that two army flyers were killed in a government machine, Lincoln Beachey startled America by looping the loop for the first time in this country.

He saw the army flyers crash in the morning on North Island, on the outer rim of San Diego Bay, and looped the loop the same afternoon.

I gave out an interview in which Beachey demanded a Federal investigation, and sent telegrams to Secretary of War Garrison and Secretary of the Navy Daniels, signed by Beachey, who offered to explain the mistakes of the Government and convince Congress of the wrong it was working on brave soldiers by compelling them to fly in rotten hulks.

On Tuesday, November 25, 1913, the San Diego Sun obligingly gave us this four-column spread on its front page:

Government airmen must be protected. The time has arrived when the nation can no longer endure the shame of sending its army aviators to death in rotten hulks called airships. Lincoln Beachey, spectacular birdman, whose charge, as printed in yesterday's Sun, that the United States Government was literally guilty of the slaughter of its soldier aviators created a sensation throughout the civilized world, stood firm in his position today. Duty is calling Lincoln Beachey. He feels that he can no longer sit silent and see brother birdmen mangled to death because of the parsimony of Congress. Perhaps Congress does not understand. But he hopes to make them see things as they are and to set aside a sum for aviation which will prevent many such accidents as that of yesterday. He hopes to make them see that the United States should no longer be the laughing-stock of the universe.

Little Business and Small Profit

YOU may consider that I took advantage of cheap advertising at the expense of other people's misfortunes, but every dollar used in the intelligent development of the airplane in America was being earned through exhibition flying. Although the Wright brothers were the first to fly, they got no subsidy from the Government and were forced to go to France for recognition. On their return they provided the money to cover the huge deficits of their manufacturing plant by employing aviators to give exhibition flights in 1910, 1911 and 1912. Sometimes they sold a few machines to the Government, but they lost money on these sales.

Curtiss was up against the same problem. Backed by Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone, he built a plane at Hammondsport, New York, and entered it in the Gordon Bennett Cup Race in Europe.

Just a year before this, in 1908, Curtiss had attracted attention by developing a very light eight-cylinder motor which he used on a motorcycle to break a speed record on the beach at Daytona, Florida. He put this same engine in his airplane and whipped the cream of Europe's flyers in 1909.

PHOTO, COPYRIGHT BY BROWN BROTHERS

Louis Paulhan and His Farman Biplane, 1910

PHOTO, FROM KEYSTONE VIEW COMPANY, INC., N. Y.

A Picture of Bud Mars Showing the Exposed Position of the Pilot in Pre-Fuselage Airplanes

Beachey earned $65,000 for Curtiss in 1911 by giving exhibition flights, and it was this sum which helped Curtiss to stay in business.

I was touring the country with a string of automobile racers, headed by Barney Oldfield, and joined forces with Curtiss in the promotion of auto races and flying exhibitions. Beachey, who had dropped out of sight after he quit running the dirigibles in the summer of 1910, suddenly blossomed out as the pioneer spectacular airman. All that was demanded of other flyers was that they stay in the air for five minutes.

Beachey soon got tired of skimming the tops of houses and amazed the world with spirals and banks. When I say he was running the dirigibles I mean it literally. The dirigibles of those days were about forty feet long and their envelopes contained 20,000 cubic feet of hydrogen gas. They looked like cigars—and lasted about as long. There was a lift of only eighty pounds to every 1000 feet of hydrogen and this compelled us to construct the under-carriage of bamboo.

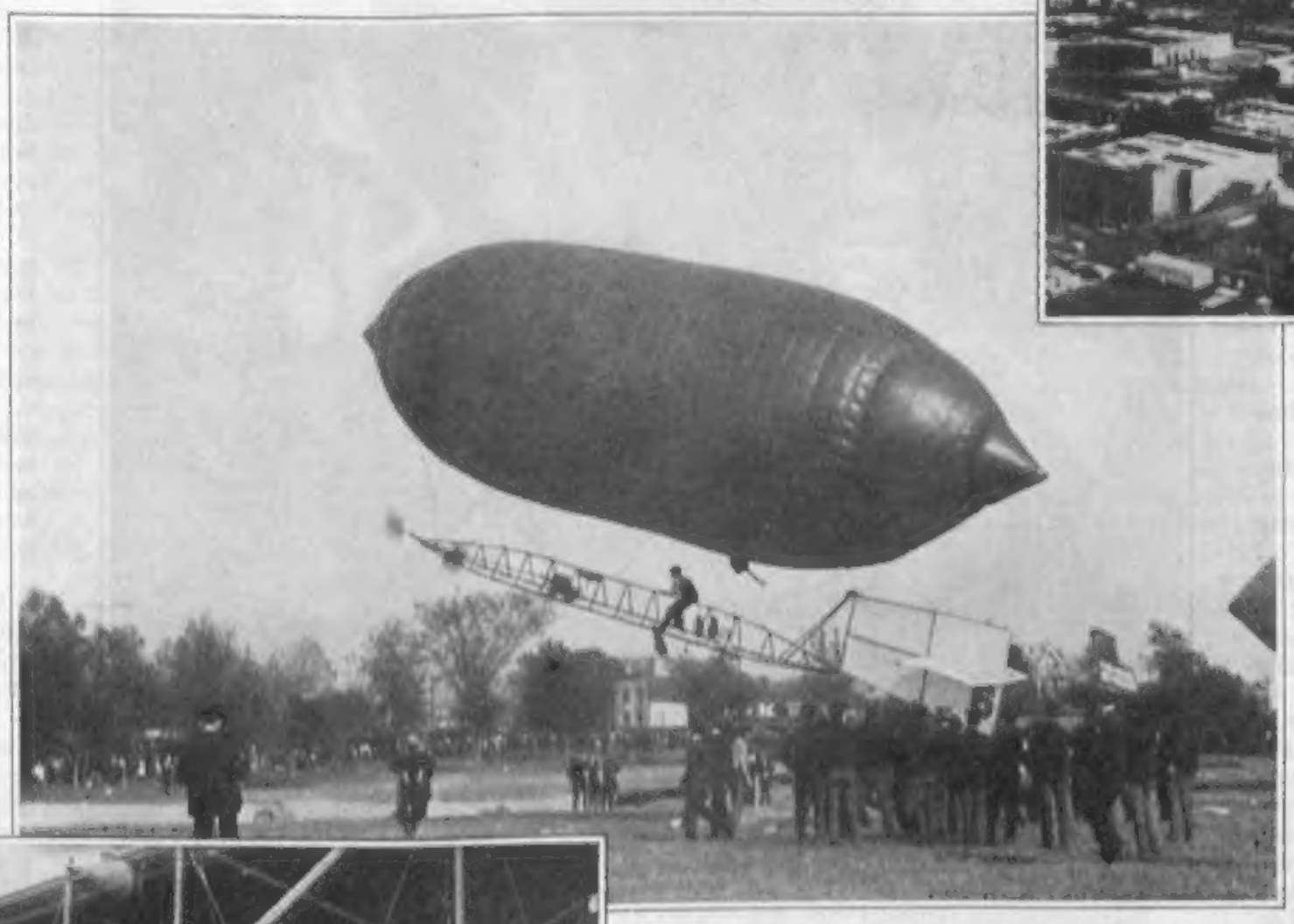
Walking the Plank

THIS bamboo work was in the form of a steamer gangplank with a railing on either side. The motive power was furnished by an ordinary motorcycle engine situated in the center of the gangplank.

Beachey was the sole occupant of the dirigible, being engineer, crew, navigator and captain. He could not help being at least a captain, because that title was conferred on any man the minute he put a foot in a balloon basket. Beachey controlled the antics of his dirigible by his activities on the thirty-foot gangplank. When he wanted to fly on the level he stayed in the center, hugging the engine. When he wanted to go up he ran backward on the gang plank, and when he desired to come down to earth he scooted forward until his weight caused the nose of the dirigible to droop. He weighed only 135 pounds, but couldn't shake a toe without causing his oiled-silk hippo to respond with a wiggle and a shiver.

The first sensational flight of a dirigible was credited to Roy Knabenshue at the St. Louis Exposition in 1904. I arranged a race between Knabenshue and Beachey in 1910 to take place in Los Angeles. The meet was promoted by Dick Ferris, who had paid $50,000 to a Frenchman named Louis Paulhan to fly a Farman plane on the same day. Knabenshue and Beachey were accustomed to being the stellar attraction on field days. They were working in their improvised canvas hangars on tune-up day which preceded exhibitions, when they heard a terrific roaring in the sky. They rushed out and saw a giant plane in the air. Paulhan was flying with the first passenger ever carried in America.

Beachey turned and said, "Roy, our racket is dead."



Lincoln Beachey in the Airship He Flew Before He Encountered His First Airplane

Paulhan, of course, eclipsed the dirigibles during the meet. Beachey stayed with the dirigible long enough to fill some fair engagements and then entered the Curtiss aviation school as a student. He smashed up three of the best Curtiss planes and Glenn tried to get rid of him, as he was convinced that he would never make a flyer. But Paulhan's exhibition had inspired Beachey in the same way that Beachey's flight thrilled the eight-year-old Lindbergh. He came back to Los Angeles inside of a year, under my direction, having become world famous in twelve months. During that time he had established an American altitude record by ascending 11,000 feet. He had pulverized Chicago with his spirals, perpendicular drops and loops. He dived through the spray on the lip of Niagara, winged his way beneath the arches of the steel bridge and continued down the gorge to the whirlpool, thereby laying the three terrible aviation ghosts of down trends, air pockets and vortexes.

Up to that time no exhibition flyer would go aloft in a breeze. Tests of the wind were made by holding a drooping handkerchief between the thumb and index finger. If the air caused the hanky to vibrate the teeniest-weeniest bit the nervous aviator would dash back into his tent and I would lose the gate money. One of our flyers, Bud Mars, could kick up a sixty-mile gale on the calmest day by

PHOTOGRAPH BY INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL

Lincoln Beachey Breaking the Loop-the-Loop Record Over the Panama-Pacific Exposition, San Francisco, 1915. Picture Taken From a Flying Boat by E. Carl Wallen

blowing on the hanky from the side of his mouth. Any time we had a difficult flying contract we would send Bud out to salve the committee. Bud could hold the hanky in his hand, talk to the committee from one side of his mouth and blow the hanky with the other. He never flew unless he felt like it. The committee would leave, perfectly satisfied that they had lived through the worst tornado that ever blew.

PHOTOS. FROM KEYSTONE VIEW COMPANY, INC., N. Y.

Bud Mars, a Pioneer, and His Wife in an Early Curtiss Biplane

Mars flew the Curtiss pusher type of plane, engined with a four-cylinder motor guaranteed to kick up forty horse power in all directions but the right one. These planes were notoriously underpowered. They had a wing spread of twenty-eight feet. The struts were of laminated wood. The tail was made of cloth stretched over wood and hooked to the body of the machine by four bamboo poles. There was no such thing as a fuselage.

A Motor-Driven Rocking-Chair

THE flyer sat out in front of his machine on a bicycle seat, pushing the wheel backward and forward to work the elevators, turning the wheel to manipulate the rudder and moving his body right or left to stabilize the machine. The engine was back of him and slightly overhead.

The picture of those early flying coffins can be visualized today by placing an electric fan on a wicker porch chair. In fact, I'll bet you can get more power out of the wicker chair

(Continued on Page 145)

THE VULGAR THING

By Thomas Beer

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

I HATE hogs," said Mrs. Egg; "and if you want to know the truth, Fern, I ain't particularly fond of bacon. When my poppa run off ——"

"Ran off, mamma."

"—— run off," Mrs. Egg went on, "with that worthless Swede servant girl which used to show her shape on Sanderson Patch's porch, when she should have been inside washin' dishes, because Mrs. Patch was a perfectly incapable housekeeper and things in that house was generally slimy where they wasn't dusty, your Uncle Henry—it's something you was spared, knowin' him, Fern, because he was a sour pear if one ever grew—your Uncle Henry frequently would present mamma and me with as much as a slab of bacon or half of a ham off his farm. He could do no less for his own sister and niece that'd been deserted without a cent in the bank, but he did no more. But I guess we had to be grateful. Only, I got so I near cried when I saw some ham and greens for dinner, and when your poppa tried to order bacon an' eggs for breakfast in Chicago the mornin' after we was married, I let out a kind of howl, Fern, which made folks at the next table leave in a hurry. My gee! As for orderin' roast pork, dearie, when Adam's comin' home after a four days' trip, and you know what he thinks of hotel food, Fern, I simply have to decline. . . . Let's see what you got in the way of a leg of mutton, Mr. O'Hara."

The butcher hurried off to his refrigerator, and Mrs. Egg nibbled a piece of candied ginger while she waited. Her oldest grandson, Sanderson Patch Watson, politely shook sawdust from one of her black thread gloves and returned it to her, asking, "How old were you, please, when you got married?"

"I was seventeen years and one day precisely, Sandy."

"Well, that's rather a long time ago, isn't it?"

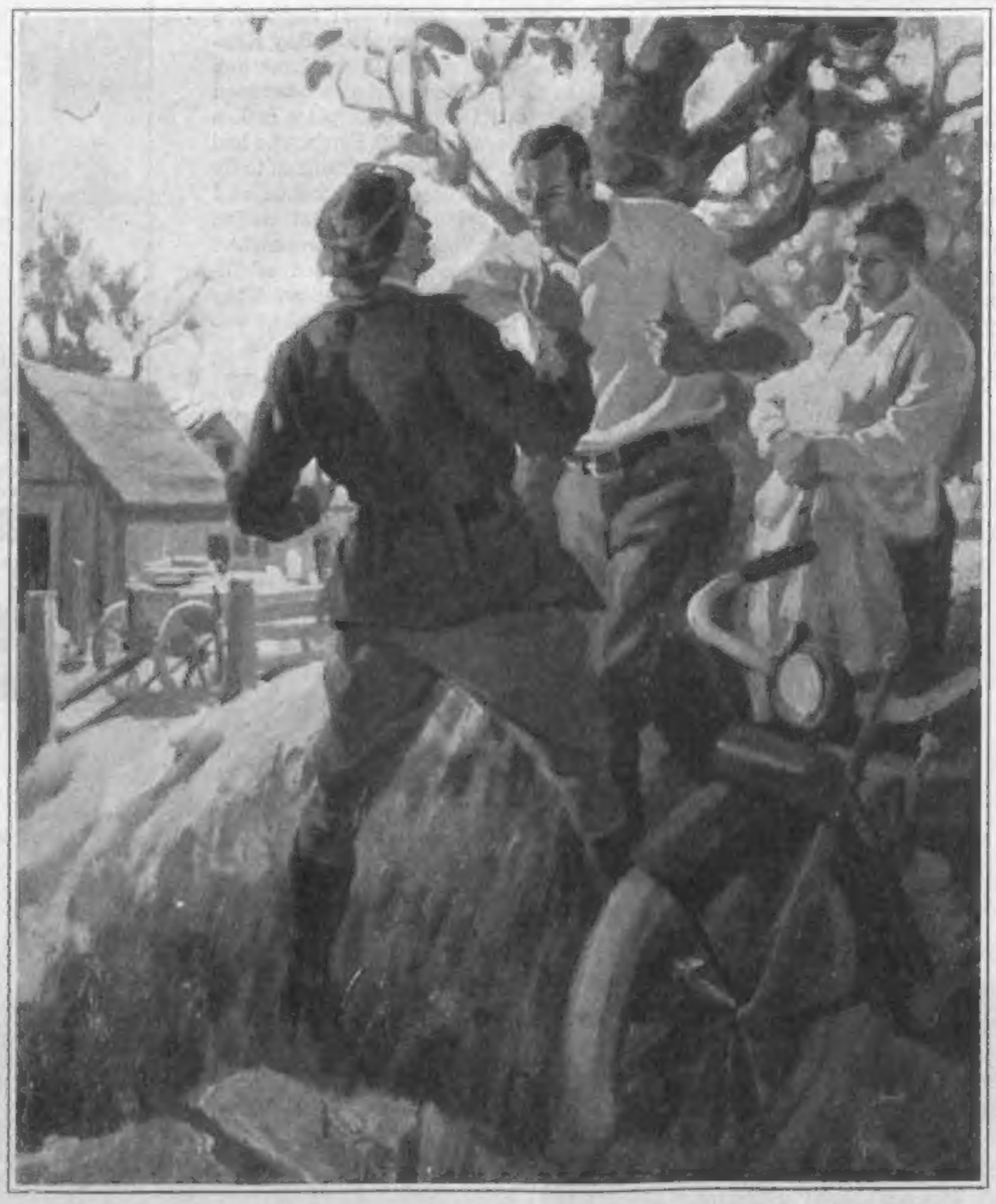
"It is, sweetheart," said Mrs. Egg; "thirty-three years."

"I think you've stood it pretty well," Sanderson mentioned. "I guess I couldn't be married as long as that without losin' my hair or something. Dad says he's pretty near imbecile already, and he's only been married thirteen years."

"Sanderson," said Mrs. Watson, "go out and get in the car. It's horribly vulgar to repeat family remarks in public and ——"

"Fern Egg Watson," said her mother powerfully, "I'll thank you not to interrupt Sandy when he's havin' a conversation with me in public or private. If you think it's any news, Fern, that John Watson knows you to be a mutton-headed fool, you've lost what senses you've got. A man so smart that Sanderson Patch adopted him, when he was no bigger than Sandy is now, would not be one to be fooled by you, especially when he's been married to you for thirteen years and you've twice moved him out of this town, where he belongs, and changed his job on him, and then brung him back. You ain't as big a jackass as Rose and Pansy are. Your brother Dammy has several times said so. But you ain't got any sense, Fern, and you could scarcely expect that Sandy would get to be twelve years old and not to know it. All I can say is that I'm thankful you have one kid which takes after its father, because your mental condition has always reminded me of your Grandmamma Egg's, an' I need to say no more, Fern. I'm fifty years of age and"—Mrs. Egg puffed—"I've knew you for thirty-two of 'em, daughter."

She waved a belated fly from her second chin and went on: "And now, Fern, I hope you'll let Watson stay here in Ilium, where everybody knows him and he can practice law in peace and quiet, and quit tryin' to shine socially in big cities for which you ain't designed, because it takes a smart woman to do. You've had one year in Chicago and two in New York, and you went to New York in spite of all we could do; and Dammy, which knew the city kind of intimate from bein' there when he was in the Navy four years, told you—I heard him—you was a fool to try it. You got a good house here, if some old-fashioned, and your husband's liked and respected, and you've got friends, and Sandy can get around without bein' run down by motor cars every minute, and so on. It's no small thing to lug a fam'ly from here to yonder and back. It disturbs the children's minds, an' your Muriel's a dumb heifer, anyways. . . . That looks like a good piece of mutton, Mr. O'Hara. Wrap it up and pitch it in the car—and three pounds of chopped beef, and please hurry some, because Dammy would have left Cleveland this mornin' and he'll be at the farm any minute."



Adam Nodded, and Then One of His Arms Swirled and He Slapped the Man's Face Three Times, His Fingers Flickering Back and Forth

"Where's Adam been to, ma'am?"

"He drove Benj'mina and their kids to see an old friend of hers which has a house at Duluth, bein' the widow of somebody in the copper business. He left 'em there and is comin' back alone. His wife's extremely sensible and gives him vacations from bein' a husband and father now and then, which is more than many women have sense enough to do, Fern. . . . Send out some kidneys—about four pounds'll do—tomorrow too. Dammy likes 'em grilled for Sunday suppers."

Sandy Watson was considering the grim old butcher, with his yellow head on one side, and O'Hara stopped wrapping up meats to say, "I hear you had an accident back in New York, young feller."

"I got run over," said Sandy. "A man chucked me off the sidewalk in Sixty-eighth Street under a truck back in July. Broke my ankle."

"A man chucked you, sonny?"

Mrs. Watson said maternally, "That's Sanderson's version of it, Mr. O'Hara. He thinks a big Italian pushed him off the sidewalk deliberately. But of course that's just ——"

"Mother," said Sandy, with weariness, "he did push me!"

"We won't talk about it, Sandy. You always get so excited. And you never look where you're going to, anyhow. Go and get in the car now."

Mr. O'Hara put both hands under his apron and cleared his throat. "Eyetalians," he said, "are peculiar. To speak generally, I've found 'em good-natured up until you come on one that is devilish. It don't surprise me any to hear of an Eyetalian shovin' the boy under a truck. Had you walked on this feller's feet, now?"

"No. I looked at him 'cause he looked at me. He was walking just back of me. And he kind of grinned," Sandy explained, "and then he put his hand on my back and shoved me. Dad says he thinks the man did it. And the driver told the policeman I just came shooting and got under the truck. People don't just go an' get their ankles busted on purpose."

"No," said the old butcher, "they don't. An' your neck would have broke as easy as your ankle, too. . . . So this big feller shoved you under the truck, sonny?"

"He was kind of gigantic," Sandy recited. "He looked pretty near as big as Uncle Dammy. And I know he shoved me."

"And you felt him lookin' at you and looked at him?"

"Yes, that was how," Sandy nodded. "I knew somebody was lookin' at me an' so I looked at him and then he looked away, and then he shoved me. Put his hand in the middle of my back an' shoved. . . . He did, too, mother!"

Mrs. Egg licked some ginger from a finger and stared at old O'Hara while her grandson was being lectured, in Fern's most superior voice, on the perils of exaggeration. But the butcher was wrapping her chopped beef, and some funny thing he'd said to the boy passed out of her head because she had to plan what to do with this chopped beef. Adam liked it baked sometimes, with bits of onions and fine potatoes, and sometimes he engulfed it fried. She thought of this, and yet she had clearly a notion that O'Hara had said something odd.

"Dad used to work for you," Sandy said, all of a sudden.

"Yes, he done so, sonny. He run errands for me after school. He waan't as big as you when General Patch took notice of him first. The old gentleman said, 'That's a bright-lookin' little feller you have there, O'Hara.' I said, 'He is so, general. His name's Johnny Watson, and he's Tom Watson's orphan, the carpenter that was.' This," said the butcher, "might be the first time General Patch knew your dad's name. The end from which was that he adopted your father when his own boy went bad on him."

"An' what happened to General Patch's son?"

"I don't know, sonny."

"Go and get in the car, Sandy," said Mrs. Watson.

Mrs. Egg ate some ginger and began her slow navigation toward the car at the curb. She now forgot about the chopped beef in thinking of Ulysses Patch, very black and lithe, riding a horse up this street in ancient times. "Goodness knows," she thought, "twenty years ago seems a long while, with Dammy bein' four years in the Navy, and all the babies, and I do hope Pansy's next is another boy, and

ain't it nice the day's so bright, because Dammy hates drivin' in a rainstorm, and it certainly looked like that this morning. My gee, how hungry you do get in October! It's hard to think straight. And Sandy has nice manners, hasn't he?"

Sandy had limped ahead over the sidewalk to open the front door of the big car. Mrs. Egg touched his cheek with a thumb as she lumbered and panted into the driving seat. O'Hara piled the packages in behind her.

"You ain't begun housekeepin' yet, Mrs. Watson?"

"No," said Fern; "we're taking our meals at mamma's until I find a maid."

"I see. . . . Good mornin', ma'am."

Mrs. Egg drove away. She skirted temptations for two blocks of the quiet street. She was hollow inside. A towering cake frosted with lemon icing flashed in a baker's window and she saw steam from the hot-chocolate machine in a drug store, and at the Women's Exchange someone was loading spice cakes into the white pans on a counter. But she drove on, her chins oscillating, and then halted when John Watson waved from the sidewalk in front of his new office. She always had maternal sensations about John. He was dark, and Dammy liked him and he helped to keep Fern in order.

"Where's your cane, Sandy?"

"Forgot it."

"You mustn't," said the lawyer, climbing in; "the doctor told you not to. You've got to keep your weight off that ankle, son, or you'll be limping two or three years. . . . Adam got home yet, mamma?"

"We'll likely find him at the house, Johnny."

"It'll be a relief to my nerves," Fern said viciously, "to see Adam back. He's been away four days and, mamma, you've been acting as if he'd gone to Borneo."

Mrs. Egg told the windshield: "For a woman with just one son, Fern, you can manage to be as composed as a cow when you dunno where Sandy is. I ain't never pretended that Dammy ain't my favorite child, because after you girls all havin' sour stummicks when you was nursed and takin' all the diseases you could catch and yellin' at night to wake the dead and fightin' extremely violent, Dammy was a godsend to me from the minute he was born. A boy which ain't had a sick day in his life and was champion heavyweight wrestler of the United States Navy for three years an' can mend any kind of machinery you could mention, and knows what to do with his babies better than many women not far from me at this moment, and has sense enough not to talk when he ain't nothin' to say, is somethin' worth worryin' about, especially when he drives fifty an hour, which is a deficiency in his character, I'll admit. But he ain't twenty-seven years of age yet. He ain't afraid of anything human, nor on wheels neither. Cautiousness was left out of him. I'd feel easier, times, if he was scared of anything."

"Why do you want Dammy to cultivate such a vulgar thing as fear?" Watson asked.

"My gee," said Mrs. Egg, turning a corner, "you do say interestin' things, Johnny! It is kind of vulgar to be scared of things, ain't it?"

"It's a vulgar world," Watson yawned. "What have you been doing all morning, son, and why?"

"I helped milk," Sandy stated, "but I don't know why."

"You're very much like everybody else, sonny. Give your venerable parent a piece of chewing gum. I've been licking stamps for an hour. My mouth's full of glue. . . . Stop at the house a minute, mamma?"

Mrs. Egg drew to the curb in front of the house which old people still called the Patch place, and Watson went striding up the flagged walk to the porch that spread the length of the building Sandy turned beside his grandmother and gravely considered his property, if he knew this to be his property. Twelve years back Sanderson Patch had willed this house and the little left of his other goods to a baby named for him, and then died in a genteel way before Sanderson Patch Watson was old enough to be taken to the grand funeral. Mrs. Egg ate some ginger and contemplated her descendant's gay jersey, mottled in three colors, and his curly yellow hair. This slim kid had positive money in the bank! It was funny to think of. His house had twice been rented—once when Fern dragged her husband off to Chicago, and now for two years while the New York adventure dragged along, and that was Sandy's money, and a good thing too.

"What happened to General Patch's own son, grandmamma?"

"Nobody knows, lamb. Your father wasn't legally adopted. The general didn't ask him to change his name. He just had Johnny to live with him after Ulysses run away the last time and Mrs. Patch died. She was Italian. It was her that spoiled Ulysses. Anything he wanted was just right with her, and Liseo wanted a lot. You hear in books that Italian women keep house and manage their families fine, but she made an awful muss of housekeepin' and raisin' Liseo. I suppose he was handsome, but I never could see it. His hair always looked greasy. I wonder how old he'd be? Forty, maybe. . . . Gee, I'm empty!"

"He Was Walking Just Back of Me. And He Kind of Grinned, and Then He Put His Hand on My Back and Shoved Me"

Sandy turned his gray eyes on her and asked, in an animated way, "What kind of things did Ulysses Patch do, grandmamma?"

Mrs. Egg ate some ginger and said circumspectly: "Sandy, seein' that you're only twelve and I'm a little too old-fashioned to believe in talkin' to a kid like he was all grown up when he ain't, I'll leave out some which Liseo done and merely go on to say that he was in court four times before he was sixteen, and forged his poppa's name on some checks, besides bein' drunk more than was nice in Cleveland and other large centers, and havin' Grace Appledore's brothers huntin' him with shotguns ——"

"Mamma!"

"As for the rest of his performances," said Mrs. Egg, "you can ask your dad about 'em. I ought to put in that he sung swell and danced very good and rode a horse better than any cowboy you can see in the movin' pictures. None of which was what you'd call consolin' to his father."

"Is that why General Patch left his house an' stuff to me?"

"Who told you that, lamb?"

"Mamma," said Sandy, neatly pitching his gum into the gutter.

"Fern!"

Mrs. Watson said nervously: "Well, I don't see why he shouldn't know about it. I think you and John are silly about it. It ought to make him more responsible to know he'll inherit some property and—and be someone when he's twenty-one."

"Excuse me, Fern," Mrs. Egg puffed, "but a person can be somebody when he ain't got a cent in his pants pocket! Suppose Sandy falls off a tree and breaks his neck any day, the property goes right back to Ulysses Patch, and I suppose you'll tell me that Liseo Patch'll be a real person because he has fifty shares of good railroad stock and a house he can squander on hussies and ——"

"Mamma!"

"She Says He Was Riding Sixty Miles an Hour and ——"

THE SPIRIT OF SEVENTY-SIX

"I Don't Believe There's Anything on Earth That You Can't Get Here. Why, If You Need Them Bad Enough, You Can Even Get Mosquitoes in the Wintertime!"

By Julian Street

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

THE gigantic terminal in which Mrs. Trescott's train arrived had been built since she last visited New York, and she would have liked to look about the building; but her daughter Muriel, who met her at the gate, said she must be tired after her long journey and hurried her to a great gaseous vault where, among other cars, the limousine stood waiting.

It was a long car, handsomer than any Mrs. Trescott had seen in the Midwestern college town where, since the general's death, she had lived with Helen, her elder daughter. Helen and Richard, her husband, drove their own little sedan, with a back seat usually full of children, but Muriel's limousine proclaimed a great prosperity. Also, to Mrs. Trescott, it proclaimed again a resemblance she had often noticed between Muriel and her father. The general's West Point standards had been unimpaired by the rough life of the frontier; always he had cared for style, and always Muriel had cared for it. Her limousine glistened as her father's field pieces used to glisten when he was a young officer years and years ago, and Mrs. Trescott could imagine his observing, with a spark of approbation in his eyes, the military smartness of the chauffeur's salute.

As the car moved through an immense portal and joined the stream of traffic flowing like a torrential river in the avenue outside, Mrs. Trescott looked eagerly for some familiar landmark by which she could recognize the city of her birth, but everything was strange to her, and Muriel had even to tell her that this was Seventh Avenue.

Thirty years ago, when she last came here, the New York of her girlhood had all but disappeared; now, in another cycle, the city of thirty years ago had disappeared, and the thought came to her that a village of Indian tepees, such as she used to see in the days of her young married life out West, could hardly have vanished more completely. Before coming she had believed herself prepared for this modern New York, with its sky line towering like a range of mountains; but now she knew that, in spite of the familiar pictures in rotogravure sections of Sunday newspapers, she had not been prepared. New York! Forever tearing down, forever building up again. A metropolis entirely renewed in a single generation.

Surmounting her nostalgia for the scenes she used to know, there rose in her bosom the inalienable pride of the native of Manhattan Island. She was proud of every inch of it; proud of the roaring tunnel through which she had arrived, proud of the majestic terminal, proud of these towering piles of steel and brick and stone along the way, proud of the forces of destruction and creation battling in the air around her to the martial music of automatic drills and automatic riveters. For, like every born New Yorker, she felt that the grandeurs of New York attached in some curious and special way to her.

When people asked where she was born she always felt a little glow of satisfaction as she answered. Long ago the general had detected this, and he used to rally her about it. "She'd be as insular as the worst of them," he would say, "if I hadn't married her and brought her out West." And though he spoke jestingly, it was, Mrs. Trescott realized, true enough. What better education could she have had than life with such a man as he had been? From her father's old brick house in Broome Street she had gone as a bride to a Far Western army post, making the last three hundred miles by wagon across Dakota and Montana. She had kept house in a full score of posts, from Assinniboine and Buford on the northern border to Oglethorpe and Davis in the south; and across the country from the Presidio to Snelling, Sheridan and Ethan Allen.

"We keep our minds young," the general used to say, "only as long as we keep them interested." It was not so easy for her to keep interested, now that he was gone; yet with time the task had become less difficult, and this visit to New York was going to help, for she would find diversion in refamiliarizing herself with the city.

At an intersecting street, walled in by tall office buildings, a policeman's whistle shrilled, stopping the flow of traffic, and as the limousine paused beside the curb, Mrs. Trescott gave attention to pedestrians passing on the sidewalk. Plainly there were now more foreigners in New York than there used to be. In her girlhood there had been many Irish, but today she saw squat swarthy folk of Oriental physiognomy hastening from all directions and elbowing their way into a slot through which they disappeared below the level of the sidewalk.

The Subway! Another wonder of New York! She had heard about the Subway, and now she decided that one of her first excursions would take her into it; but her announcement of this intention drew from Muriel a prompt protest. "Oh, no, mother. I never think of going in the Subway. Nobody does who can help it. It wouldn't do at all."

"Why not?"

"Well, it's frightfully crowded and it's smelly. The first thing you know you'd pick up a germ. The Subway simply isn't the place for you at your age."

"At my age?" repeated Mrs. Trescott. "Germs? You musn't forget that I've been through epidemics of yellow fever and cholera, my dear. With three-quarters of a century in which to work at me, germs have been able to accomplish absolutely nothing; so why should I begin to fret about them now—at my age?"

Whether or not the argument impressed Muriel, she changed the subject, and as the traffic moved on again asked about her sister Helen, Richard, the children, and their plans for Richard's sabbatical year abroad. From this they drifted to other family topics, and save for occasional breaks, when Mrs. Trescott exclaimed over the tall silhouettes of new buildings surrounding Central Park, these topics occupied them until the limousine emerged upon Fifth Avenue and drew up before the building in which Muriel lived, a huge structure showing a bold face to the park. Here a uniformed doorman of commensurate size helped them to alight and carried Mrs. Trescott's wicker suitcase to the hall, handing it to another uniformed attendant, who delivered it to an elevator man, who took them far aloft and passed the suitcase to Muriel's butler, Hewson, who made Mrs. Trescott think of a bishop.

In a bedroom bright with chintzes she removed her cloak and hat, but before she could open her suitcase Muriel intervened. "Anna will unpack for you, mother."

"Thank you, my dear," returned Mrs. Trescott, raising the lid of her suitcase, "but I don't need help."

"Yes, you do, mother. You ought to lie down—you know you ought to. Helen says you're always overdoing when you're with her. She says you insist on working in the garden and on making your own bed."

"I enjoy garden work," Mrs. Trescott replied, "and I make my bed because servants never know how to make beds. They don't tuck in the sheets enough at the bottom and they tuck in the blankets too much."

"Anna will do it exactly as you tell her to," insisted Muriel; and as her mother lifted a black silk dress from the suitcase she again urged her to let the maid put her things away.

But Mrs. Trescott stood firm. "I hate to have servants unpack for me," she said, rapidly transferring toilet articles from the suitcase to the dressing table. "They're just a bother, putting things where you can't find them. Your father felt as I do. Slipper hiders, he called them." She smiled reminiscently.

"But, mother - "

"Remember, dear, I've done my own packing and unpacking for more than sixty years. It's a habit, and I'm too old to change."

"That's just it," Muriel pursued. "At your age you ought to have everything done for you. You ought to be taking a nap this minute instead of ——"

"I don't enjoy naps."

"But you ought to take them, mother. It's only fair to us—to your children." Muriel's tone was caressingly persuasive. "You see, darling, you're so precious to us all that we want to keep you well and strong."

"But I am well and strong."

"You seem to forget, mother, that you're seventy-six."

"Now, Muriel," said Mrs. Trescott gently, "I know you have things to do before dinner, so just run along, dear, and I'll take my bath and get settled."

"Well, then ——" Like a maternal bird with protecting wings outspread, her daughter swooped down upon her. "Oh, mother darling," she cried, embracing her, "it's going to be so perfectly wonderful to have you here where I can look after you!" She pressed her lips against the neatly waved false front. "I'm going to take marvelous care of you, mother. You'll see! I'm going to pamper you as you've never been pampered before."

"What time is dinner?" Mrs. Trescott was not tall, and she found herself speaking against Muriel's chest.

"Seven-thirty." Muriel's arms dropped to her sides and she moved toward the door. "You'll have time for a nap before dressing. Shall I have you called?"

"I'll be ready."

As her daughter left the room Mrs. Trescott took up her silk dress and moved toward the closet, but she had taken only a few steps when her bedroom door reopened and Muriel's face appeared in the aperture. "Be careful not to slip in the tub, mother."

"Is anything the matter with the tub?"

"Oh, no; but I was reading a statement by an accident-insurance man in the morning paper. He said people couldn't be too careful getting in and out of bathtubs. Hundreds of people are injured that way every year."

"All right, dear." As the door closed Mrs. Trescott gave a little sigh.

The threatened pampering began at dinner that evening, when Muriel sent Hewson for a small pillow which she placed at Mrs. Trescott's back. The pillow crowded her forward, forcing her to sit on the edge of her chair, but Muriel insisted that it made her comfortable, and it was not until dessert was served that she managed to slip it out from behind her without being noticed and drop it under the table. Nor was the pillow all. Instead of letting her help herself when the various dishes were passed, Muriel served her as one serves a child, and she would even have cut up her chicken for her had not Mrs. Trescott strenuously rebelled.

Alden Thomas, Muriel's husband, was evidently amused by this rebellion. "That's right, Mother Trescott," he approved. "If you don't resist her at the outset you'll never be able to call your soul your own. She's the born supervisor of the human race, is Muriel. She had me hog-tied before I knew it, and I haven't drawn an independent breath since."

At the moment Muriel smiled faintly and said nothing, but when the butler and the maid retired from the room she took her husband to task. "You shouldn't say such things before the servants, Alden. They might think you mean them."

"Oh," he replied cheerfully, "they know I mean them all right, and Mother Trescott knows it too. You're a tyrant, Muriel, and the fact that you're a loving tyrant doesn't make it one bit easier for your victims to bear."

"Don't be absurd. You and mother haven't the faintest idea how to take care of yourselves, so I ——"

"Listen, Mother Trescott," Alden broke in, "if there's a cloud in the sky when I leave for the office, she makes me carry an umbrella and wear rubbers. Before I've gone a block the sun comes out, and people in the Subway stare and wonder what's the matter with me."

"The Subway?" repeated Mrs. Trescott, interested. "You go to business in the Subway? That's one of the things I want to do—ride in the Subway."

"I've told you it's not advisable, mother," Muriel quickly interjected.

"Why not?" Alden looked up at his wife.

"For the same reason you shouldn't ride in it," she said. "You know I've always begged you to drive down or go in the Elevated. The Subway's full of germs."

"Oh, no." He shook his head. "I've ridden in it for years and I've never seen a single germ."

"Now you're being idiotic, dear."

"It's a case of mistaken identity," persisted Alden. "Those things you mistook for germs were passengers."

"If you'd only talk sense ——"

"All right then," said Alden as they rose to leave the dining room; "what are we doing tonight to celebrate Mother Trescott's arrival?"

"Mother ought to rest."

Alden turned to Mrs. Trescott: "Are you tired, mother? You don't look tired."

"I'm not—not a bit."

"Well, then, how about a movie? I hear there's a —— "

But Muriel did not let him finish. "Really, Alden," she exclaimed, "I don't know what you can be thinking of. Do you realize that mother's seventy-six years old and that she spent last night on a train?"

"I like trains," Mrs. Trescott put in. "Trains rest me."

"That's what you think, dear, but trains don't rest anybody. You're simply keyed up and don't realize how tired

(Continued on Page 81)

"Ah," He Returned, "But I Have Six Species of the Culex. I Have the Culex Salinarius, the Culex Territans, the ——"

ITALY STANDS PAT

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

IN THIS appraisal of the European comeback we now reach the final milepost, which is Italy. The land over which Mussolini continues his astonishing sway stands out with peculiar distinction amid the steady march of political sanity and economic order. Italy is the best-organized country in Europe and therefore free from social, labor and political dislocation. This serenity alone would make her a timely subject for illuminating analysis.

The irony of the situation at the time I write grows out of the fact that Italy set the pace for European rehabilitation only to receive a setback at the very moment her sister states were finding themselves. While Germany, for example, trembled in the throes of inflation Italy was consolidating her economic position. Animated by the Mussolini-inspired discipline and nationalism, she expanded with such speed that her shipbuilding rose almost to rivalry with Britain's. It was typical of what went on in other activities. The new nationalism led to her temporary undoing. Currency appreciated so fast under forced draft that business and industry reacted unfavorably. France's battle of the franc is now being duplicated in the offensive to keep the lira at a sane revalorized level.

That Italy has been able to weather the crisis is proof of her inherent soundness. Her belt is tightened, to be sure, but she is better girt for the future. As in France, you have the new European spectacle of holding money down instead of bolstering it up. Nowhere in the world perhaps is there such a vital mobilization of man and money power; nowhere such nationalization of ardent energy. Italy is like a highly charged battery.

A Fascist Gathering to Greet Mussolini at Milan. Above—Mussolini in Fascist Uniform Receiving the Salute at Perugia

The Napoleon Complex

BUT Italy has another call for the spotlight. Just as Germany holds the balance of European economic power, so can Italy shape Continental political destiny. Her desire for mastery of the Adriatic is linked with a determination to be steward of the Mediterranean area. The long fuse attached to the Balkan powder magazine now ends in Rome as a result of the new Italian penetration in Albania.

Jugo-Slavia is irked because of what she believes to be Italian aggression on her borders, and France is backing her up. Central Europe is all set for another explosion. Mussolini alone can apply the spark.

Furthermore, Italy's need for land upon which to plant her surplus population may lead to complications in Northern Africa, where she aspires to widen her sphere of colonial power. Now you can see what Mussolini meant when he said in his speech last May that he must have an army of 5,000,000 by 1935 and a population of 60,000,000 by 1950. He named 1935 because Allied occupation of Germany then ends.

Today, as yesterday, Mussolini dominates the Italian scene. He is still the generator of the vitality that galvanizes the nation, remains the nerve center of every national move. Faith in his leadership has become a passion and adoration of him a cult with the vast majority of the people. Despite bombs and bullets, he has just rounded out his fifth year as Premier. As things go in Europe, it is a world's endurance record.

When I talked with Mussolini in the early part of 1926 he was obviously far from fit. Under the tan of his stern but drawn face was unmistakable evidence of illness. Yet he never relinquished his iron grip on affairs for a moment. Then the absorbing question was: After Mussolini—what? All Italy's eggs were in one basket. Her hopes and fears were concentrated in a single individual and there was no one to take his place.

Italy's eggs are still in one basket, but the basket has been reenforced. The Mussolini whom I again met last July seemed to be remade. Apparently he has triumphed over disease in the same way that he has so far vanquished human forces that have sought his extinction. He is peppier, plumper, and more than ever conscious of his prestige and power. The Napoleon complex holds. He remains the most vivid, dynamic and compelling of living personalities.

Fascist Stars

YOU may not approve of Mussolini's methods, but you must admire his results, and it is by results that the human being is measured. Granted that he tolerates no public opinion save that which is favorable to him, and that opposition to his rule can be safely voiced only in cyclone cellars, the fact remains that he has wrought a miracle of economic and political reform and given his people a new place among the nations.

A year ago Italy was gravely concerned about the succession. Save for the eternal menace of the assassin, this anxiety is now considerably allayed. Moreover, Mussolini has minimized the hazard of his sudden elimination to a greater degree than hitherto.

Though he will never permit even the suggestion of a co-star in what is essentially the world's greatest one-man show, he has given every evidence of favor to Augusto Turati, secretary-general of the Fascist Party and the ablest of the lieutenants. Turati is generally regarded as vice regent and therefore possible heir to the Black Shirt throne, once it is vacated. Another new Fascist star who has the great man's ear and confidence is Gen. Italo Balbo, Undersecretary of Aviation, who represents flaming youth in the Fascist organization. He is barely thirty and therefore fits ideally into Mussolini's conception that this is a young man's world. He himself is the most shining example, for he is just forty-five. Third in authority is Edmondo Rossoni, head of the Syndicati Fasciati, the Mussolinized labor unions. These men would probably form the triumvirate to run the Fascist hosts once the founder and chief is gone. Mussolini has also built up his Fascisti militia to the point where it vies with the regular army in strength and organization.

Thus the agencies for control and order to meet the consequences of the Premier's passing have been largely fortified during the past twelve months. They comprise a sort of insurance policy against what might otherwise be chaos on that luckless day when the guiding and restraining hand is lifted. All this is mere speculation, but it is a necessary detail in any survey of Italy. What befalls Mussolini is of the greatest concern to the kingdom.

It is characteristic of the man that he is undisturbed by all conjecture about the future. Judged by his acts and utterances, he is master of his fate. With superb assurance—or is it fatalism?—he believes that he is beyond harm. He told me that his successor is not yet born and that he expects to reign at least fifteen years longer. This

magnificent defiance of circumstance has confuted his enemies and made his life charmed so far. His very indifference to danger seems to shield him.

If Mussolini has added to the gayety of nations, he has also contributed a new force to the existing order of national rule. Life is never dull under the Duce. Every conceivable subject continues to pass under his astounding supervision. He has penalized bachelors and launched a drive for more babies. He even threatens a tax on barren marriages. When rents and prices accompanied the lira on its swift upward flight, he put profiteers behind the bars and exiled the landlord sharks. He has wiped out mendicancy, long a curse of Italy, as every traveler knows, and eliminated the secret maffia organization. Two pests the open hand and the Black Hand—have faded from the picture.

Mussolini has developed a work-or-starve policy that may well be heeded in other quarters. His Charter of Labor, which outlaws strikes and places responsibility on employer and employe alike, is an effort to meet one of the most pressing of universal issues. With his newly created Corporative State—it is coöperative as well—he undertakes an experiment in constructive socialism without precedent.

That Mussolini should wax in prestige and authority is further evidence that Europe remains safe for dictators. The more you analyze the general recovery, the more you comprehend that the mailed fist writes the formula for economic regeneration. Under Pilsudski the new Poland is having a cycle of prosperity. Primo de Rivera has given Spain a commercial renaissance. To bring the franc back Poincaré had to become fiscal czar. Mussolini's achievement, which tops them all, needs no rehearsal. Hence, for the moment at least, constitutional government in three major countries has gone by the board. The established dictatorships—they appear to have become institutions—embody a significant challenge to democracy. So-called government by the people has not met the test of ruthless event, certainly so far as Europe is concerned.

But this is a digression.

The present task is to find precisely how Italy is playing her part in the European restoration. That it has a definite American interest, aside from the debt of $2,000,000,000, almost goes without saying. Since 1925 we have loaned Italy approximately $300,000,000. The curious fact is that the American dollar has temporarily become a handicap, because these loans, converted at once into lire, contributed largely to the too rapid currency appreciation. The government has wisely put a stop to any further borrowing.

Tradition Reversed

WE HAVE a strong personal bond with Italy. Nor does it altogether grow out of the fact that Italian brawn has dug our ditches and helped to rear the sky line. The immigrants have constituted a force in the development of the nation. New York, with her 900,000 Italian-born citizens, has often been called the biggest of Italian cities. The Casa Italiana—Italian House—lately opened at Columbia University, is a center of Italian art and learning certain to heighten cultural relations.

Clearly to understand why Italy has been able to weather the currency crisis, the outstanding economic event of this agitated year, you must get the background. Here, as elsewhere, the Mussolini influence has inspired readjustment. In that earlier day, when he fought the forces of disruption, he built better than he dreamed. For one thing, he reversed every European tradition in that the intrusion of his brand of politics into Italian economics has been beneficial. I will explain the reason.

PHOTO BY P. M. BEI PASTORE

How Rome Turns Out for the Duce

PHOTO BY [illegible]

The Launching of the Vulcania, the World's Largest Motor Ship, at Montefalcone

PHOTO BY FOREST MANTOOTH

Mussolini Always Draws a Crowd, as This Scene at Genoa Shows

For Italy

IN CREATING the Fascist organization Mussolini had two objects in view. One was to combat the threatened sovietization of the country, the other to give Italy a rebirth of commercial and industrial power. A greater Italy was the goal. Pride of material achievement was as much a part of the program as the establishment of an original and militant political creed. As everybody knows, Mussolini succeeded. He got the red poison out of the national system and infused the red blood of new vigor and vitality.

An economic nationalism developed, and it is a phase of the new patriotism. It not only helped to speed up the productive structure but converted budget deficits into surpluses, reduced taxation, improved public utilities and made for expansion in all directions. During the more recent days of fiscal anxiety it dictated acquiescence to high prices, wage reduction, drastic economies and other financial discomforts. In a word, Mussolini begot the spirit of sacrifice and endeavor that has enabled the country to meet courageously whatever befalls.

Just as Mussolini upset every political precedent, so does he incarnate a new and arresting type of economic leadership. Most political overlords dedicate their talents to personal or party advancement and let it go at that. One of the inevitable consequences is the kind of fiscal chaos which brought France to the brink of receivership last year. Mussolini makes politics a stabilizer of business. With the possible exception of Poincaré, who has displayed a remarkable strategy in fiscal administration, the modern heir to the Cæsars is the only European premier who understands something of the technic of trade.

Though he shares political authority with no one, he has from the outset availed himself of the best practical advice. He has a business cabinet headed by Dr. Alberto Pirelli, the great Italian industrialist. This accounts for the integrity of the commercial advance. The one blunder so far grew out of Mussolini's passionate desire to put the lira back as near as possible to its prewar value. The moment dislocation developed he was wise enough to let financial nature take its course.

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PITTSBURGH

By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

He Waited a Long While—an Hour, He Judged by the Sun—and Then, With the Rifle, He Went Down as Quietly as He Could Manage

THOMAS ARMIT gave it as his opinion that Pittsburgh was hardly fitten to live in. It stood to reason, he said, that it wasn't healthy to crowd a thousand people and worse in a point of land intended for only a French fort. He made that declaration at Jacob Winebiddle's supper table. Jacob was his son-in-law. Thomas Armit commonly spoke in a tone of challenge. He was old, at times the challenge was thin if not actually shrill, but its spirit was vigorous and bitter—critical. In reality he was sixty-seven; but he had had a hard life, a life of enormous physical strain, and it had bowed and wasted and scored him. His face was dark from the weather, the skin on it tight and dry over his cheek bones and sunken at his jaw. His eyes were pale blue; but they were so small, they had been narrowed so often against the acute storms and dangers of existence, that the color left in them was scarcely perceptible.

He wore, as was usual for such intimate scenes, loose trousers tucked into half boots of neat's leather, a coarse blue linen shirt open at his throat, and a summer waistcoat of flowered dimity. That was all he did have on and no effort of his family could improve upon it. The sleeves of the shirt were short on wrists that were now mere animated bundles of bones; his hands were large and twisted, congregations of dry knots and ancient calluses. He ate his supper loudly and in a hurry, filling his mouth in the handiest and quickest manner available, and talking, criticizing the degenerate present, at the same time.

Jacob Winebiddle, at the head of the table, was neat, prosperous and clearly German. His hair was so flaxen as to be almost white; his eyebrows made no mark on a broad, good-tempered face. He wore a proper roundabout of nankeen, the new long trousers of a decent cloth, and his throat was confined by a carefully tied length of black gros de Naples. His wife Recover, a thin woman with her father's scanty pale hair, was as admirable in green muslin and a tamboured petticoat. Her eyes, too, were blue and small; her mouth was thin and firm; her hands awkward in appearance and swiftly capable. She occupied the end opposite Jacob. On her right sat Captain Mathias Stenles, who had married the eldest Winebiddle child, Union. The captain had a large right to his title and showed it, although he was obviously poorly—the result of wounds and hardship from long service in the Virginia Line, against King George. His eyes were gray and steady and his voice owned the deliberate inflections of his place of birth.

His wife was across the table from him, a woman already harassed at twenty-three, with their two elder children—Thomas Armit Stenles, aged four; and Minot, aged two—beside her. She was feeding them boiled Indian meal mush and at the same time sustaining her powers with whisky and water. Between Captain Stenles and old Thomas Armit sat Tench Armit, the son of Thomas, Recover Winebiddle's brother, and his wife, an Indian squaw. She was a small round woman, with a round face the even color of red pottery and a rapid veiled black glance, dressed in a civilized gingham. There was, however, woven into the smoothly laid blackness of her hair a vivid strand of scarlet worsted. Tench was silent. He kept a lowered countenance and ate, generally, in the manner of his father. Thomas Armit repeated that, crowded like it was, Pittsburgh couldn't be a healthy place. With more than a thousand ——

"To be exact," Jacob Winebiddle told them, "it has fifteen hundred and sixty-five inhabitants." He liked exact statements and made them with an air of great finality and satisfaction. "It ain't only the people," Thomas Armit went on; "it's the smoke. The air's getting so a person can hardly breathe it, not to do him any good. Why, God sakes, look at what's going on, and all in a musket shot—iron shops and the glass house and a distillery and a brewery, tanneries and boat yards and brick furnaces! It's no better than living in a smudge." He refreshed himself with a draft of whisky innocent of water, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. "When I come to Pittsburgh in the summer of Fifty-eight," he asserted, "it wasn't nothing like this. The soldiers were just building the little fort and there was some trading cabins in the Bottom. Nothing better than bark."

Union Stenles said fretfully, "Now, grampap, take some more of the stew beef."

He didn't want any more of the beef. "You want to fill my mouth up so I'll be quiet," he told her.

"I can't see that filling your mouth up keeps you quiet," his daughter Recover observed. "There was nothing but the Fort and the traders in the Bottom," Thomas Armit persisted. "We had a hell of it too. The French and Indians like to skeered us to death. They were gathering thick at Venango, but nothing come of it. They marched north to Niagry. . . . What was I saying, Recover? Oh, yes, about the soldiers and building Fort Pitt. That run into Fifty-nine. Colonel Mercer and two hundred soldiers from Virginia. You wouldn't think anybody remembered so good, and most wouldn't. I took a dislike to Virginians right there."

"You might remember that Mathias, married to your own granddaughter, is from Virginia," Recover Winebiddle told him.

"What's that to do with it?" Thomas asked sharply. "Nothing that I can see; in particular, when you remember what fetched Mathias here. Come with Colonel Morgan to force the Excise. What happened to me? Why, just what you say he joined in with my family! I wouldn't favor anybody who was from Virginia, not after the way Lord Dunmore went on. Wanted everything in the west for himself—even to naming Pittsburgh Fort Dunmore."

Mathias Stenles asked reasonably: "Mr. Armit, wasn't it a good thing Virginia sent Captain Neville to hold Fort Pitt? I understood there was danger of the British from Detroit taking it. It was the general opinion that Doctor Connolly was not loyal."

"Who sent him?" the old man demanded triumphantly. "Lord Dunmore is who. The British wouldn't have taken Fort Pitt neither. If they had, they couldn't have helt it

The traders would have picked them off one by one out of the woods. You want to remember that Henry Cague and John Davage and Collip Gaw were living then. What happened to Braddock wouldn't have been nothing." He took a deep drink of whisky. Tench Armit's Indian wife refilled her father-in-law's glass. "Patrick McGarr and James Savacool and Ratigan," he continued. "Any one of them could hit a redcoat as far as they could a redskin. I'll step out today and turkey-shoot the whole thousand and worse in Pittsburgh. If I don't bring home the turkey, I'll eat boiled mush like little Minot the rest of my life. I'd almost as lieve as this stew beef all fixed up like you have it. The way you spoil a quarter of venison and call it a potpie is a caution. When have you set a good piece of bear meat on the table? Not in ten moons is when."

"Now, father," Jacob Winebiddle protested, "Union has as nice food as you'd get in Philadelphia. You got to remember Pittsburgh is civilized and don't live on bears any more."

Thomas Armit repeated the word civilized with an excited bitterness. "It's reached hell and gone," he declared. "It might be all right for a Dutchman. First I get a Dutchman for a son, and then Union marries a man from Virginia, and my own son Tench legally takes a squaw. I don't warm to the Dutch and I'm opposed to Virginians on principle, but I hate an Indian. I've killed and lifted the hair of a hundred, but now I set up to the table with one. I got a squaw for a legal daughter. In my day, with the bounty," he said, "Tench could have drawed fifty dollars good money for her skelp."

Jacob Winebiddle owned a double log house with two stories and a garret; the logs were squared on the inside, the mortar in the chinks smooth, and Jacob had covered the walls of the main room with paper. He was a very progressive man. A great fireplace, too, was covered; a cannon stove for the local stone coal had its pipe let in the chimney; the cooking had been removed to a new added kitchen at the rear. The main room occupied half of the ground floor; there was no door through the dividing wall; communication with the other lower chamber—Jacob and Recover's bedroom—went by way of the exterior steps. Thomas Armit had been opposed to so much change. In the first place, with the cooking at such a distance, the victuals were bound to get cold before they reached the table; then it was known that stone coal poisoned the air; and, finally, paper hung on the walls gave a person the lung fever.

He sat now, at the end of supper, gazing disparagingly at the supposed improvements about him. Thomas Armit Stenles was crying vigorously.

"It ain't so much I mind him scaring the child," Recover explained, "as I do him telling all those stories about bloody acts with Union in the condition she's in. I don't mind little Thomas, but I don't want her to take a fright."

Thomas Armit stirred uneasily. "I didn't say nothing," he protested. "God sakes, I don't know what women and children are coming to! It's a good thing Union didn't travel out to Pittsburgh in Fifty-eight. I couldn't cross the river at Lancaster account of the ice. Wright's ferry was froze. I waited twenty days and then had to take the goods over on a sleigh. Lost a kag of lead too. At York I had to open up the parcels and scour the rust off the knives. Then John Mushet had twenty Virginia soldiers living in his kitchen. He didn't have nothing anyways but a blockhouse considerable smaller than this cabin."

Lizzie Armit, Tench's wife, skillfully packed her father-in-law's pipe; she gave it to him ceremoniously and brought a coal in a small pair of iron tongs from the stove. Thomas Armit accepted all this with an impressive show of patience. The Indian woman, the family knew, venerated the old man; she obeyed her husband, but she prostrated herself before Thomas Armit. He had a complete right, she made it plain, to regard her as the earth beneath his feet. That was the Indian in her.

"When I got to Fort Henry," Thomas continued, "the ford there was just as bad. It was all broke up by Sir Arthur Saint Clair's coach."

Union, with little Minot, had joined her mother and Lizzie Armit in the kitchen; only the masculine element of the Armit connection remained to listen to old Thomas' account of early hardship.

"There was considerable of a defense at Fort Frederick," he went on; "high stone walls. The gate faced the king's storehouse. I led the wagons inside, but a sergeant acted awful bad through the unloading. He hit a man I had, name of Vulgamor, on the mouth and I took into him. I was awful bad myself in them days." Thomas Armit broke into laughter thin like a giggle. "I like to bit his ear off," he admitted. "That would have been nothing if I could have put a thumb in his eye. He was a pretty good sergeant. Lieutenant Riley said he would have let me kill him. Lieutenant Riley died himself while I was there. Took the flux. There was a parcel of soldiers died of the flux in the west country."

"Mercy, grampap"—Union had come into the room "are you still telling of old times? I've heard that trip in Fifty-eight so often I know it better than you. You've reached the part where you had such a hard time getting wagons and had to cut the ice out of the Potomac."

He rigidly ignored this. "After I traveled over most of Virginia for wagons, all the creeks were up," he went on. "I lost my hatchet and bought a tomahawk. We loaded by candlelight in the fort." Thomas Armit sighed deeply. "The snow on Sidling Hill was as high as this table. I slept in a hollow stump on the mountain. Laid her comfortable with bark and built a great fire. The next day I got to Cressop's and the day beyond, Cumberland.

"Fort Cumberland, you might say, was like Pittsburgh now, with giddy women. Anyways, I was declared Packhorse Master there. I was paid five pounds a month Pennsylvania money, but more west of Kittatinny Hill—account of the Indians. I had thirty-four horses, and it was March, in the Swan ponds pasture."

Union interrupted him again "There is one good thing—he's almost to Pittsburgh."

Captain Stenles said, "Union, don't interfere with your grandfather "

She stood with her hands on her hips, squarely bearing the weight of her unborn child. "Interfere with him!" she echoed her husband. "I'd thank you to know who could stop his stories and going on. It ain't human to listen to them as much as I have." Her voice grew shrill with fretfulness. "Who wants to hear about them days, anyhow, with nothing but killings and mountains and fords? I'm sick of taking the horrors from him."

Recover Winebiddle hurried into the room. "It's just too bad," she declared. "I can't leave a minute but grampap goes off on his recollections."

It wasn't as bad as she thought, Jacob said pacifically "Old men have to talk. After all, if Mr. Armit hadn't

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"Wingenum Didn't Want to Sell Her. Worth Fifty Pounds, He Said. I Got Her for Thirty and a Half a Kag of Whisky"

THE PICKER

By ROBERT WINSMORE

ILLUSTRATED BY C. H. TAPPS

WHAT brought Joe Silleck into my mind was a piece in the paper the other day. It was about where a man's family got him put away for being hopeless insane, and then found out he'd been playing the stock market all the time and rolling up all kinds of money. A couple of people showed me that and thought it was a big laugh. If they had been an order clerk in a Stock Exchange firm, like I am in Reilly & Wilson's, they might not of thought so. They would of been good and used to nuts down in Wall Street, and they would know the only unnatural part in the paper was where it said the guy come out a big winner.

Anyhow it reminded me of Joe Silleck. He was a bird we had for a customer in our office for a little while a couple of years ago, and even now I ain't sure how much of him was bug and how much wasn't. Most of the time I wouldn't of been surprised if he had claimed he was Mary Queen of Scots. Then, other times, I would get a different idea, and think maybe he was cagy enough to be running the Federal Reserve.

No matter what he was, though, you couldn't believe a word he said; and whatever he pulled I never seen him crack a smile. Once in a while he might do something down his throat that was intended for a laugh, but he always done it looking sober. And maybe he wasn't bullish on Joe Silleck! Why, the goof didn't hate himself as much as Mussolini does!

It was Benny Powell, one of the customers' men, that got Silleck trading with us in Reilly & Wilson's. Benny had a customer named Yerger that was piking along in the market and losing money quite regular, and after the close one day the two of them was talking things over out by the news ticker. Yerger was nursing a fine grouch and looking like all was lost, and also honor, and just when I come up he was saying: "I'm going to lay off entirely for a while, till I see what my brother-in-law's got on his mind. I got a suspicion he's framing up some kind of play in the market, and if he does it'll be a pipe to follow him."

"Why will it?" asks Benny. "What makes him so good?"

"He cleans up on everything he takes a shot at," says Yerger. "Somehow he just can't lose. It acts like some kind of chronic disease he's got."

"Yeah?" Benny says, perking up. "Well, it don't have to keep him in quarantine, does it? Where's he doing his trading now?"

"He ain't doing none that I know about," Yerger explains, "and he don't seem to be wised up to the market either. But lately he's been asking me questions and if I know a good broker and all like that, and I got a hunch he thinks he sees something to shoot down here."

"What's his name, and where does he hang out, and why didn't I hear about him before?" says Benny. "If a man's running in luck, you know yourself the market's the one place to make it pay big."

"Joe Silleck's got the luck with him all right. He went after the ponies on only a shoe string, and he played 'em steady for two years, and then quit with a sockful."

"And why was it he quit them?" Benny asks.

"Get this," says Yerger. "He said he found out the track game is so crooked a man's a fool ever to take a chance on it. Can you tie that?"

"I can't without imagination," cracks Benny. "What did he do with his roll after he laid off the races?"

"I don't know what in all," Yerger says. "Last winter he put a crimp in every gambling dump he could get into down in Florida and Havana, and now he says they're all so easy they don't interest him no more. Lately he's been cashing in big on the fights, and he must have over sixty or seventy thousand on ice by now. But as far as I know he ain't ever give this thing a ride yet."

I could see it sounded to Benny like something dreamy by Irving Berlin, and he says: "I always think a baby like that has got to be seen to be appreciated. Bring him in as soon as you can, 'cause I'd like to meet him. I can show him how to make some money."

"What Did You Do That For?" Yells the Old Man, Going Straight Up in the Air Right Away

"Yeh I heard about that myself," Yerger remarks, "and if you show Joe the same way as you been showing me, you might not have to make no more payments on your life insurance. He's a queer guy, and he's got a habit where he goes wild at the drop of the hat and drops the hat hisself."

"What do you care?" says Benny. "Bring him in, and if I can interest him and he gets going right, he might loosen up and be good to his relations."

So four or five days afterwards I guessed right away who it was when I seen Yerger blow into the office with this other egg in tow. He was a kind of loose-jointed party, with a long face and a square jaw, and he had funny little eyes that you couldn't see much of account of them being in so deep.

I was in the order room when they went by, and I told little Johnny Neff, our margin clerk: "We have on the bill today the boy plunger that picked out Yerger for a family. Watch Benny Powell now and you'll see how he does his stuff to get a new fish for you to throw the hooks into."

Johnny's crazy about playing the banjo, but he's a wiser little gink than you would imagine from that. He took a look and says: "I seen his kind before, and they usually ain't where they belong. Any time I call margin on that guy it won't be by personal contact, but only by long-distance mail. I will thereby avoid getting bit."

Silleck didn't lose no time at all that first day going into action. Benny staged the hearty-hand-of-welcome act and dragged chairs up to his desk for them and got busy handing out the cigarettes. Silleck took one, as natural as anybody might, and broke it right up and threw the pieces on the floor. He never even looked at it.

Benny must of missed seeing what he done, for he held out a light and Silleck just blew it out. He didn't laugh or say a word, either, but dug down and brought up a pill of his own and lit it with a match that he flipped onto Benny's nice clean blotter without bothering to put it out. Then he settled back with his hand around his ear as if he didn't want to miss a word of what would be coming. And all the time he was looking as serious as Coolidge waiting for a bite.

Benny's eyes popped out and he got red and looked at Yerger, and then he begin to laugh. That was about the only thing he could do without starting something, and Johnny says to me, "If you seen what I seen, let's us make a wish, joint account."

"We'd get fired for stunting the firm's growth," I told him. "Besides, it might only be a sense of humor."

"You could be right, at that," Johnny admits. "There's a lot of things I don't recognize since prohibition. Let's us wait for more current events."

But no more comedy come off right then. Pretty soon the three got up and Benny called into my window that he was going out to lunch. Silleck looked in, too, and give me a nod like an undertaker. "Hello, Gus!" he calls out as loud as a mule, and waves his hand. I naturally thought he had took me for somebody he knew, so I just looked pleasant and waved back to him.

When they come back an hour or so afterwards, Yerger wasn't with them. I happened to be out in the customers' room then, trying to explain a bum execution to Old Man Cook.

He's one of our regular pikers in the office, and he's the worst crab on any record since the descent of man. The old boy was sitting with his nose in the ticker, watching every quotation that was coming out, and I was leaning down pouring my mush in his ear.

All of a sudden somebody hit me a terrible belt and croaked, "'Lo, Gus!" And when I looked up it was Silleck again. "Is this here the stock market, Gus?" he says, and grabs hold of the tape and gives it a fine yank. Naturally the paper broke off right where the printing was going on and Old Man Cook didn't have no more prices to see for a while.

"What did you do that for?" yells the old man, going straight up in the air right away.

Silleck looked at him and says, "Oh, I thought you was looking at it."

"Certainly I was looking at it," says Cook, cockeyed mad.

"Well, then," says Silleck, "there ain't no argument."

The market closed soon after that, but Silleck hung around waiting for Benny to get through with his phone calls and things. He nosed around and talked to the board boys about the quotations up on the board, and finally he come over to where I was. "You're looking fine, Gus," he said to me. "How long you been working here?"

"You got me wrong," I told him. "Maybe I look like somebody you know, but my name ain't Gus."

"Sure it's Gus," he says. "What do you want to change it for?"

"No," I explained; "my name's Larry—Larry Owens. You ain't never seen me before."

"Of course I didn't see you before," he says, "but I know your name's Gus. I always know what people's names is, and you needn't try to kid me."

Well, what difference did it make to me anyhow? I said to him, "All right then, let it go at Gus."

"Sure I will," he says, "and me and you'll go on being friends the same as we was. I'll tell you what it is, Gus. I got an idea about taking a piece of change out of this stock-market game, see, but not any way that stiff Powell says. He's a washout, that baby, and I'm going to do my own picking, 'cause I'm the best picker in the world, bar none. I'll dope 'em, see, and then I'll come in here and put down a few bets and me and you'll watch 'em—heh, Gus?"

"Anything you say, Mr. Silleck," I says, thinking I would help Benny and ease him along.

"I'll be apt to hand you a sock if you don't keep on calling me Joe," he says; and then he swings around and yells to Benny, "So long, scout! I'll come in tomorrow with enough dough to knock your eye out."

"All right," says Benny, looking surprised, "only I thought you was taking me to a show tonight."

"I did have that idea once," says the nut, "but now I don't remember it at all." And out he goes on the run.

"Well," Benny says to me after he come to, "I can't tell yet what I picked up in that bird. He knows more about the market than he lets on, but I don't know if it's much or little. He come through easy with a promise to give me an account, and he says he'll be in tomorrow with ten thousand berries, but I don't know now if I hope he does or not. I don't want to pass up no account like that, but I got my health and all to think about."

Still, I could see Benny was disappointed when Silleck didn't show up the next morning, and then glad enough when he did come in late that afternoon. Benny was all ready to go home, but he opened up his desk again, and of course he started right in to pull the usual old gag.

"If you had come in early like you said," he told Silleck, "I would of put you into a good one that I had today, and you would of made some nice money."

"You won't get sued for using that line," says Silleck. "The patent on it run out the year Lincoln was shot. Anyhow why would I come in till I got the dope?"

"What dope?" Benny asked him.

And he says, "The dope on this here Reilly & Wilson outfit, of course. Why would I take a chance till the bank gives me the green light on you guys?"

That sounded like he had good enough sense, didn't it? I thought to myself, "This goof ain't so goofy after all." But look what he done next!

"I said I would shoot ten grand, didn't I?" he says to Benny, and he pulls out a roll as thick as your wrist.

"You didn't need to get the cash," Benny told him. "A check would of done."

"I don't give out no checks, and I don't take none," says Silleck. "It makes me too nervous carrying them around, 'cause I might get held up." Then he strips off ten sweet thousand-buck bills and waves them around. "How about these?" he says.

"Fine!" Benny told him. "They're our favorite color."

"All right, shoot 'em!" says the boob, and he just chucked the jack up in the air. You can imagine how the bunch opened out, and every single bill done a falling leaf in a different direction. Benny and me went diving for them, with the bug watching us do it and looking as serious as at a funeral.

"That's as much as I care about money," he says, "and I want a receipt."

I took the dough back to the cashier's cage for Benny, and when I come back with the credit memo he was giving Silleck an earful about some stock looking like a cinch to buy, and saying he would have the straight information on it the next morning.

"If I get the word it's right, I'll jump in and buy some for you," Benny was telling him. "Two or three hundred anyway."

"Only in case it's a Sunday or a holiday," says Silleck. "Other days you better use your own money instead of mine. If you had a line on what numbers would come up in this game you would be wearing platinum eyelids and di'mon's in them. These here bedtime stories gets me all excited anyhow, so you better not tell me no more or I might start throwing things. You know how interested I get, Gus."

"Oh, all right," Benny says. "You said you didn't have experience in the stock market and I thought ——"

"It don't take no experience for me to pick 'em," says Silleck. "It comes to me natural and I'm the best picker in the world. It's all the same to me if they're stocks, or the dogs, or case cards, or janes. I can pick any of them to win, only, speaking about janes, I just remembered I got a date."

Then he gives me a wicked jab in the ribs and beats it out as if he was late for church, and we don't see him again for a week.

Benny had him on the phone right along, of course, and give him tips, and so forth, but the nut kept saying he was waiting for a strong hunch and wouldn't do a thing till one come to him. Yerger tried to stir him up, too, but in his case Silleck claimed he was holding off till he got an answer to a letter he said he wrote confidential to J. P. Morgan.

But finally one morning somebody that wouldn't give his name got me on the phone and left a message to give to Silleck when he come in. It was about some lawsuit being dead sure to come up in court that same day, and the man said I shouldn't tell it to nobody but Silleck himself. Sure enough, about ten minutes after that the sap blows in the office and heads straight for my window, and of course I told him.

"It can't be meant for me," he says, "'cause I don't understand it at all. I guess you don't hear so good over the phone, Gus, and you got the name wrong."

I couldn't let that get by, so I says, "Maybe so; but what am I supposed to think you come in for this morning if it wasn't to get the message?"

"I'll tell you, Gus," he says. "I come in to get a bet down on Beth S."

I didn't get it first off, but then it come to me, and I asked him, "What do you mean? Bethlehem Steel?"

"Anything you say, Gus," he says, "only it's Beth S on the sheet and that's how I picked it. What price are you writing on it now, Gus?"

I told him the last Bethlehem was 46 and showed him where it was marked up on the quotation board.

"All right," he says, "I'll take five hundred of that one. Gimme a ticket."

"This ain't no race track," I said. "Do you mean you want to buy five hundred shares of Beth Steel?"

"Her name ain't Steel," he says.

"Whose name?" I asked him.

"This dame's," he said. "She's a pip, Gus, and you know I'm some picker. I ain't tipping nobody off to who she is, but she's Beth S all right, and anything by the name of that can't help being a quick winner."

"Is that all the reason you got for buying it?" I said.

"It's all I got right now," he says. "I'll go over and see if Aleck's got any more."

"Who's Aleck?" I wanted to know.

"That guy Powell," he said. "I found out his name's Aleck."

I made him write out his buying order, and when he was putting down the amount he says, "I'm playing five hundred because the dame lives on the fifth floor, and I was brought up superstitious."

"That sounds like a good system as long as she's low down," I told him. "It might strain you some, though, if she lived on the roof."

"No, Gus," he says. "If she lived on the roof she'd get the air." And he was looking so serious I couldn't tell if he was wise-cracking or not.

Well, we paid 46¼ for his five hundred Beth Steel, and I went out to where he had sat down by Benny Powell's desk to report it to him. When I give him the report slip he just let out a yell.

"What's the matter?" I asked him, thinking he was sore about the price we paid.

"Nothing's the matter, Gus," he said. "I always sing when I get a bet down. It makes me feel so happy." And he let out another one worse than before.

Everybody in the office rubbered, of course, and Mr. Wilson, one of the partners, come in from his room to see what it was. Benny had to pass it off as a comical joke, and he introduced Silleck to the boss and told about him just buying five hundred Beth.

"Good enough," says Mr. Wilson, being polite. "All these steel stocks are looking a little better, and I rather think you'll make money on your Bethlehem."

"Why wouldn't I?" says Silleck, giving him the cold eye. "Any time I pick one it's right."

The boss give me a look and started to laugh. "Good pickers certainly are the kind of customers we like to have on our books," he says; and the boob come right back with: "I can pick 'em anywheres, any time, and I'm li'ble to knock this game cold if I don't get tired playing it." And the way he said it you might of thought he was Durant or Jesse Livermore or Johnny Henderson or somebody.

I guess Mr. Wilson couldn't stand no more of it right then, for he beat it back in his office, and Benny got called on the phone, so Silleck floated over to the ticker. Old Man Cook was hunched up there as usual, and another one of our wise-cracking regulars named Harry Kelly was alongside of him. The old man seen who it was coming and he shifted around so as to block him off from grabbing the tape again.

I think Silleck must of seen him do it, because the nut made two laps all the way round the ticker, sizing the pair up, and he stood looking them over a while before he says, "Is this here an open table, friends, or am I on the grass?"

"Why Would I Care Where It's Up To or Where It's Going To? We Made the Play and I Cashed In Like We Doped It, Didn't I?"

(Continued on Page 111)

WINGS OF SONG

The Story of Caruso—By Dorothy Caruso and Torrance Goddard

AS I HAVE said, theoretically, Caruso loved an open house, lavish hospitality and the idea of having all his friends around him; temperamentally, he was too sensitive to endure it. He had to be quiet and alone. He needed above all else an orderly routine life that ran with as little friction as possible. The more or less haphazard plans of a house filled with guests made him nervous and irritable. I could see he was desperately uncomfortable, but I learned later that he was always so at Signa. In America he loved to think of his Italian home, to dwell on its peace and loveliness; for indeed in this case distance could not lend any further enchantment to a country so ideally beautiful. He talked about the life in the sunshine and the open air, among the relatives he loved. Through the long cold winters in New York he spoke again and again of the sun shining on his fields, of his white oxen, the vineyards, the olive groves; but I think they stood for him as emblems of his beloved country and of the purple hills of Tuscany, and in idealizing them as he did the actuality disappointed him when he came face to face with it.

The scenes, after all, were those he had known from childhood; they had lost the power to thrill him with their surprising beauty; the quiet of the mountains, so restful in anticipation, appalled him when he found himself cradled in the silence of the hills.

The Courage of Hunger

IN AMERICA he might close his door, but he had always the warm and comforting knowledge that outside, his public was waiting eagerly for him to reappear; in Italy, when he opened the door, no one was waiting. It was as though a curtain had fallen behind him, cutting him off from adulation and applause, and he was left standing alone in front of an empty house, gazing at rows of vacant seats. The public, whose plaudits were the very breath of his life, was no longer there, and a loneliness descended upon him as though he found himself severed forever from any further intercourse with the world. Before six weeks had passed he was ready to return to cities and crowds and the great moving pageant of life.

One morning we were walking in the park—Enrico, the twenty-one relatives and I. At one point there was a lovely vista of Florence. I sat on the wall to enjoy it, and looking down the road I saw that it was filled with people. When they had drawn nearer I could see that they were all women and children. They came on through the lower gates and into the park, where they were met by the overseer. After talking to them a few moments he hurried to Enrico, who was watching the proceedings with astonishment. The overseer told him these were women and children who had come up from Signa; they wanted bread, he said; they were hungry. Orderly and quiet, when Enrico went to talk to them, they told him there had been so many strikes and riots, so much trouble with the Communisti and the Fascisti, that between them all it was impossible to pay the prices for food that were asked. "I am glad to give you what I can," said Enrico to them in their own dialect. He led them to the *fattoria* and they stood silently while loaves of bread were handed out. The women were deeply interested in my clothes, which were nothing more extraordinary than a white crêpe skirt with a blouse and a big shade hat. But one woman said sullenly, "She wears shoes and we go with bare feet." They left as quietly as they had come, but I felt very unhappy as I watched them trudge off down the dusty road, dragging their children after them. Sometimes a woman would stoop and catch up the child pulling at her skirts.

Sailing for Italy on His Last Voyage. At Right—On the Beach at East Hampton

But this was not the end of the episode. In the afternoon the *fattors* came running into the house to tell us that two or three hundred people were outside the big gate of the park; they were very rough and threatened to throw down the gate. "Let them in," said Enrico, and he went out to meet them. As the gates opened, the mob came pouring into the park, followed by a procession of empty wagons that came to a standstill in front of the *fattoria*. There was an ominous silence. Enrico went forward to meet a man who stepped out from the front rank. He spoke rapidly in Italian, but by his gestures and the expression on the faces of the crowd behind him I could guess what was going on. He said there were riots in Florence, and there was not enough food because of the strikes. "We want oil and wine and flour to feed our families. If you don't give it to us we will take it by force!" There was a threatening grumble of assent from the crowd, who made a movement forward.

"It's like the French Revolution," I thought to myself, "only I am in it."

"To take private property from a citizen you should have a permit from the mayor," said Caruso quietly.

"We are the mayor!" growled the spokesman, and the others, like a Greek chorus, took up the words and enlarged upon them. "We are the mayor." "We want wine!" "Give us flour!" "Give us bread!"

"I have already given your women and children all the bread that is baked. There is no more ready. But if things are as bad as you say, I will have a large quantity baked today, and you can come for it."

"You sell your wine too high," cried a man, waving his arms over the heads of his companions.

"Yes, yes," shouted the chorus. "You rich ones, you ask what you like!" "We have to live too!" "If we can't buy we will take it." "We will take it!" yelled a woman, who might have marched to Versailles among the fishwives of Les Halles. The mob began suddenly to press forward.

"Doro," said Enrico sharply, "go in the house!"

"I won't," I said firmly.

Applied Communism

THE crowd was not interested in a family dispute. "Wine, wine, bread!" roared the people.

"*Va bene!*" cried Enrico. "You shall have what you want!" The men in front heard him and stopped to listen, but in the rear they continued to shout, "*Vino, vino! Pane, pane!*"

"I will open the wine cellar and the vats," continued Enrico. "You must have wine, certainly. I did not know things were so bad with you. Take the grain that is there"—he pointed to the *fattoria*—"and the oil. Only one thing I ask of you—leave enough to last my family and my servants for several weeks." The men close to him nodded, but the ones beyond the reach of his voice thought he was protesting and began to snarl like dogs before a fight.

"Enrico," I whispered to him, "ask them not to hurt my rabbits and the white peacock!"

"The *signora* asks," translated Enrico, "that you will not hurt her rabbits or the white peacock!" The crowd laughed and looked at me curiously. Some of the women pressed close around me, smiling at me and examining my clothes and shoes.

The farm wagons were drawn up to the *fattoria* and loaded with kegs of wine brought from the cellars, huge bottles of oil, and grain. The head farmer looked on with tears rolling down his cheeks as the fruits of a year's work were carried off in the wagons. Before they left, the Communisti took our two automobiles from the garage. Enrico let them do as they pleased, only watching carefully to make sure that a supply of food was left to us.

The next day the leader of the mob returned and gave Enrico some money. He said they had sold the oil and the grain and wanted to restore a part of the money, as they desired only enough to keep them from going hungry while the strikes and riots continued. He also agreed to return our cars. Enrico asked curiously if they had taken property from anyone else, but the man would not answer. Later we learned that our neighbor, General Angeli, was not so fortunate as we had been. He attempted to resist

and refused the requests of the Communisti. They had then come in large numbers and seized everything he had, killing his cattle and ruining his crops.

Naturally, the condition of Enrico's nerves and spirits was not improved by these excitements. I did not want to suggest leaving Signa, for I did not want him to think that I was unhappy, but I was feeling the unaccustomed heat, which seemed to increase as the days passed, and I had begun to feel also the need of quiet. It worried me to see that instead of deriving benefit from the summer, in preparation for the opera season, Enrico was looking ill and miserable. So I felt very much relieved when he sent for an accompanist and I heard once again the music of La Juive as Caruso began seriously to study the rôle. The return to his music acted almost like a tonic. He grew happier as he whistled and sang, and less irritable as he spent hours at the piano. He tried over, at this time, some songs sent him by young composers. I could see that he was slowly recovering his equilibrium; as each day brought us nearer the time of departure I made up my mind to hide the fact that I was feeling ill, and to take life as calmly as possible. This was much easier since Enrico had commenced practicing, for I could sit in the window while he sang, and listen to him. Every once in a while he would turn to me and say, "Isn't that nice, Doro?"

What's a Birthday Without a Cake?

DURING the summer one of the family had had a birthday and we had made a great *festa* of the occasion. My own birthday was drawing near, and I looked forward to some sort of celebration. When the day arrived nothing was said about my birthday, but I had seen a number of big packing cases in a rear hall and I felt sure they contained some surprise for me. When breakfast was over Enrico said, "Come on, Doro; now we will open the cases." I ran out, full of excitement, wondering what in the world he could have bought for me. But there were no presents; only plates, cups and saucers, which Enrico had ordered made for the villa. I thought, "He is just teasing me and is saving some big surprise for me later." When the cases had all been unpacked Enrico said, "Let's go to Florence. I have something I want to do."

"Now," I thought, "the surprise is coming." So I got ready and went with the twenty-one relatives and Enrico down to the city. First we went to a restaurant and ate codfish, but still nothing was said about my birthday and everyone went off to do errands and shop while Enrico and I drove to the *pasticceria*—pastry shop.

"You stay in the car, Doro," said Enrico. "Aha," I thought to myself, "he doesn't want me to see the birthday cake and the ice cream!" When he came out he had a number of bundles put into the car and we drove back to Signa. At dinner the table was not decorated. I was beginning to think the day was being spoiled for me, because as far as they knew I might be imagining all this time that they had really forgotten about my birthday.

At dinner I gathered that they were talking about the packages we had brought back in the car. "What do they say?" I asked Mimmi, who sat next to me.

"They are speaking about the packages father got by express. They were left for him at the *pasticceria*."

"What is in them, Mimmi?" I whispered.

"Bronze fittings for his cases," he whispered back.

Nevertheless, I still clung to the thought of ice cream and a cake. Never in my life had I missed having a birthday cake. It just would not be a birthday without one. I waited anxiously for the dessert, for I felt that would be the time for the surprises and the presents.

For dessert there was purée of prunes! That was too much! I rushed out of the room onto the terrace. At home, Torrance would have had the most wonderful cake for me, and as I thought of that I burst into tears. I was so far away from America and Torrance and that birthday cake! I stumbled over the big Newfoundland dog that lay asleep on the top of the terrace steps. I flung myself down beside him. He had had all his hair shaved off, but I buried my face against his warm side and cried, while he looked around at me in astonishment and tried to lick my face. "I can't understand what they say in there and you can't understand what I say out here," I sobbed, "but at least you know when I am unhappy."

The next moment Enrico came hurrying out. "What in the world is the matter, Doro?" he cried as he saw me weeping upon the old hairless dog.

"It's my birthday!" I gasped, clutching the dog closer, "and all I had was bronze fittings and prunes!" The dog licked away the tears that fell on his paws. Enrico put his hand on my shoulder and gave me a little shake.

"You are acting like a child," he said sternly. "You are married and you should not behave like this." Without another word he walked back into the house. I was so amazed that I sat up and stopped crying. Then through the window I heard Enrico's voice raised in anger. I listened in astonishment. He was addressing the twenty-one relatives at the table. "Have you no respect for my wife? Did you not realize that it is her birthday today? She planned a beautiful *festa* for you and not one of you has even had the decency to congratulate her."

I looked at the hairless Newfoundland dog, who was gazing inquiringly into my face. "Beppo," I said, "we have a slang expression in America, 'passing the buck.' Being an Italian dog, you may not know about it, but you have just seen a fine example of it," and then I laughed and went down into the garden.

The next day Enrico set off mysteriously for Florence and returned with a quantity of exquisite Italian lace, which he handed to me without a word. "Oh, Rico," I cried as I opened it and drew out the filmy lengths, "how perfectly lovely! And this is the present you ordered and they did not send it in time?" We looked at each other steadily a moment. Then we both smiled and let it go at that.

At the Beginning of His Career

Nine Long Years

WE HAD a *festa* which I got up myself Enrico was in such a good humor because I was not angry with him that I thought it an opportune time to ask him to be kind to Mario and Brunetta. Martino, Enrico's old valet, was now the superintendent of his estate at Signa—and Mario had charge of the Panche—a villa near Rifredi in Tuscany. This was the first home that Caruso bought and in it he had realized two of his earliest ambitions—to have a Moorish den and a ballroom. The large ballroom was decorated with dreadful pictures of himself painted on the walls, and the Moorish den was the usual extraordinary combination of weapons and divans. I thought the house dreadful and I was glad that I did not have to live there. Mario was about twenty years old when he had first entered Enrico's service, and for nine of the years following he had been in love with a pretty brown-eyed girl named Brunetta. Mario and Brunetta had not married, because Enrico had a strong prejudice against married servants, and Mario, much as he loved Brunetta, did not dream of disobeying the orders of the *commendatore*. While we were in Signa, Mario came to me and, with much hesitation, said, "I have a great favor to ask of you, *signora*. The *commendatore* is now married and he is so happy with you, perhaps he will understand a little better and feel different about things; perhaps he will let Brunetta and me get married. We have been waiting nine years," he added wistfully.

I had promised to do all I could. Thinking of this, on one of those favorable days, I spoke to Enrico about Mario and Brunetta. "We are so happy, Enrico. Do let them be married and be happy too."

"Certainly not," said Enrico. He was entirely unmoved by my story. "Nobody employed by me can be married. No man can serve two masters at the same time. When a man marries his wife is master."

(Continued on Page 124)

The Caruso Family

Caruso and Gloria

With Mario in Mexico, October, 1919

THE USES OF INQUIRY

The Woman Did Not Move; and Belter Twitched Like a Rat, Caught Thus Between Them. He Took to Speech Defensively; "'Morning, Baal!"

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

V

ANDY WATTLES, about his work in the store that day, found himself forever remembering the lean slim figure Luther Varey made as he swung down the steep pitch to the bridge and across and away. Without knowing why, Andy was full of a vague concern; and when Johnny Dree came in, late that afternoon, and said he had just driven over from Palermo, on the Augusta highway, Andy asked him, "See a tall young fellow with his arm in a sling, anywhere along the road?"

Johnny shook his head. "No. What about him?"

"He set out from here," Andy explained—"that Varey, that Baal sent to the hospital. He was going to get his stuff at Baal's and go on to Augusta." And he added: "He might have got a ride."

"Prob'ly," Johnny agreed. "No, I didn't see him."

When, toward suppertime and afterward, others of the village folk came to the store, Andy refrained from mentioning Varey. Only, he told Will Bissell of the young man's passing, and Will listened with an unperturbed countenance and asked a question or two and said casually, "Safe to say he's in Augusta."

But when by and by Will Belter came down the hill Andy grinned at some thought of his own. Everyone upon occasion made sport of Belter. The man's curiosity made him a fair target for jest; so Andy said now to Will in a protesting tone, "Hey, Will, you'd ought to know what you're talking about better'n you do."

Belter looked across at him with quick attention. "What about, Andy?"

"Coming around here and telling us a lot of stuff and us believing it, and then it turns out different." Andy's tone was full of querulous complaint.

"What's the matter?" Will insisted, perspiring faintly as he was apt to do when anyone annoyed him. "What you talking about anyway?"

"You let on this Varey wouldn't be out for a week," Andy reminded him.

"Doctor Gloss told me," Belter declared. "And you said you was going over with him and hold Baal while Varey got his stuff."

Will Bissell

"Has he been through here?" Will demanded. "Has he, Andy?"

"Sure he has," Andy assured him. "Went through this morning. Stopped here and set a spell with me and then went on. Gorfinkle give him a ride over to Ingram's store. I guess he was waiting around for you, counting on you, and you go and throw him down."

"Say, Andy, he didn't!" Will protested; and when Andy insisted, Will went incredulously to telephone the hospital in East Harbor. He came back with a rueful countenance.

"He did," he confessed. "Left there this morning. Doctor Gloss didn't want him to, but nothing would stop him. Had his arm in a sling, and plaster all over his chest, and no hat. One of the men in the hospital give him an old cap. He said he was going to Augusta." The man was crestfallen and disappointed. "Say," he protested, "I did want to go along with him."

"Sure!" Andy dryly agreed. "You was going to make Baal behave himself."

"Did he go in to Baal's?" Will persisted.

"Said he 'lowed to."

"He wouldn't," Will declared. "Not by hisself."

"Guess he wan't afraid of Baal," said Andy.

"Drat it!" Belter exclaimed. "I told him I'd go with him. He'd ought to have left me know."

"He waited," Andy repeated provokingly. "He told me to tell you that he waited long as he could. Told me he was right disappointed not seeing you. Told me he took to you something wonderful, when you come in to see him. Yes, sir, he did."

There were others in the store, the usual group, listening with as much amusement at Belter's disappointment as interest at what Andy had to say.

Gay Hunt asked, "Did he aim to stay the night at Baal's, Andy?"

Andy shook his head. "'Lowed he'd go right on," he replied. But he added: "Johnny Dree drove over from Palermo this afternoon. But he didn't see Varey anywhere on the road. Chance is he got a ride with someone. He wouldn't have to walk far."

"Was Baal to home?" Belter asked.

Andy grinned. "I didn't go to find out," he confessed.

Will Bissell had just come back from supper, heard this inquiry. "Don't think he was," he volunteered. "I was just talking to Gorfinkle, Andy. He was over to South China, laying out Dave Moore's uncle there, and he saw Baal on the road on the way over. Passed him going toward Liberty. That was about when Varey got there."

Andy considered. "That's so," he agreed. "Gorfinkle carried Varey to Ingram's store."

Bissell nodded. "That's why I asked him," he explained.

Belter had been looking from one to the other of them with quick and hungry eyes. He caught now Bissell's arm. "Say," he exclaimed, "where's Gorfinkle? Over to his house?"

Bissell nodded. "Going over?" he asked unsmilingly. He was always grave.

But Belter was already turning toward the door. Here was something like first-hand information, of the sort the man craved. He went out and left the others there.

But the undertaker could tell him little, and Belter by and by returned, vaguely disappointed and disturbed. Johnny Dree was in the store when he reëntered, and Belter questioned Johnny, but got no meat of information there. And by the time Bissell turned down the lights and they all dispersed, walking or driving away toward their homes, everyone save Belter had lost interest in Varey. They agreed that he was no doubt by this time in Augusta, safe and sound.

"He wouldn't run into Baal, from what Gorfinkle says," Andy pointed out. "And if he did, he'd sing low. I guess that's all there is to it." He found himself relieved from apprehension by this certainty.

But Belter was not satisfied. His way home lay up the hill toward the ridge, and Chet McAusland rode with him as far as Chet's own farm. Chet was amused by Will's persistence, by his insistent and ejaculatory regret and curiosity. "Say, I wish I'd seen him!" Will protested. "Say, I wanted to talk to Varey. Chet, you think he run into Baal? He might. Baal would have jumped him if he did."

Chet chuckled. "Say, Will, you're worse than a puppy around a bee. You'll keep smelling till you get your nose stung."

"I'd like to know," Belter insisted.

And the other grinned. "Well," he said, "I'm going over to fish that brook tomorrow. If you want, I'll ask Baal and let you know."

But Belter understood that Chet was making sport of him and took no heed. He left the other at his door and drove on up the hill, in an itch and fever of baffled curiosity. On the surface of affairs, there was nothing to provoke this curiosity. Varey had come through the village, found Baal away from home, gone on to the farm and to Augusta. There was no reason to suppose any sequence of events save this one, so orderly and prosaic. But Belter wanted to know; he was not content with probabilities. Nothing less than certainty was ever like to satisfy him. Before he slept that night, the curious man had decided to drive tomorrow in the direction of Hammett's Corner; he thought he might even go and see Baal, must certainly find someone of whom to inquire.

He carried out this intention, setting out about the middle of the forenoon in his old vehicle like a buckboard, and he came to Ingram's store and stopped there. Belter, in his wanderings, stopped everywhere—at farms, at stores, at mills, or wherever he discovered someone at work in the

fields. Thus his busy tongue found exercise. He stopped at Jim Ingram's store, and Ingram came out and nodded to him, and they spoke for a while together, Ingram on the steps, Belter from the seat of the buggy. There was never any indirection in Belter. If he wished to know, he asked questions; and just now he wished to know very much indeed.

"Say, Jim," he demanded, "you see Varey go through here yesterday—that fellow Baal beat up?"

Ingram assented with a nod. "Gorfinkle carried him over from the village," he explained. "He stopped here a minute and then went on down toward Baal's."

"Which way—upper road?" Belter asked.

And Jim said, "Yes." He indicated the road with a gesture. And he added: "Baal had driv' past here, going toward Liberty, before that. He come out this way and around. I guess the lower end of his road is bad."

"Before Varey got here?" Ingram nodded. "Varey didn't come back this way, did he?" Belter pursued. "Did he run into Baal? Did you hear?"

"Baal come back couple hours after Varey went through," Ingram told him.

"He did? Where'd he been?"

Ingram knew Belter, and he grinned. "I never asked him," he confessed, and added: "But it wasn't likely he'd see Varey, only if Varey stayed for dinner at his place. I guess he wouldn't do that, even if Baal wan't to home." And he concluded: "Baal never stopped here. Just swung around the corner and went on by."

"If Varey was going on to Augusta, you wouldn't see him, would you?" Belter suggested, and Ingram shook his head.

"He'd come down the old road," he pointed out. "Probably get him a ride. Six or eight cars went through that way yest'day afternoon. One from Michigan, with a man and his wife in it. The road's bad over in Palermo, but they can get through."

Belter clucked to his horse and drove on. It was apparent that if he were to discover trace of Varey's passage it must be along the road beyond the stream which came down from Baal's farm, and he went about the business hopefully. Where the byroad met the highway, he looked aside at the deep ruts there and saw that teams had come and gone; but there was a meadow a little way off the main road where at this season hay was harvesting. Eben Braid owned the meadow, and Belter stopped at Braid's house, but no one there knew anything of Varey. Mrs. Braid sometimes saw Baal pass, she told Will. "But I don't give any heed to him," she said in a tone of asperity. "He kicked my boy Steve last year and put a black-and-blue mark on him for a month. If Eb had any back-bone he'd have licked him."

Belter chuckled and drove on. Eben Braid was a little twisted shred of a man, not likely to front Baal on any count at all. Will continued along the road as far as Liberty; but no one with whom he talked had seen Varey pass, nor seen Baal's team. Baal's errand must have been toward South Liberty, Will decided. But the country there was vast and farms were few and a search was difficult. Will did some business in Liberty, and toward mid-afternoon he started to return.

When he came to the Braid farm again, Mrs. Braid was rocking on the kitchen porch, and she hailed him, and Will turned into the yard to see what it was she wanted. She came to the edge of the porch and stood there, her thin arms folded, her chin high; and as soon as Will was within hearing, she said in a triumphant tone, "You was asking about that Baal. Well, he come by here a while ago and I give him a piece of my mind."

"Did you so?" Belter exclaimed. "What for?"

"I been meaning to ever since he kicked my Steve," she explained. "But Eb wanted I should keep still, and he was always around. But today he was over in the south meadow and Baal come by and I stopped him. I says to him, 'Mr. Baal,' I says, 'I got a word to say to you.' And I give it to him right. I says to him, I says, 'You can scare the men around here, but you can't scare me. I'm going to tell you ——'"

Belter Found Himself Uneasy and Ashamed. For Once the Questioner Was Silent, Silenced by This Gentle, Crippled Man Who Met Him So Frankly

"I bet you did," said Belter. "What did he say?" Baal, so far as Belter knew, had never been challenged even by a woman.

"He sung mighty low," said Mrs. Braid, "I'll tell you that. He set and took it. Didn't have a word to say. I told him, I says, 'If you ever lay a hand ——'"

And more and more. Belter listened intently, full of interest. It was not like Baal, he thought, to accept abuse supinely; the scene as Mrs. Braid painted it was not at all in character. Before she was done, he decided that she colored it, that she related not so much what she had said as what she had meant to say. Yet when he drove on, the circumstance remained in his mind, added to the other matters there.

Chet McAusland was at the store in the village when Belter reached the spot, and Will stopped to speak to him. He was repaid, for Chet had something tangible to give him, something definite to tell. He had fished that day the brook below Baal's farm. "No use trying to fish up on his land," he reminded Will. "He's falled trees into the best holes, and throwed bob wire in, and all. But below there's some good places. I left my horse in at Braid's meadow and fished up from there."

He had not, he confessed, gone as far upstream as Baal's place; but three times during the day Baal's team passed along the road within sight or hearing of the brook where Chet was.

"I had a sight of him once," Chet explained. "I was in the road, getting around a cedar swamp where you can't fish. Met him there." And he added thoughtfully, "He acted kind of queer. Voice sounded different. Kind of hoarse, and not so loud. But I went on by." The meat of what he had to say did not concern Baal directly. "I was telling Andy," he explained to Will. "Along the path down brook, everywhere there was a wet place, I see the tracks of some shoes with circles on the soles. Andy says Varey had shoes with rubber soles like that. I guess Varey fished downstream after he left Baal's far as the road anyway."

"He told me he liked fishing," Andy agreed. "He was going to get his rod at Baal's."

Will was almost disappointed. He had been so keenly sure that any encounter between Baal and Varey would lead to further violence that this testimony was a blow to him. For obviously, if Varey had fought Baal, he would have been in no case to fish for trout.

"Old tracks, prob'ly," he urged, "from when he was staying there before."

Chet shook his head in scorn. "Not more'n a day old," he declared. "They might have been made this morning."

"Maybe they was," Andy suggested. "Maybe Varey put up at the farm last night and started on today. He said he was going to fix it up with Baal. That might have been the way."

"That's prob'ly the way of it," Chet agreed. "They looked fresh enough to me."

And at this possibility, Belter's eagerness revived. If Varey had, indeed, spent the night at the farm, there must have been a scene worth witnessing and worth recounting. He had come home somewhat discouraged; but as he drove up the hill, his appetite for information was once more flaming and afire.

VI

CONUNDRUMS have a fascination for the human mind; so long as they remain conundrums, folk remember them. But when their cloak of mystery is dissipated, they are readily forgotten. It was, so far as most Fraternity folk were concerned, thus with Varey. Within a day or two after his last appearance in the village, their thoughts and their converse turned to other matters. It appeared so certain that he had on his last visit to Baal's farm escaped any encounter with that formidable man; it seemed obvious to most of them that the youth must by this time have come to Augusta and found occupation there. So they began to forget him.

But Belter did not forget. That man's curiosity was never to be content with less than the whole truth of the matter, and he had a persistence in inquiry which could at times be absurd and annoying. Yet Belter himself seemed proof against the irritation he provoked in others. In this case he would never be satisfied, for he would never know

(Continued on Page 54)

MARACOT DEEP

By Arthur Conan Doyle

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

"Emerging From This Tangle of Ancient Lava, We Came Out on a Circular Plain, Brilliant in the Phosphorescent Light, and There in the Very Center of it Lay an Object Which Set Me Gasping"

IV

A FEW days—as we reckon time—after the occasion when we had given the community a cinema view of our own proceedings, we were present at a very much more solemn and august exhibition of the same sort, which gave us in a clear and wonderful way the past history of this remarkable people. I cannot flatter myself that it was given entirely on our behalf, for I rather think that the events were publicly rehearsed from time to time in order to carry on the record, and that the part to which we were admitted was only some intermezzo of a long religious ceremony. However that may be, I will describe it exactly as it occurred.

"We were led to the same great hall, or theater, where Doctor Maracot had thrown our own adventures upon the screen. There the whole community was assembled, and we were given, as before, places of honor in front of the great luminous screen.

"Then after a long song, which may have been some sort of patriotic chant, a very old, white-haired man, the historian or chronicler of the nation, advanced amid much applause to the focal point and threw upon the bright surface before him a series of pictures to represent the rise and fall of his own people.

"I wish I could convey to you their vividness and drama. My two companions and I lost all sense of time and place, so absorbed were we in the contemplation, while the audience was moved to its depths and groaned or wept as the tragedy unfolded which depicted the ruin of their fatherland, the destruction of their race.

"In the first series of scenes we saw the old continent in its glory, as its memory had been handed down by these historical records passed from fathers to sons. We had a bird's-eye view of a glorious rolling country, enormous in extent, well watered and cleverly irrigated, with great fields of grain, waving orchards, lovely streams and woody hills, still lakes and occasional picturesque mountains. It was studded with villages and covered with farmhouses and beautiful private residences.

"Then our attention was carried to the capital, a wonderful and gorgeous city upon the seashore, the harbor crammed with galleys, her quays piled with merchandise and her safety assured by high walls with towering battlements and circular moats, all on the most gigantic scale. The houses stretched inland for many miles, and in the center of the city was a crenelated castle, or citadel, so widespread and commanding that it was like some creation of a dream. We were then shown the faces of those who lived in that golden age, wise and venerable old men, virile warriors, saintly priests, beautiful and dignified women, lovely children—an apotheosis of the human race.

"Then came pictures of another sort. We saw wars, constant wars, war by land and war by sea. We saw naked and defenseless races trampled down and overridden by great chariots or the rush of mailed horsemen. We saw treasure heaped upon the victors, but even as the riches increased, the faces upon the screen became more animal and more cruel. Down, down they sank from one generation to another. We were shown signs of lascivious dissipation or moral degeneracy, of the accretion of matter and decline of spirit. Brutal sports at the expense of others had taken the place of the manly exercises of old.

"There was no longer the quiet and simple family life or the cultivation of the mind, but we had a glimpse of a people who were restless and shallow, rushing from one pursuit to another, grasping ever at pleasure, forever missing it, and yet imagining always that in some more complex and unnatural form it might still be found. There had risen on the one hand an overrich class who sought only sensual gratification, and on the other hand an overpoor residue whose whole function in life was to minister to the wants of their masters, however evil those wants might be.

"And now once again a new note was struck. There were reformers at work who were trying to turn the nation from its evil ways, and to direct it back into those higher paths which it had forsaken. We saw them, grave and earnest men, reasoning and pleading with the people, but we saw them scorned and jeered at by those whom they were trying to save. Especially we could see that it was the priests of Baal, priests who had gradually allowed forms and show and outward ceremonies to take the place of unselfish spiritual development, who led the opposition to the reformers. But the latter were not to be bullied or browbeaten. They continued to try for the salvation of the people, and their faces assumed a graver and even a terror-inspiring aspect as those of men who had a fearsome warning to give which was like some dreadful vision before their own minds. Of their auditors, some few seemed to heed and be terrified at the words, but others turned away laughing, and plunged ever deeper into their morass of sin. There came a time at last when the reformers turned away also, as men who could do no more, and left this degenerate people to its fate.

"Then we saw a strange sight. There was one reformer, a man of singular strength of mind and body, who gave a lead to all the others. He had wealth and influence and powers, which latter seemed to be not entirely of this earth. We saw him in what seemed to be a trance, communing with higher spirits. It was he who brought all the science of his land—science which far outshone anything known by us moderns—to the task of building an ark of refuge against the coming troubles.

"We saw myriads of workmen at work, and the walls rising, while crowds of careless citizens looked on and made merry at such elaborate and useless precautions. We saw

others who seemed to reason with him and to say to him that if he had fears, it would be easier for him to fly to some safer land. His answer, so far as we could follow it, was that there were some who must be saved at the last moment and that for their sake he must remain in the new temple of safety. Meanwhile he collected in it those who had followed him, and he held them there, for he did not himself know the day or the hour, though forces beyond mortal had assured him of the coming fact. So when the ark was ready and the water-tight doors were finished and tested, he waited upon doom, with his family, his friends, his followers and his servants.

"And doom came. It was a terrible thing even in a picture. God knows what it could be like in reality. We first saw a huge, sleek mountain of water rise to an incredible height out of a calm ocean. Then we saw it travel, sweeping on and on, mile after mile, a great glistening hill, topped with foam, at an ever-increasing rate. Two little chips tossed among the snowy fringe upon the summit, became, as the wave rolled toward us, a couple of shattered galleys.

"Then we saw it strike the shore and sweep over the city, while the houses went down before it like a field of corn before a tornado. We saw the folk upon the housetops, glaring out at the approaching death, their faces twisted with horror, their eyes staring, their mouths contorted, gnawing at their hands and gibbering in an insanity of terror. The very men and women who had mocked at the warning were now screaming to heaven for mercy, groveling with their faces on the ground or kneeling with frenzied arms raised in wild appeal.

"There was no time now to reach the ark, which stood beyond the city, but thousands dashed up to the citadel, which stood upon higher ground, and the battlement walls were black with people. Then suddenly the castle began to sink. Everything began to sink. The water had poured down into the remote recesses of the earth, the central fires had expanded it into steam and the very foundations of the land were blown apart.

"Down went the city, and ever down, while a cry went up from ourselves and the audience at the terrible sight. The pier broke in two and vanished. The high pharos collapsed under the waves. The roofs looked for a while like successive reefs of rock forming lines of spouting breakers until they, too, went under. The citadel was left alone upon the surface, like some monstrous ship, and then it also slid sideways down into the abyss, with a fringe of helpless waving hands upon its summit.

"The awful drama was over and an unbroken sea lay across the whole continent—a sea which bore no life upon it, but which, among its huge smoking swirls and eddies, showed all the wrack of the tragedy tossed hither and thither—dead men and animals, chairs, tables, articles of clothing, floating hats and bales of goods, all bobbing and heaving in one huge liquid fermentation. Slowly we saw it die away and a great wide expanse as smooth and bright as quicksilver, with a murky sun low on the horizon, showed us the grave of the land that God had weighed and found wanting.

"The story was complete. We could ask for no more, since our own brains and imagination could supply the rest. We realized the slow, remorseless descent of that great land lower and lower into the abyss of the ocean amid volcanic convulsions which threw up submarine peaks around it. We saw it in our mind's eye stretched out over miles of what was now the bed of the Atlantic, the shattered city lying alongside of the ark of refuge in which the handful of nerve-shattered survivors were assembled. And then finally we understood how these had carried on their lives, how they had used the various devices with which the foresight and science of their great leader had endowed them, how he had taught them all his arts before he passed away, and how some fifty or sixty survivors had grown now into a large community, which had to dig its way into the bowels of the earth in order to get room to expand.

"No library of information could make it clearer than that series of pictures and the inferences which we could draw from them. Such was the fate, and such the causes of the fate, which overwhelmed the great land of Atlantis. Some day far distant, when this bathybian ooze has turned to chalk, this great city will be thrown up once more by some fresh expiration of Nature and the geologist of the future, delving in the quarry, will exhume not flints or sheils, but the remains of a vanished civilization and the traces of an Old World catastrophe.

"Only one point had remained undecided and that was the length of time since the tragedy had occurred. Doctor Maracot discovered a rough method of making an estimate. Among the many annexes of the great building, there was one huge vault which was the burial place of the chiefs. As in Egypt and in Yucatan, the practice of mummifying had been usual, and in niches in the walls there were endless rows of these grim relics of the past. Manda pointed proudly to the next one in the succession and gave us to understand that it was specially arranged for himself.

"'If you take an average of the European kings,' said Maracot, in his best professorial manner, 'you will find that they run to about five in the century. We may adopt the same figure here. We cannot hope for scientific accuracy, but it will give us an approximation. I have counted the mummies and they are four hundred in number.'

"'Then it would be eight thousand years.'

"'Exactly.' And this agrees to some extent with Plato's estimate. It certainly occurred before the Egyptian written records begin, and they go back between six and seven

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"We First Saw a Huge, Sleek Mountain of Water Rise to an Incredible Height Out of a Calm Ocean. Then We Saw It Travel, Sweeping on and on, Mile After Mile, a Great Glistening Hill, Topped With Foam, at an Ever-Increasing Rate"

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PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 29, 1927

The Mongolia Ghost in Business

FEAR of the politician is the sign of a caravan mentality surviving in business.

As two thousand years ago the trader with his goods on a camel train dreaded passage through Mongolia, so today business dreads a passage through politics. It is obliged for the same reason. That is to say, there is no way round. But the feeling of dread that was in the ancient's case a reaction to experience is in the modern instance an emotion remembered. One may run because one is afraid. Then again one may be afraid because one runs. There the facts of reality have changed; the emotion is still the same. Thus behavior is compounded.

Fear memories lie deep in the tissues of business. There is history for it. The feudal lord on the hilltop plundered the caravans until they were willing to pay tribute in passing. Business settled under protection of the king, who mulcted it as his need or his whim was. It founded a league of cities and defended them by force, not in a manner glamorous to read of, for it had neither art of war nor skill therein, yet successfully, with grim and terrifying valor. After the lord that had first looted and then laid it under tribute, after the king that had reserved the right to cut off its pockets—after these, came the demagogue raising the mob against it; and he was even more to be feared, being less reasonable, with a fantasy rather to dismember business and divide it among his followers than to practice extortion upon its person. Moreover was the law, even down to our time, saying of business in its impersonal refuge that a corporation had neither a body to be kicked nor a soul to be damned.

Ages of experience made the thought patterns of business to be fear-shaped, cunning, cynical, unmoral. From having to buy itself out of oppression, it passed to the more civilized procedure of buying itself into situations of privilege. That was inevitable. Where common rights are bought and sold, privilege also will become a commodity, and there is no moral distinction. Hence monopoly, hatefully founded on the rule of exploit downward and divide upward.

Nobody yet knew what business was.

Then a change that had been long preparing in obscurity brings itself to pass in the manner of a natural event, seeming to occur suddenly. All at once it is visible. The parting of day and night is by degree of change. You cannot say at what instant they break apart. Yet it is a definite thing that happens. So, insensibly, year by year, the meaning of business has changed. What was local, casual, self-defending, has become a universal plan, a new and unforeseen system of life, governed by innate laws of tension, rhythm, balance and compensation. Men do not control it, any more than they control Nature. They are only beginning to understand it.

Formerly a pioneer in Michigan and a half-naked man in Ceylon had a common relation to Nature. Now one of them is in the assembly line of a motor factory and the other is gashing trees on a rubber plantation, and both, without thinking of it, have a common relation to business. Everywhere people are producing what they do not consume and consuming what they do not produce, all taking for granted a principle of vital concurrence. Business contains that principle. It is nothing that may be stolen or appropriated by force. It could be destroyed, but perhaps half the life existing in the world would perish with it.

So it is that in the twentieth century caravans are immune. Who dares to interrupt or attack them? Least of anyone, the politician.

The first anxiety of a political party—what is it? The continued prosperity of business? Why? Why, because it knows that the state of business is a state of being; that business, no longer a thing in itself, no longer a world apart, is the economic dimension of life.

What then of those fear memories, haunting the mind of business? As memories they are valid, as premises they are false. Nevertheless, as we approach a political situation, there is business again, with its old mentality apart, behaving as if prosperity were a bundle of silk on the camel's back, liable to be made away with.

This is the fear habit. It has become conventionalized in the form of certain absurd traditions, as that political power is a thing to be propitiated, that approach to government must be by disguise and indirection, that government is a series of secret activities, many of them sinister. These traditions are cunningly cultivated by a body of professional fixers and mongers. It is not uncommon to find business men paying in gullible coin for information supposed to be confidential which the Government itself is anxious to impart in franked envelopes; or to find an industry representing its case by an expensive lobby in Washington when all that is necessary is for someone who knows the facts to appear on Capitol Hill and make a simple, direct statement of them to a committee that is trying honestly in a bewildered manner to find out what business needs.

Between business and politics lies a contemptible region, neither light nor dark, where men from both sides surreptitiously meet to speak a derisive, unwritten language. The bargains they make have no validity. They cannot be enforced because they cannot be acknowledged. That is one reason why they have no validity. Another is that the merchandise has no existence in fact.

The politician says "Bo-o-o!" and business shudders; or he says "You know me. I'm sound and I'm for you if you are for me. Never mind what you hear me saying to the crowd outside. That's politics. Just understand that if I get the votes I won't let anybody hurt you. No checks, please. Currency is much neater."

This is Mongolia sophisticated. The politician's great goblin preserve. All the terrors are imaginary. Business now has one proper errand there. That is to light its way with unafraid facts and see what will happen. There is no doubt of what will happen if it will say as it goes, and say with believing:

"Immunity? One that speaks of conferring immunity upon business as a political benefit is guilty of threat by implication. Who threatens business? What is it threatened with? This is matter for everybody.

"Favor? There is no favor in the hand of political power that business can afford to buy or receive.

"Advantage? If it is something to which business is not already entitled, something it has not the right to demand, then it will turn out to be worse than nothing at all. In principle, a liability.

"Security? Say first what is to be made secure. Not goods in transit. Not objects of desire displayed in a bazaar. The police will attend to all that. No. What requires to be held secure is the continuity of the process of economic metabolism whereby raw materials and energy are transformed into the things and services with which people increasingly satisfy their wants. Business is steward of that process; its security is the common concern. Business has nothing to lose that people could afford to take; nothing to defend that people could afford to destroy. Business is their own intelligence, the whole of it, visibly acting through individuals."

In this formula lies the power of magic to light and pave Mongolia -the power to dispel from the mentality of business those habits and memories of fear that stultify its relation to politics. With one proviso, coming last. For any devastating effect upon the goblins it must all be true. You cannot scare them with make-believe.

The question mark comes ultimately to this: Does business know what business is?

Problems to the South

OPINION is not always unanimous as to the competency and fitness of Congress to handle the great national issues which come before that body, but under our system of government most of the final solutions must be made there. Unfortunately the public lacks information on all but a few of the many pressing problems which will have to be faced in this winter's session. Among these is the question of Mexican immigration by way of the Southwestern border. On this point economics and sociology seem bound to clash.

Congressman Albert Johnson, chairman of the House Committee on Immigration and Naturalization, has spent much of his summer in California making daily speeches on the danger of the continued flood of low-grade Mexican labor. Mexicans, like other peoples on the Western Continent, are not subject to the quota law, and in the past few years have poured across in great numbers, seeping constantly north and east, even as far as Eastern Pennsylvania.

These laborers are largely of a peon class, and whether because of the circumstances in which they have lived in Mexico or partly on account of neglectful treatment by American whites, they maintain an objectionably low standard of living, multiply social problems, produce higher tax rates and as yet contribute little that is desirable to community life. It is well that Chairman Johnson should stir up Californians on a subject which, if not faced and solved soon, is sure to grow rapidly more menacing.

Yet it is insisted in states like Texas, and especially in California, that the immense structure of highly organized intensive agriculture demands a flexibility of casual labor which the drifting Mexican peon is alone supposed to provide.

The situation bristles with difficulties. One suggestion is that the present policy be reversed and Mexican labor brought in under three-year contracts, returnable to Mexico. But while this would supply agricultural needs, and perhaps relieve the cities of the social problem of caring for alien indigents, it might work undue hardship on the small American farmer, since it would be of relatively greater benefit to the larger landed producing elements.

Perhaps negro labor can be introduced on a large scale in the Pacific Southwest, where it is almost entirely lacking now. But we do have no ready and complete answer, and these words are written to direct attention to the seriousness of the question. Agriculture in the Pacific Southwest, as well as in Texas, has had a remarkable growth, escaping much of the depression in other sections. It is a development in which Americans can take pride, showing, as it does, that our farmers can coöperate on a great scale.

But no economic expansion in this country is worth the enormous social toll that is sure to come with continued unrestricted immigration from Mexico. After all, more farms, more people and even more cities are less desirable than maintenance of American standards. This new immigration question needs to be brought before Congress and the people. It needs fighting out in the open so that the country may understand.

Six Years of Immigrant Quotas

By REMSEN CRAWFORD

SIX years of the immigrant quotas. Let us now take stock. Whatever may be your opinions about immigration, you will want to know what the nation has gained by its postwar policy of restricting the inflow of aliens by numerical limitation. You will want to know right now whether the quota laws are workable or not, for the next few months will find Congress confronted by the task of enacting all over again a permanent national policy.

The last Congress passed the buck. It postponed for one year the national-origin plan, due to become operative on July 1, 1927, as a clause of the Johnson Act. You will remember that President Coolidge sent a message to Congress telling the lawmakers that experts on population had reported their inability to determine definitely the true origin of the American people with a view to fixing future immigrant quotas. And then Congress simply postponed the operation of the national origin for twelve months.

Thus the 2 per cent limit law, or the Johnson Act, was continued as it was for another year. Now it just so happens that this dallying has put off until a presidential-election year definite action upon a matter which, because of its peculiarly human relations, should be settled at a time when the country is as free as it ever gets to be from political strife, factional contentions and partisan intrigues. It seems unfortunate that the fixing of a permanent policy of immigration, involving as it does delicate and sensitive decisions about how many English, how many Germans, how many Italians or Irish or Jews shall come here, should have been left over for a political year.

That is why it is high time for you and me to take stock. You may be one of those wool-hat fellows who live over the creek, or you may be a kid-gloved captain of industry who dwells in the city. Your ancestors may have come to America in times of the great clearing of new grounds, or they may have come later, in time to help build the factories and the skyscrapers.

But if we are patriots, we have a common inquiry: What have we added to the weal and safety of the nation by the immigrant-quota laws? Are they restricting immigration to the degree they were so hopefully designed? Are they admitting foreigners not in excess of our power to assimilate? Are they preserving an ethnic strain for the American homo of the future that suits American traditions and American ideals?

The first of the quota laws, known as the Dillingham Emergency Act, was passed in the spring of 1921. By its terms immigration would be cut to 3 per cent of the nationals of various countries residing in this country by the census of 1910. The total would be around 354,000 a year. Then, after three years of the Dillingham Act, Congress passed the Johnson bill in 1924. It was, on its face, even more restrictive. It limited immigration to 2 per cent of the nationals residing here by the census of 1890, or a total maximum of not more than 164,000 a year. On paper, these laws seemed to meet the public demand for curtailment. They were passed by large majorities, which appeared to indicate that the public was strongly opposed to the tradition that America should forever be an asylum for the oppressed.

It was the first experiment with restricting immigration by counting in so many each year from each country and sending the others back.

The writer has before him the annual reports of the Commissioners-General of Immigration for many years back. Get your pencil and we will do a little figuring. We will begin by adding up the total admissions at all ports of entry of aliens who have come here in the six years the quota laws have been in operation. We find that 3,477,755 aliens have been lawfully admitted!

You are surprised? Well, so am I. Frankly, I had not fancied it would be so many. But

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OUT TO MAKE THE TEAM

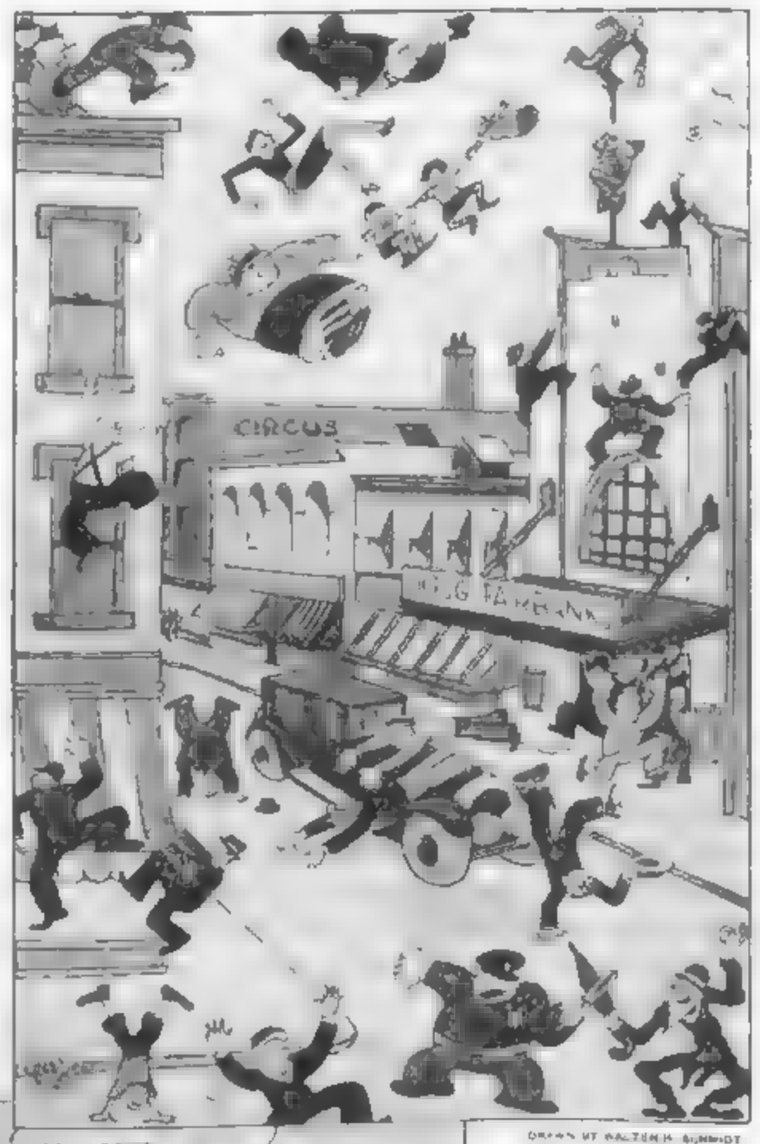
SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

DRAWN BY NATE COLLIER

"And This is One of My Ruff-Neck Ancestors"

DRAWN BY [illegible]

"Ye Gods! A Man Must Get Pretty Low to Wear a Thing Like That on His Back!"



DRAWN BY WALTER BIGGOT

If We Acted the Way We Feel After Seeing Douglas Fairbanks in the Movies

Art

"WHAT do you think of Venus de Milo?" the clerk asked.

"I hardly believe that is what I am looking for," I said.

"Then, perhaps, you would like the Winged Victory?" he ventured.

"No, no; not for my purpose," I replied.

"What about the Dying Gladiator?" was his next.

"That doesn't quite appeal to me," I evaded.

"Then you must want that exquisite little creature, Diana of the Chase."

"I had something a bit different in mind," I said.

"Oh, I know what you'll like!" he cried. "Take a look at this—Mercury. Nothing could be more appropriate."

DRAWN BY WESTER [illegible]

Her Family and —— Her Friends

CHESTER A. GARDNER

Finished

"OUR town has a chain hotel now, so we have our food served just the same way it is served in New York."

"That's nothing. Our town has a chain newspaper and we have our ideas served that way."

(Continued on Page 131)

DRAWN BY [illegible]

The Floor Walker: "Silverware? Yes, Sir; This Way"

"How much?" I asked, examining the small statue.

"Eleven eighty-five," he said.

"My," I gasped, as I drew the money from my pocket, "that's a lot to pay for a radiator cap."

—*Russell Wilks.*

Sorry, But Not Too Much

I AM sorry for all the luckless ladies who
Are loved by other men and not by you;
Who cannot hear their names said in that low
Deep tone of yours that I so surely know;
Who cannot see your profile as I now
Can see it, nose, chin, wistful mouth, wide brow
Against a window where the dawn breaks
blue.
I am sorry for all the luckless ladies who
Are loved by other men and not by you.

—*Mary Carolyn Davies.*

DRAWN BY NATE COLLIER

"Oh, Mother, See the Man Fighting With a Piano!"

The demand is for slow-cooked beans!

All over the country, day after day, women step up to the counters of the grocery stores and buy the beans with the flavor they like best—Campbell's. Here is popularity through quality!

Often women don't realize why they and their families find these beans the most delicious they ever tasted. But the secret is that Campbell's make only slow-cooked beans.

Every bean on your plate is cooked through and through—right to the heart, making the "meat" of the bean tender, smooth, rich in flavor.

This long, slow, careful cooking is the way to produce quality in beans. And quality is always the Campbell's ideal.

12 cents a can

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

Campbells' BEANS

SLOW-COOKED DIGESTIBLE

THE BELLAMY TRIAL

VIII

By Frances Noyes Hart

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

THE red-headed girl had not realized how tired she was until she heard Ben Potts' voice. He stood there as straight as ever, but where were the clear bugle tones that summoned the good burghers of Redfield morning after morning? A faint, a lamentable, echo of his impressive "Hear ye! Hear ye!" rang out feebly, and the red-headed girl slumped back dispiritedly in her chair, consumed with fatigue as with a fever.

"Sleep well?" inquired the reporter with amiable anxiety.

The red-headed girl turned on him eyes heavy with scorn. "Sleep?" she repeated acidly. "What's that?"

Judge Carver looked as weary as Ben Potts sounded, and the indefatigable Mr. Farr looked blanched and bitten to the bone with something deeper than fatigue. Only Mr. Lambert looked haler and heartier than he had for several interminable days; and the faces of Stephen Bellamy and Susan Ives were as pale, as controlled and as tranquil as ever.

Judge Carver let his gavel fall heavily. "The court has given careful consideration as to the advisability of admitting the evidence in question last night, and has decided that it may be admitted. Mr. Lambert!" Mr. Lambert bounded joyfully forward. "Is the court correct in understanding that Mr. Phipps is your witness?"

"Quite correct, Your Honor."

"Let him be called."

"Mr. Randolph Phipps!"

The principal of Eastern High School was a tall man; there was dignity in the way he held his head and moved his long, loose limbs, but all the dignity in the world could not still the nervous tremor of his hands or school the too sensitive mouth to rigidity. Under straight heavy brows the eyes of a dreamer startled from deep sleep looked out in amazement at a strange world; the sweep of dark hair above the wide brow came perilously close to being Byronic; only the height of his cheek bones and the width of his mouth saved him from suggesting a matinée idol of some previous era.

He might have been thirty-five, or forty, or forty-five. His eyes were eighteen.

"Mr. Phipps, it is the understanding of this court that you have a communication to make, of peculiar importance. You understand that in making that statement you will, of course, be subject to the usual course of direct and cross-examination?"

"I understand that—yes."

"Very well, you may proceed with the examination, Mr. Lambert."

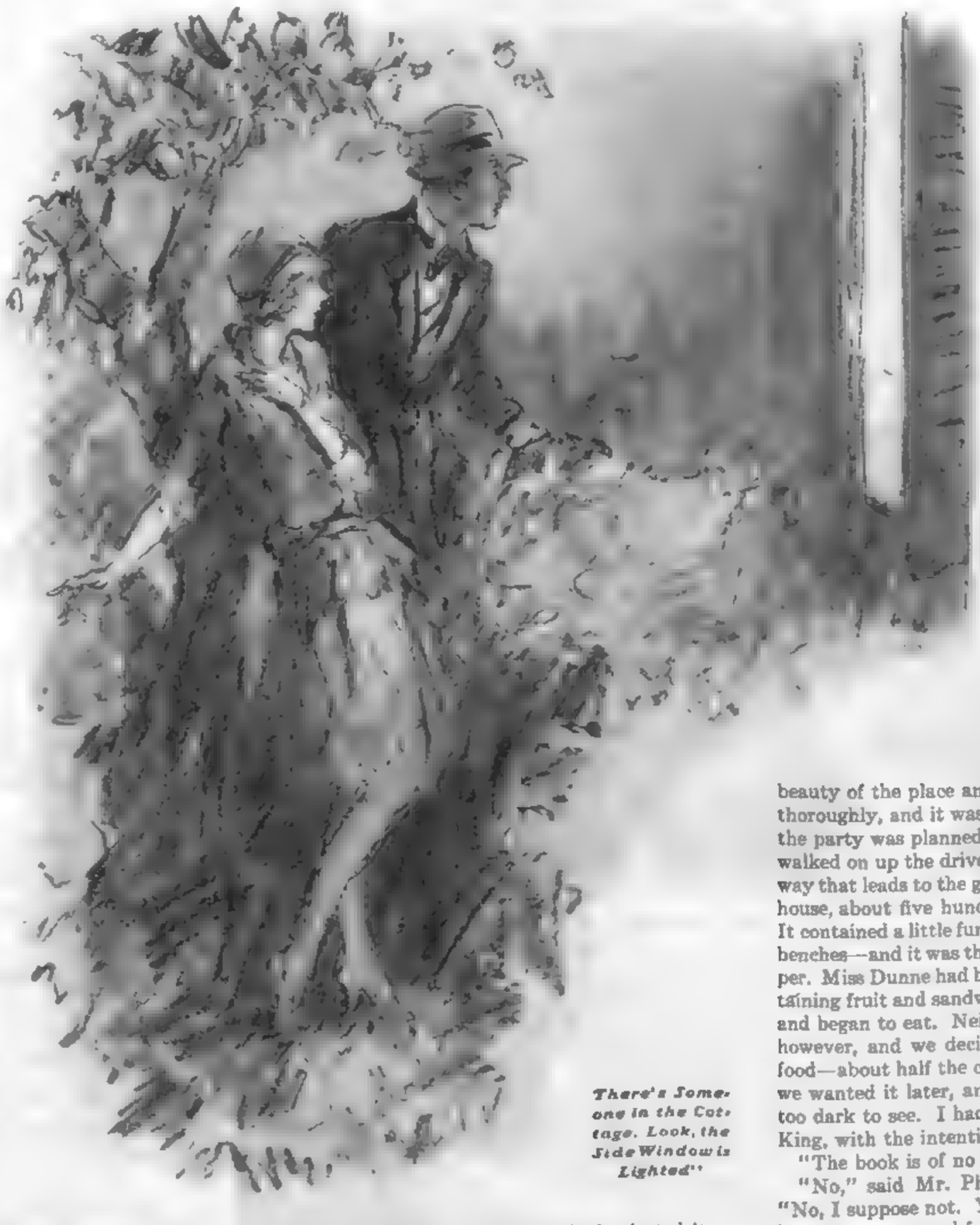
"Mr. Phipps, where were you on the night of the nineteenth of June?"

"On the night of the nineteenth of June," said Mr. Phipps, in the clear, carrying voice of one not unaccustomed to public speaking, "I spent about three hours on the Thorne estate at the Orchards. Some things occurred during that time that I feel it my duty to make known to the jury in this case."

"What were you doing on the Thorne place?"

"I suppose that I was doing what is technically known as trespassing. It did not occur to me at the time that it was a very serious offense, as I knew the place to be uninhabited—still, I suppose that I was perfectly aware that I had no business there."

"You had no especial purpose in going there?"



"There's Someone in the Cottage. Look, the Side Window is Lighted"

"Oh, yes; I went there because I had selected it as a pleasant place for a picnic supper."

"You were alone?"

"No—no, I was not alone." Mr. Phipps suddenly looked forty-five and very tired.

"Other people were with you on this excursion?"

"One other person."

"Who was this other person?"

"A friend of mine—a young lady."

"What was the name of this young woman?"

"Is it necessary to give her name? I hope—I hope with all my heart—that that will not be necessary." The low, urgent, unhappy voice stumbled in its intensity. "My companion was quite a young girl. We both realize now that we committed a grave indiscretion, but I shall never forgive myself if my criminal stupidity has involved her."

"I am afraid that we shall have to have her name."

"I am a married man," said Mr. Phipps, in a clear voice that did not stumble. "I am placing this information before the court at no small sacrifice to myself. It seems to me to place too heavy a penalty on my decision to come forward at this moment if you ask me to involve another by so doing. The girl who was with me that evening was one of my pupils; she is at present engaged to a young man to whom she is entirely devoted; publicity of the type that this means is in every way abhorrent to her. I request most urgently that she shall not be exposed to it."

"Mr. Phipps," said Judge Carver gravely, "you have been permitted to take the stand at your own request. It is highly desirable that any information, of the importance that you have implied that in your possession to be, should be as fully corroborated as possible. It is therefore essential that we should have the name of this young woman."

"Her name is Sally Dunne," said Mr. Phipps.

"Is she also prepared to take the stand?"

"She is prepared to do whatever is essential to prevent a miscarriage of justice. She is naturally extremely reluctant to take the stand."

"Is she in court?"

"She is."

"Miss Dunne will be good enough not to leave the court room without the court's permission. You may proceed, Mr. Phipps."

"We arrived at the Orchards at a little after eight," said Mr. Phipps. "Miss Dunne took the half-past-seven bus from Rosemont, left it a short distance beyond the Orchards and walked back to the spot where I had arranged to meet her, just inside the gate. We did not arrive together, as I was apprehensive that it might cause a certain amount of gossip if we were seen together."

"How had you come to choose the Orchards, Mr. Phipps?"

"Miss Dunne had on several occasions commented on the beauty of the place and expressed a desire to see it more thoroughly, and it was in order to gratify that desire that the party was planned. As I say, we met at the gate and walked on up the drive past the lodge and the little driveway that leads to the gardener's cottage to a small summer house, about five hundred feet beyond the cottage itself. It contained a little furniture—a table and some chairs and benches—and it was there that we decided to have our supper. Miss Dunne had brought a luncheon box with her containing fruit and sandwiches, and we spread it on the table and began to eat. Neither of us was particularly hungry, however, and we decided to keep what remained of the food—about half the contents of the box, I think—in case we wanted it later, and to do some reading before it got too dark to see. I had brought with me the Idylls of the King, with the intention of reading it aloud."

"The book is of no importance, Mr. Phipps."

"No," said Mr. Phipps, in a tone of slight surprise. "No, I suppose not. You are probably quite right. Well, in any case, we read for quite a while, until it began to get too dark to see, and after that we sat there conversing."

The fluent voice with its slightly meticulous pronunciation paused, and Lambert moved impatiently. "And then, Mr. Phipps?"

"Yes. I was trying to recollect precisely what it was that caused us to move from the summer house. I think that it was Miss Dunne who suggested that it was rather close and stuffy there, because of the fact that the structure was smothered in vines; she asked if there wasn't somewhere cooler that we could go to sit. I said: 'There's the gardener's cottage. We might try the veranda there.' You could just see the roof of it through the trees. I pointed it out to her and we started ——"

"You were familiar with the layout of the estate?"

"Oh, quite. That was one of the principal reasons why we had gone there. I had once done some tutoring in Latin and physics with Mr. Thorne's younger son, Charles—the one who was killed in the war. We had been in the habit of using the summer house, which was his old playhouse, as a schoolroom."

"That was some time ago?"

"About fifteen years ago—sixteen perhaps. I was just graduated from college myself, and Charles Thorne was going to Princeton that fall."

"But you still remembered your way about?"

"Oh, perfectly. I was about to say that we did not approach it from the main drive, but cut across the lawns,

(Continued on Page 30)

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You can identify Brookfield quality products—Brookfield Eggs and Brookfield Cheese by looking for the name on the carton.

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(Continued from Page 28)

pushed through the shrubbery at the back and came up to it from the rear. We had just reached the little dirt drive back of the cottage, and were perhaps a hundred feet away from the house itself, when we heard voices, and Miss Dunne exclaimed: 'There's someone in the cottage. Look, the side window is lighted.' I was considerably startled, as I had made inquiries about the gardener and knew that he was in Italy.

"I stood still for a moment, debating what to do next, when one of the voices in the cottage was suddenly raised, and a woman said quite clearly, 'You wouldn't dare to touch me—you wouldn't dare!' Someone laughed and there was a little scuffling sound, and a second or so after that a scream—a short, sharp scream—and the sound of something falling with quite a clatter, as though a chair or a table had been overturned.

"I was in rather a nervous and overwrought state of mind myself that evening, and before I thought what I was doing I laughed quite loudly. Miss Dunne whispered, 'Be careful! They'll hear you.' Just as she spoke the light went out in the cottage and I said, 'Well, Sally, evidently we aren't the only indiscreet people around here this evening. I'd better get you out of this.'

"Just as I was speaking I heard steps on the main driveway and the sound of someone whistling. The whistling kept coming closer every second, and I whispered, 'Someone's coming in here. We'd better stand back in those bushes by the house.' There were some very tall lilacs at the side of the house under the windows, and we tiptoed over and pushed back into them. After a minute or so we heard someone go up the steps, and then a bell rang inside the house. There wasn't any sound at all for a minute; then we could hear the steps coming down the porch stairs again, and a moment later heard them on the gravel, and a moment later still they had died away.

"I said, 'That was a close call—too many people around here entirely. Let's make it two less.' We tiptoed out past the cottage to the main road and started back toward the lodge gates, walking along the grass beside the road in order not to make any noise. We were almost back to the gates when Miss Dunne stopped me."

"Do you know what time it was, Mr. Phipps?"

"I am not sure of the time. I looked at my watch last when it began to get too dark to read—shortly before nine. We did not start for the cottage until a few minutes later, and it is my impression that it must have been between quarter to ten and ten. We had been walking very slowly, but even at that pace it should not take more than twenty minutes."

"It was dark then?"

"Oh, yes; it had been quite dark for some time, though it was possible to distinguish the outline of objects. It was a very beautiful starlight night."

"Quite so. What caused Miss Dunne to stop you?"

"She exclaimed suddenly, 'Oh, good heavens, I haven't got my lunch box! I must have left it in the bushes by the cottage.' I said, 'Perhaps you left it in the summer house,' but she was quite sure that she hadn't, as she remembered distinctly thinking just before we reached the cottage that it was a nuisance lugging it about. She was very much worried, as it had her initial stenciled on it in rather a distinctive way, and she was afraid that someone that she knew might possibly find it and recognize it, and that if they returned it, her parents might learn that she had been at the Orchards that night."

"Her parents were not aware of this expedition?"

"They were not, sir. They had both gone to New Hampshire to attend the funeral of Mr. Dunne's mother."

"Proceed, Mr. Phipps."

"Miss Dunne seemed so upset over the loss of the box that I finally agreed to go back with her to look for it, though there seemed to me a very slight chance of anyone identifying it, and I did not particularly care to risk arousing anyone who still might be in the cottage. I had a flash light, however, and we decided to make a hurried search as quietly as possible; so we started back, retracing our steps and keeping a sharp lookout for the box.

"When we got to the dirt cut-off leading to the cottage from the main driveway, we took it and approached as quietly as possible, standing for a moment just at the foot of the steps where the lilac bushes began and listening to see whether we could hear anything within. Miss Dunne said, 'There's not a sound, and no light either. I don't believe there's a soul around.'

"I said, 'Someone has closed the windows and pulled down the shades in this front room. It was open when we were here before.' Sally said, 'Well, never mind—let's look quickly and get away from here. I think it's a horrid place.' I turned on the flash light and said, 'We were much farther back than this.' She said, 'Yes; we were beyond these windows. Look! What's this?'

"Something was glittering in the grass at the side of the steps, and I bent down and picked it up. It was a small object of silver and black enamel. I turned the light on it, and Miss Dunne said, 'It's one of those cigarette lighters. Look, there is something written on it. It says, "Elliot from Mimi, Christmas."'

"Just then I heard a sound that made me look up. I said, 'Listen, that's a car.' And I no more than had the words out of my mouth when I saw its headlights coming around the corner of the cut-off. I whispered 'Stand still—don't move!' because I could see that the headlights wouldn't catch us, as we were standing far back from the road; but Miss Dunne had already pushed back into the shrubbery about the house. I stood stock-still, staring at the car, which had drawn up at the steps. It was a small car—a runabout, I think you call it ——"

"Could you identify the make, Mr. Phipps?"

"No, sir; I am not familiar with automobiles. Just a small, dark, ordinary-looking car. Two people got out of it—a man and a woman. They stood there for a moment on the steps, and when I saw who they were I came very close to letting out an exclamation of amazement. They went up the steps toward the front door."

"Were they conversing?"

(Continued on Page 33)

"But I'm Going to Get Every Cent of His That I Can Put My Hands On"

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The grace of a gleaming monoplane. The change of pace of a great halfback inspired.

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Such are your thoughts as you flash away in this new and masterly car.

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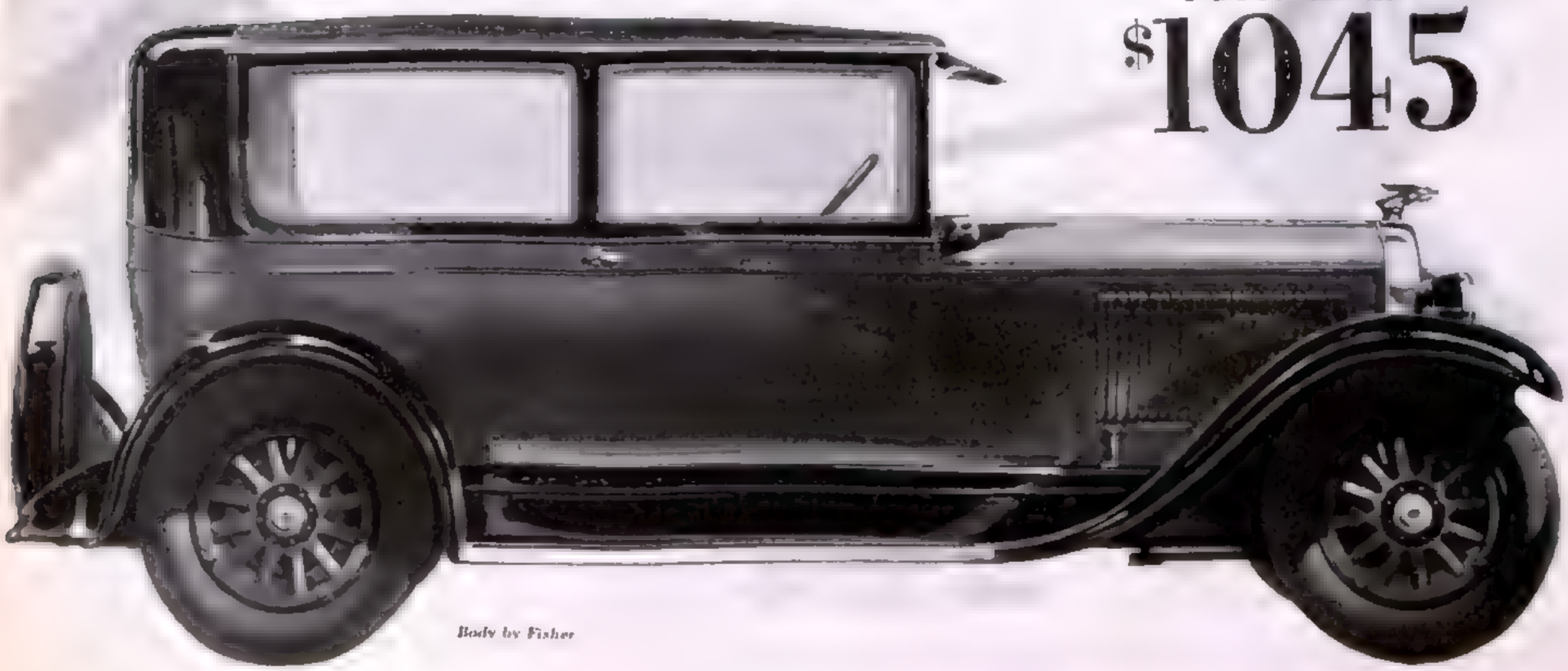

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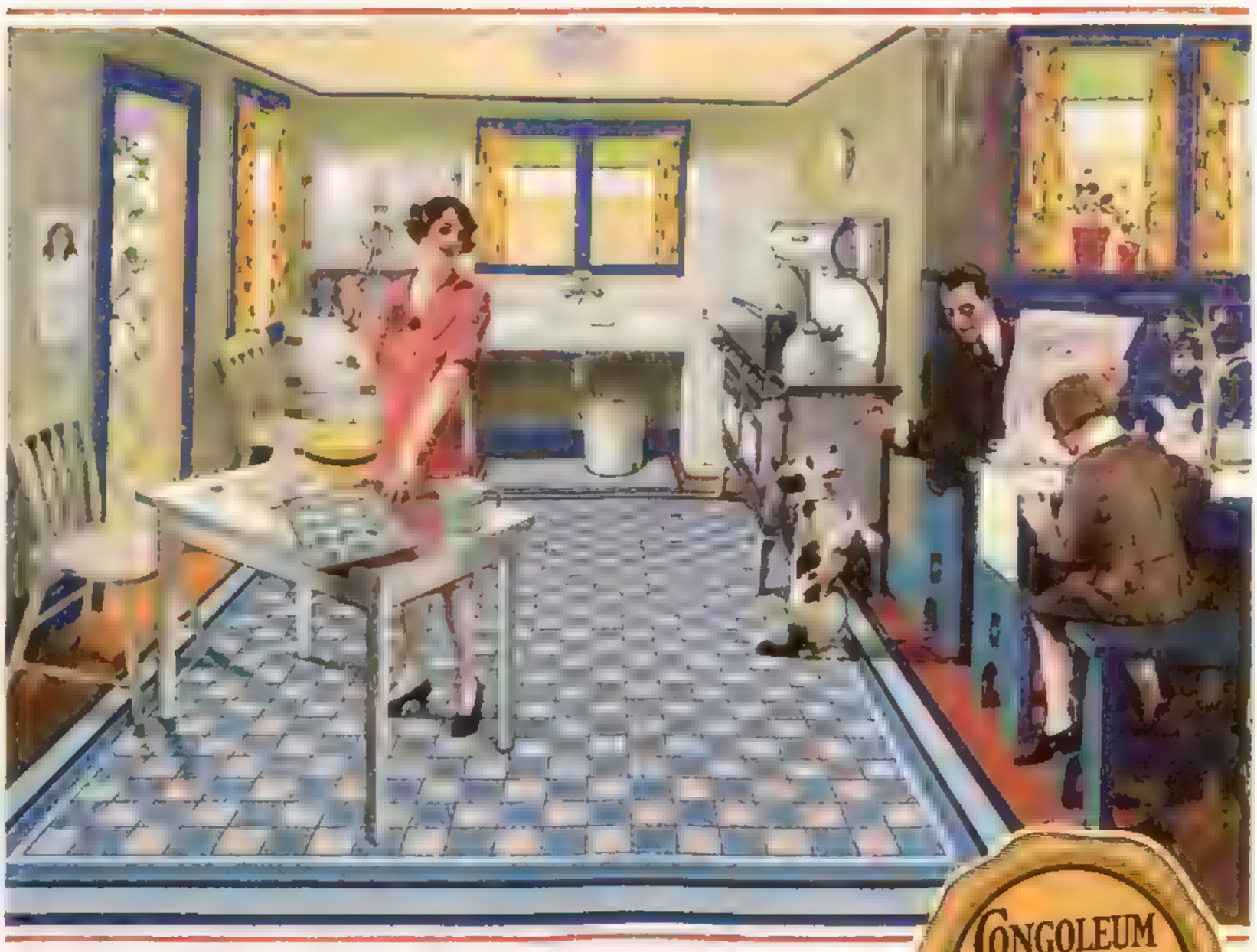
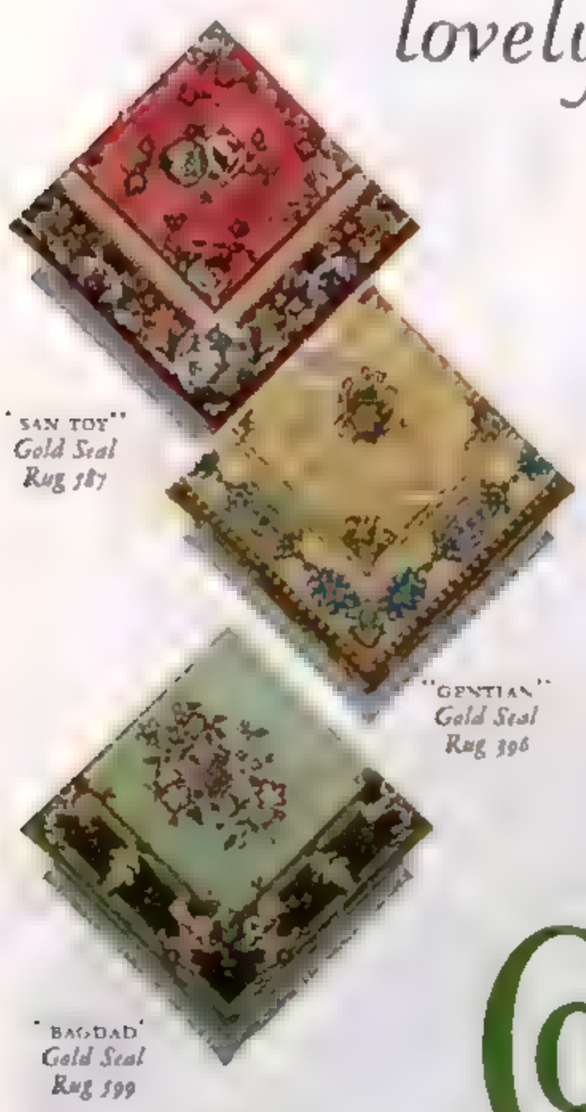


Many other lovely patterns to choose from



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(Continued from Page 30)

"Yes, but in low voices. I couldn't hear anything until he said quite clearly, 'No, it's open—that's queer.' They went in, and I whispered to Miss Dunne, 'Do you know who that was? That was Stephen Bellamy, with Mrs. Patrick Ives.' Just as I spoke I saw a light go on in the hall, and a second or so later it disappeared and one sprang up behind the parlor shades. I was just starting over toward Miss Dunne when there was a crash from the parlor—a metallic kind of a crash, like breaking glass, and the light went out. I whispered, 'Come on, Sally; I'm going to get out of this!' She started to come toward me, and someone inside screamed -a most appalling sound, as though the person were in mortal terror. I assure you that it froze me to the spot, though it was only the briefest interval before I again heard voices on the porch."

"Could you see the speakers, Mr. Phipps?"

"No; not until they were getting into the car. I was at this time standing just around the corner of the house, and so could not see the porch."

"Could you distinguish what they were saying?"

"Not at first; they were both speaking together, and it was very confusing. It wasn't until they appeared again in the circle of the automobile lights that I actually distinguished anything more than a few fragmentary words. Mr. Bellamy had his hand on Mrs. Ives' wrist and he was saying ——"

Mr. Farr was on his feet, but much of the tiger had gone out of his spring. "Does the court hold that what this witness claims that he heard one person say to another person is admissible evidence?"

"Of course it is admissible evidence!" Lambert's voice was frantic with anxiety. "Words spoken on the scene of the crime, within a few minutes of the crime —— What about the rule of *res gestæ?*"

Mr. Farr made an unpleasant little noise. "A few minutes? That's what you call three-quarters of an hour? When ejaculations made within two minutes have been ruled out after *res gestæ* has been invoked?"

"It has been interpreted to admit whole sentences at a much ——"

"Gentlemen"—Judge Carver's gavel fell with an imperious crash—"you will be good enough to address the court. Am I correct in understanding that what you desire is a ruling on the admissibility of this evidence, Mr. Farr?"

"That is all that I have requested, Your Honor."

"Very well. In view of the gravity of this situation and the very unusual character of the testimony, the court desires to show as great a latitude as possible in respect to this evidence. It therefore rules that it may be admitted. Is there any objection?"

"No objection," said Mr. Farr, with commendable promptness, rallying a voice that sounded curiously flat. "It has been the object—and the sole object—of the state throughout this case to get at the truth. It is entirely willing to waive technicalities wherever possible in order that that end may be obtained. . . . No objection."

"You may proceed, Mr. Phipps."

"Mr. Bellamy was saying, 'It makes no difference how innocent we are. If it were ever known that we were in that room tonight, you couldn't get one person in the world to believe that we weren't guilty, much less twelve. I've got to get you home. Get into the car.' And they got into the car and drove off."

"And then, Mr. Phipps?"

"And then, sir, I said to Miss Dunne, 'Sally, that sounds like the voice of prophecy to me. If no one would believe that they were innocent, no one would believe that we are. Never mind the lunch box; I'm going to get you home too.'"

"You were aware that a murder had been committed?"

"A murder? Oh, not for one moment!" The quiet voice was suddenly vehement in its protest. "Not for one single moment! I thought simply that for some inexplicable reason Mr. Bellamy and Mrs. Ives had been almost suicidally indiscreet and had fortunately become aware of it at the last moment. It brought my own most culpable indiscretion all too vividly home to me, and I therefore proceeded to escort Miss Dunne back to her home, where I left her."

"Yes—exactly. Now, Mr. Phipps, just one or two questions more. On your first visit to the cottage, when you heard the woman's voice cry 'Don't dare to touch me,' both the front and the rear of the cottage were under your observation, were they not?"

"At different times—yes."

"Would it have been possible for an automobile to have been at any spot near the cottage while you were there without your attention being drawn to the fact?"

"It would have been absolutely impossible."

"It could not have stood there without your seeing it?"

"Not possibly."

"Nor have left without your hearing it?"

"Not possibly."

"Did your hear or see such a car on that visit to the cottage, Mr. Phipps?"

"I saw no car, and heard none."

"Thank you, Mr. Phipps; that will be all."

"Well, not quite all," said Mr. Farr gently. Mr. Phipps shifted in his chair, his eyes under their dark brows luminous with apprehension. "Mr. Phipps, at what time did you reach your home on the night of the nineteenth of June?"

"I did not return to my home. It was closed, as my family—my wife and my two little girls—were staying at a little place on the Jersey coast called Blue Bay. I had taken a room at the Y. M. C. A."

"At what time did you return to the Y. M. C. A.?"

"I did not return there," said Mr. Phipps, in a voice so low that it was barely audible.

"You did not return to the Y. M. C. A.?"

"No. By the time that I had left Miss Dunne at her home I decided that it was too late to return to the Y. M. C. A. without rendering myself extremely conspicuous, and as I was not in the least sleepy, I decided that I would take a good walk, get a bite to eat at one of the hand-out places in the vicinity of the station and catch the first train -the 4:45—to New York, where I could get a boat to Blue Bay and spend Sunday with my family."

"You mean that you did not intend to go to bed at all?"

"I did not."

"And you carried out this plan?"

"I did."

"What time did you leave Miss Dunne at her home, Mr. Phipps?"

"At about quarter to one."

"What time did you start from the Orchards for home?"

"We started from the lodge gates at a little before eleven."

"How far is it from there to Miss Dunne's home in Rosemont?"

"Just short of four miles."

"It took you an hour and three-quarters to traverse four miles?"

"Yes. The last bus from Perrytown to Rosemont goes by the Orchards at about quarter to eleven. We missed it by five or six minutes and were obliged to walk."

"It took you over an hour and three-quarters to walk less than four miles?"

"We walked slowly," said Mr. Phipps.

"So it would seem. Now did anyone see you leave Miss Dunne at her door, Mr. Phipps?"

"No one."

"You simply said good night and left her there?"

"I said good night," said Mr. Phipps, "and left her at her door."

"You did not go inside at all?"

Mr. Phipps met the suave challenge with unflinching eyes. "I did not set my foot inside her house that night."

"Your Honor," asked Mr. Lambert, in a voice shaken with righteous wrath, "may I ask where these questions are leading?"

"The court was about to ask the same thing. . . . Well, Mr. Farr?"

"I respectfully submit that it is highly essential to test the accuracy of Mr. Phipps' memory as to the rest of the events on the night which he apparently remembers in such vivid detail," said Mr. Farr smoothly. "And I assume that he is open to as rigorous an inspection as to credibility as the defense has seen fit to lavish on the state's various witnesses. If I am in error Your Honor will correct me."

"The court wishes to hamper you as little as possible," said Judge Carver wearily. "But it fails to see what is to be gained by pressing the question further."

"I yield to Your Honor's judgment. Did anyone that you know see you after you left Miss Dunne that night, Mr. Phipps?"

"Unfortunately, no," said Mr. Phipps, in that low, painful voice. "I saw no one until I reached my wife in Blue Bay at about eleven o'clock the following morning."

"Did you tell your wife of the events of the night?"

"No. I told my wife that I had spent the night in New York with an old classmate and gone to the theater."

"That was not the truth, was it, Mr. Phipps?" inquired the prosecutor regretfully.

"That was a falsehood," said Mr. Phipps, his eyes on his locked hands.

Mr. Farr waited a moment to permit this indubitable fact to sink in. When he spoke again his voice was brisker than it had been in some time. "How did you recognize Mr. Bellamy and Mrs. Ives, Mr. Phipps?"

"They were standing in the circle of light cast by their headlights. I could see them very distinctly."

"No, I mean where had you seen them before?"

"Oh, I had seen them quite frequently before. Mrs. Ives I saw often when she was Miss Thorne and I was tutoring at the Orchards, and I had seen her several times since as well. Indeed, I had been in her own house on two occasions in regard to some welfare work that the school was backing."

"You were aware then that Mrs. Ives was a very wealthy woman?"

Mr. Phipps looked at him wonderingly. "Aware? I knew of course that ——"

"Your Honor, I object to that question as totally improper."

"Objection sustained," said Judge Carver, eying the prosecutor with some austerity.

"And as to Mr. Bellamy?" inquired that gentleman.

"Mr. Bellamy was a director of our school board," said Mr. Phipps. "I was in the habit of seeing him almost weekly, so I naturally recognized him."

"Oh, you knew Mr. Bellamy, too, did you?" Mr. Farr's voice was encouragement itself.

"I knew him—not intimately, you understand, but well enough to admire him as deeply as did all who came in contact with him."

"He was deeply admired by all the members of the board?"

"Inevitably."

"It will do you no damage with the board then when they learn of your testimony in this case?"

"Your Honor ——"

"Please," said Mr. Phipps quietly, "I should like to answer that. Whether it would do me damage or not is slightly academic, as I have already handed in my resignation as principal of the Eastern High School. I do not intend to return to Rosemont; my wife, my children and I are leaving for Ohio tomorrow."

"You have resigned your position? When?"

"Last night. My wife agreed with me that my usefulness here would probably be seriously impaired after I had testified."

"You are a wealthy man, Mr. Phipps?"

"On the contrary, I am a poor man."

"Yet you are able to resign your position and go west as a man of independent means?"

"Are you asking me whether I have been bribed, Mr. Farr?" asked Mr. Phipps gravely.

"I am asking you nothing of the kind. I am simply ——"

"Your Honor! Your Honor!"

"Because if you are," continued Mr. Phipps clearly over the imperious thunder of the gavel, "I should like to ask you what sum you yourself would consider sufficient to reimburse you for the loss of your private happiness, your personal reputation and your public career?"

"I ask that that reply be stricken from the record, Your Honor!"

The white savagery of Mr. Farr's face was not an agreeable sight.

"Both your question and the witness' reply may be so stricken," said Judge Carver sternly. "They were equally improper. You may proceed, Mr. Farr."

Mr. Farr by a truly Herculean effort managed to reduce both voice and countenance to a semblance better suited to so ardent a seeker for truth. "You wish us to believe then, Mr. Phipps, that on the night of the nineteenth of June, for the first time in over ten years, you went to the gardener's cottage at the Orchards at the precise moment that enabled you to recognize Susan Ives and Stephen Bellamy standing in the circle of their automobile lights?"

"That is exactly what I wish you to believe," said Mr. Phipps steadily. "It is the truth."

Mr. Farr bestowed on him a long look in which irony, skepticism and contemptuous pity were neatly blended. "No further questions," he said briefly.

"Call Miss Dunne."

"Miss Sally Dunne!"

Miss Sally Dunne came quickly, so tall, so brave, so young and pale in her blue serge dress with its neat little white collar and cuffs, that more than one person in the dark court room caught themselves wondering with a catch at the heart how long it had been since she had coiled those smooth brown braids over her ears and smoothed the hair ribbons out for the last time. She was not pretty. She had a sad little heart-shaped face and widely spaced hazel eyes, candid and trustful. These she turned on Mr. Lambert, and steadied her lips, which were trembling.

"Miss Dunne, I just want you to tell us one or two things. You heard Mr. Phipps' testimony?"

"Yes, sir." A child's voice, clear as water, troubled and innocent.

"You were with him on the night of June nineteenth from eight until one or thereabouts?"

"Yes, sir."

"Was his testimony as to what happened accurate?"

"Oh, yes, indeed, sir. Mr. Phipps," said the little voice proudly, "has a very wonderful memory."

(Continued on Page 96)

"The Riveters"

We are privileged to reproduce here one of a series of drawings of industrial subjects by the late Joseph Pennell, one of America's great artists. Courtesy of the J. B. Lippincott Co.

TO MANUFACTURERS OF QUALITY PRODUCTS

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THEY wish, by some feat of magic, that they could meet "cheap price" competition—without your lowering your quality standards.

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The advice of the Vacuum Oil Company is sought and followed by quality manufacturers and leading builders of mechanical equipment throughout the world.

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CLEANING UP

By JOHN GOLDEN

In Collaboration With Viola Brothers Shore

FROM GAGS TO RICHES

A Group of Players in One of the Series of Entertainments Given at Fort Totten, Bayside, L. I., for Soldiers Under the Direction of John Golden. In the Group are Hedda Hopper, Alexandra Carlisle, Mrs. Arthur H. Miller, Irene Franklin, Irene Bordoni, Lillian Russell, the Dolly Sisters, Andrew Mack, E. Ray Goetz, Al Newman, Sam Wallach, Burton Green, De Wolf Hopper, Julius Tannen, Leon Errol, Raymond Hitchcock, Barney Bernard, Raymond Hubbell, Lee Carrillo, Captain Arthur H. Miller, Perriton Maxwell, John Golden and Frank Craven

THERE have been many people who claimed to have settled the actors' strike. I, in my modest way, claim my share not only in having settled the strike but in having created it. I had long felt the need for a getting-together of the heads of the theater.

Producers of plays, in addition to being constantly menaced by threats of censorship, burdened with taxation and saddled with unfair ticket speculation, were, among themselves, waging a continuous guerrilla warfare, stealing stars and in a hundred ways hampering and obstructing one another. And Quixotic fool that I was, I believed that if the managers got together, all these internal irritations would evaporate and we would present a solid front to external enemies. An itinerant photographer caught this Birth of a Notion at the moment when, on the sands of Palm Beach, it was being informally submitted to a group of producers, including F. Ray Comstock, J. Fred Zimmerman, Archie Selwyn, Florenz Ziegfeld, Winchell Smith and Lawrence Weber.

The next step was to bring together at the Claridge Hotel, as my guests at luncheon, some forty managers, ranking alphabetically from Ames to Ziegfeld. And when at this meeting the Producing Managers' Association was unanimously and enthusiastically organized I fondly believed I had inaugurated something which would insure complete and everlasting harmony in the theater.

When Lightnin' Struck

BUT of all the discords ever launched in the name of harmony, I had forgotten in my reckoning, first, the temperament of the play producer, beside which the most egotistical and temperamental star is as an unborn lamb, and which for years gave to our meetings the aspect of minor riots. Second, there was the passion of the manager for oratory. As I look over the minutes of these meetings, I am appalled at the number of speeches and motions made by one quiet, unassuming lad named John Golden. However, William A. Brady exhibited no particular inhibitions in the matter of self-expression. Everybody seemed to have plenty of good ideas to air, but very little patience when the other fellow took his out for an airing. At one of the meetings, I remember, Mr. Belasco banged the table with such force that he cut his hand and a general recess had to be called while Morris Gest, his son-in-law, administered first aid.

I believe the Middle Atlantic championship for indoor motion making lay between Brady, Hopkins and myself. And they must have been pretty poor motions, for during our five years on the board of directors most of them were thrown out and stayed where they landed. Nobody, seeing us go arm in arm down the street, would believe that half an hour before we had been out where the blows begin. William Harris, Jr., burst one day into a quasi-socialistic tirade about the the rights of others, which so irritated Marc Klaw that if I had not stepped between them, somebody might have hurt somebody—although I think it would have been a draw!

It was not long before the actors, through the Actors' Equity Association, with Francis Wilson at their head, began to make demands which, with or without foundation, the producing managers felt to be unfair. And so, after meetings in which ultimatum after ultimatum was bandied back and forth, the big strike was declared.

Forty theaters in New York were pitch dark that night. I had two productions on Broadway—Lightnin' at the Gaiety and Three Wise Fools at the Criterion—and I could not believe they were to be closed. I ran first to the Gaiety Theater to see for myself. It was eight o'clock and the lobby was packed with people, but a chain across the door held them back.

The only person inside the theater was Frank Bacon, sitting disconsolate and alone in his dressing room.

"What's it all about?" I asked, dazed.

"It's a fight for a principle," replied Bacon, "and you are on the other side of the fence. And although I have always looked on you as my friend, let's shake hands now and be enemies. I'm striking."

After waiting all his life to get a chance on Broadway, with everything that went with it, he stood ready to stake it all on a principle.

I rushed out to the stage entrance, and there in the area stood the company that was the big success in New York—my company; every man and woman of them my personal friends—refusing to raise the curtain. They were all at a high emotional pitch—some crying, some in a hysterical state of defiant loyalty, ready to fight and starve for their union, seething with hatred for every manager—except, of course, John Golden. They had been ordered to strike against me because I belonged to that infernal organization, the Producing Managers' Association. Some gathered round me and begged me to resign, saying that if I would do so, they would be happy to go on working for me.

By the following night the streets were filled with thousands of screaming men and women, parading up and down, carrying banners and placards, picketing in front of the theaters, threatening prospective theater-goers. Frank Bacon and the Lightnin' organization hired a band wagon and drove up and down under the sign, Lightnin' Has Struck.

Diplomacy

BUT not all the fighting was between the actors and managers. Within the groups of actors there were schisms, parties and factions. George Cohan, Louis Mann, Janet Beecher, Lenore Ulric, Frances Starr, Minnie Maddern Fiske, William Collier and a number of other splendid names in the theater, took the position that they wanted to be no part of the American Federation of Labor, that theirs was an art, not a trade, and they formed an organization opposed to the Equity and known as the Actors' Fidelity League. And the feeling between the two rival organizations ran high and bitter.

At the Lambs' Club a gathering of Equity members suddenly realized that one of their group, Rapley Holmes—Rapley is the actor who scored a success as the fat innkeeper in Rain—was living down at St. James, Long Island, with William Collier, who belonged to the enemy group. And they sent Holmes a joint wire, asking:

ARE YOU WITH US OR AGAINST US?

To which Holmes replied, with a flair for diplomacy which should have won him a high place in political circles:

LAMBS, NEW YORK. YES. RAPLEY HOLMES

But for the most part very little humor relieved the tension of the situation. Brothers were fighting brothers, lifelong friends had become envenomed foes, the streets were hardly safe for innocent bystanders, and all because, in one idiotic moment, indulging, perhaps in a trace of Messiah complex, I had persuaded the producers to organize. Attempt after attempt was made to bring about a meeting between the fighting parties. It must be admitted that the actors were always ready to arbitrate. But the managers, convinced that they could break down this unorganized mass of undependable humanity, were unwilling to meet with them.

And then, from the ranks of those thousands of actors there rose a leader. Thrust suddenly into the front of this troubled situation, Frank Gillmore became in one night the hope of the American theater. And to those who had known him before merely as a quiet, sweet, reliable personality—just a good actor—his coolness, which never left him, his sane, impersonal hold on the reins, when all

around him hate and party feeling were seething, burning and spurting in angry jets, his courage and his tact were nothing short of miraculous. In the crisis in which his group found themselves, this man unearthed a genius for diplomacy which I would match against any statesman's in the world. Nobody, probably not even Frank Gillmore himself, knew what power was in the man until the need of his people called him to their head. The actors were demanding certain things which, on the whole, were not unjust. They asked for pay for extra performances, limitation of time for free rehearsals, continuation of a play once its run had begun. In the past certain managers had stopped their tours for a week or longer in far cities, leaving the actors to take care of themselves until new bookings could be formed.

The streets continued to seethe. Actors harangued, threatened and cursed us if we stepped out. Ralph Morgan, who had worked under my management and was, and is, one of my dearest friends, stopped me on the street to cry out that I was a traitor because I had gone back on my friends. De Wolf Hopper, another of my pals, who not so long ago promised me he would not commit matrimony again and then immediately went out and took unto himself a sixth and final wife—final as this goes to press, but I have not seen the evening papers—was my enemy. The streets were full of fellows I loved who were lashed into fury against the group I had organized.

And meanwhile the managers, at their headquarters, waited twenty-four hours a day, in shifts, like watchmen, for news which meant hundreds of thousands of dollars to them.

Rumors were constantly afloat—that the governor of the state was to intervene, that Gompers, when he stepped from the steamer bringing him from Europe, would be made to see the light.

Day after day we sat around that meeting room, smoking cigars and doing nothing whatever except make speeches. Ziegfeld was the original Silence in Fun. I don't believe I ever heard him utter one word from the time the P. M. A. was born until it died. Dillingham, although his theaters, too, were closed, never would take the thing seriously. Al Woods was nearly as bad. His sole job was to walk in with five pocketfuls of cigars and hand them about, remarking laconically, "Here, smoke yourself to death, sweetheart."

Meanwhile weeks drifted away, and millions of dollars, too, and still the managers would not arbitrate. The strike must be broken. The actors must give in. The conviction began to grow on me that if we could ever get a group from the Managers' Association and one from the Actors' Equity into a room together, it would all be over but the shouting. The question was how to get them into that room. And then one night I thought of the man to do it—a man who was neither an actor nor a manager, and yet had the interests of both at heart; a man well beloved; the dean of American dramatists—my dear friend, Augustus Thomas.

A Stuffed Ballot Box

I HAD seen Thomas handle those temperamental stars so efficiently at the time of the tour which lifted the mortgage from the Lambs Club, that I felt sure if we could get him our troubles would be over. "I will spring Thomas on them before they have a chance to think," I decided. So one morning, on my own initiative, I put in a call to Southampton for Thomas.

"Gus," said I, "you are the man to settle the strike."

"I wish to heaven I could," he replied. "But do they want me?"

"Of course they want you. How soon can you come in to my office?"

"I'll be in on the next train," said Thomas.

There was no time night or day when you couldn't find a quorum of managers. I ran over to the meeting and made a long speech, and at the end of a terrific tirade, in which I kept them in suspense while raising their hopes, I concluded with a motion "—— that we ask, not as an arbitrator, but as a mediator between our committee and a committee of actors, that splendid figure in the theater, that dearest of dear friends, that finest of dramatists, that greatest of men—Mr. Augustus Thomas!"

I sat down amid the applause engendered by my burst of oratory and the conclusion of my long harangue. My motion was promptly seconded. The managers were weary enough to agree that there could be no harm in letting somebody mediate between them and the striking actors.

Everything seemed to be sailing along smoothly, when one manager, whose reputation and years entitled his opinion to great weight, rose and said, "This man cannot represent me. No one can represent me. I will fight to the bitter end for the sake of the principles involved. If this motion is carried I will resign from this association, retire from the theater, give up my life work!"

Another tense, fearful week passed. Once more I called Thomas and once again he waited in my office, while I tried to have him appointed mediator for a meeting between the warring factions. And again the same famous producer beat me. I spent sleepless nights figuring how to get my scheme through, for I was more and more convinced it was the only possible solution of the problem. It was at this time that by some lucky chance there came into my office that great political leader, Alvin Tobias Hert, and to him I told my troubles. Hert, the Republican boss of the state of Kentucky, explained to me how those things were done in politics. "Pack the house with men who have agreed to vote for you," said Tobe Hert.

So I made a canvass and gained the individual promises of eighteen managers to vote for my scheme on a certain day. I even sent my car round to rout out some of my allies who were still in bed. And when I proposed a vote that Thomas act as mediator, to the surprise and dismay of my friend, my enemy, it was carried. Feeling on all sides ran pretty high—and men's nerves were taut and ragged with waiting, with fighting, with watching those dreadful weeks drag by. My enemy rose and cried, "I hope anybody who votes for that motion drops dead on the spot!"

"Not this spot!" cried Dillingham, jumping nimbly to one side.

Weighed Down With Freedom

THAT night, in the library room of the St. Regis Hotel, Francis Wilson, Frank Gillmore, Ethel Barrymore, Lillian Russell and a dozen more representatives of the actors met with Al Woods, Arthur Hopkins, Sam Harris, David Belasco, William Brady, Henry Savage and John Golden. It took only a few hours to wind up completely this bitter and irreconcilable quarrel. It almost settled itself, because they were at heart one family, which always makes a quarrel so much more bitter, a reconciliation so much quicker. Actors and managers were so happy at the very outset to see one another, that all Gus Thomas had to do was quiet the lawyers. Whenever it looked as though things might be veering toward dangerous ground, Thomas, with his firm hand, set them straight again. And he kept the lawyers from speaking too long, realizing that this was more a matter of old friends getting together than of legal adjudication.

Both sides were glad to yield a point here and there, and at four o'clock in the morning a happy, tired crowd came out of the library room of the St. Regis Hotel, their quarrel buried, their troubles behind them. We play producers called it a compromise, and perhaps it was. But today actors are paid for Sunday performances, free rehearsals are limited, and a manager who wishes to discontinue the route of a company and start it again later can only do so by an agreement with the Equity.

Perhaps, preposterous as it seems, I might have gone through my whole life without ever being called colonel if it hadn't been for another song writer.

A weakness for song writing having remained with me all my life, I was glad when a chance came to help save the home of the man I consider this country's real champion hit song writer. I do not think that any or all of our song writers have done as much to popularize homemade American songs as a young fellow called Stephen Collins Foster. Any one of his better-known melodies would set up any of today's song writers in a comfortable position for life. O Susannah, Camp Town Races, Old Uncle Ned, Way Down Upon the Suwanee River, Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground, Old Black Joe, came from the genius of young Foster while he was still in his twenties. And perhaps the best known of them all was the song adopted as its own by the state of Kentucky—My Old Kentucky Home. It may be interesting to note that even in those days there was such a thing as song plugging and that young Foster's numbers were popularized by that first great minstrel-show organizer, Edwin P. Christy.

It was from Louisville that there came to me one day, over the telephone, the voice of the Kentucky state leader, Alvin Tobias Hert, who, after his death, was so ably succeeded by his brilliant wife.

"That you, John?" inquired Hert, and on learning it was nobody else but: "I am talking from Louisville. Lightnin' is coming here next week."

"Are you spending thirty dollars to tell me that?" I asked. "I booked it there."

"Listen, John, they are going to sell Federal Hill, Stephen Foster's old home."

"What's the difference?" I demanded facetiously. "He's dead, isn't he? He doesn't need it."

"Wait a minute, John. The state of Kentucky doesn't want the home where Foster wrote his songs to be torn down. The state wants to keep it."

"That's all right with me," said I.

"Well, if that's the way you feel about it, we want to give a special performance and we would like you to contribute the show, and you can also buy a seat at any price you want to pay." All of which I did; and although I admit Lightnin' was a good show, I do feel that I paid a shade more for a seat than it was worth to me to see Lightnin'.

A special performance was arranged. Helen Hayes, starring in Bab at the time, auctioned off the boxes. Governor Morrow invited Riccardo Martin, of the Metropolitan Opera Company, a former Kentuckian, to come to Louisville as his guest and sing the song which brings a glow to the heart of every Kentuckian wherever it is sung. Irvin Cobb traveled all the way across the country in order to take his place as chief orator of the day. The affair netted some $4000, which was added to the fund that saved the Old Kentucky Home. The next day I received a wire addressed to Col. John Golden, beginning: "Our people are most grateful to you," and concluding: "Gov. Morrow is sending your commission as colonel on his staff. Best wishes, A. T. HERT."

And among my treasured trophies at home, added to my real, sure-enough colonel's commission, is a beautiful painting of The Old Kentucky Home, done by Arthur C. Woelfle, the same artist who was commissioned by the state of Kentucky to make the original, which today hangs in the State House at Frankfort.

Perhaps it was this taste of public honor which was responsible for a hobby I have since developed. Nearly everybody has some sort of collector's phobia hidden about his person. Mine is the collecting of the keys to cities. As the proud possessor of twenty-seven keys, I believe I am the long-distance city opener of the Western Hemisphere. And if I were to try to use up all the freedom which has been vouchsafed me, it would not only take me a lifetime but I should be in a sort of perpetual slavery to my freedom.

By some strange coincidence these keys given me for producing clean American plays have always been presented at just about the time one of my plays was due to open in one of the larger cities. However, I am certain that Mayors Dever of Chicago, Rolph of San Francisco, Cryer of Los Angeles, and Governors Davis of Ohio and Trinkle of Virginia, and all the other gentlemen who so honored me, knew that they were helping to exploit the premier of my production in their city. But, as Mayor Curley of Boston explained, they had had so much censorship trouble that they were glad to indorse a type of production which would involve them in no investigations.

When one of the Lightnin' companies was playing in Washington, Matthew Allen, my representative, had arranged an appointment for President Coolidge to meet the members of the cast. I was lunching that day at the home of Secretary of War John W. Weeks, who told me about the appointment, and asked me whether I, too, would care to meet the President.

A Producer With Stage Fright

AFTER luncheon Secretary Weeks drove me to the Executive Office and there, with Mr. Slemp, we found another good friend, Secretary of Labor James J. Davis.

"Please tell the President," Secretary Weeks requested of Mr. Slemp, "that we are here and want to introduce him to the great producer of clean American plays."

Slemp returned in a moment to say that the President would see us.

All this talking about myself might make it appear that I am not a shy man. But I will die fighting to prove that I am. I found myself in the presence of Calvin Coolidge, more or less without preparation, and certainly with no reason for being there, or hint of what I should do, now that I was. I learned the meaning of stage fright as I stood in the presence of that motionless figure, whose sharply chiseled features and clear eyes and utter silence seemed to challenge the reason why this playmonger had been brought in to interrupt the official routine of a busy day. And for the life of me I couldn't think of any reason either.

Into my semiconsciousness came the voice of the Secretary of War, telling the President that I was a friend of his and of Secretary Davis' and a lot of other people, that I was all right, that I should be encouraged for the kind of things I did, and that my productions were of the sort he would approve. On and on, it seemed interminably, went Secretary Weeks' voice, while that silent figure stood there immovable and I enjoyed the most acute discomfort.

And then Secretary Davis' voice took up the paean, so that my sympathies shifted from myself to Mr. Coolidge, who had to listen. At last the introduction was over and it was my turn to say something—something which, if I could find the happy phrase, might serve to break the official chill of the reception by a little smile.

(Continued on Page 38)

YOUR CAR — LIKE A MINIATURE HOME

THE beauty of a charming home transferred to the interior of a motor car! Women are coming to expect it and are naturally choosing cars upholstered in CA-VEL—velvets of enduring beauty. They find such car interiors animate with the same sort of glowing upholstery which decorates their own easy chairs or those of their friends. As such women ride they enjoy the same comfort offered them in their own living rooms. They know that CA-VEL will prove as enduringly beautiful in the car as in the house. The freshness of CA-VEL defies the years . . . Little wonder that the majority of fine closed cars are upholstered in these sovereign velvets—so widely suggested by Interior Decorators for upholstery, drapes and window curtains. Better velvets than the famous Hepplewhite and Sheraton used as upholstery on their furniture masterpieces! . . . The selection of a motor car upholstered in CA-VEL assures its owner of greater comfort, greater beauty and greater value at re-sale. Collins & Aikman Corporation, Established 1845, New York City.

CA-VEL

VELVETS OF ENDURING BEAUTY

(Continued from Page 36)

I found my voice. "A great pair of press agents, eh, Mr. President? I carry them with me to do my advance work."

Mr. Weeks smiled. Mr. Davis smiled. I smiled. The President spoke. He said, "Yes."

There followed another silence of several hours, and then, mercifully, Mr. Slemp came in and said, "The Lightnin' company is out there. Are you ready to receive them?"

"Yes," said the President, and Mr. Weeks said to me, "You may present them."

I stood ready. The door opened and almost simultaneously so did my mouth. I should say, offhand, that about two dozen people would cover the entire Lightnin' company, inclusive of the understudies. But there in the doorway stood the Ringling Brothers Circus, exclusive of the animals. Tottering old men and tittering little boys flanked by flocks of young ladies and crowds of old ones, all entered that room as members of the Lightnin' company. I learned later that they were cousins of the property men, grandfathers of the stage manager, nephews of the electrician, who had seized this chance at a free pass to a presidential reception.

Words by Woodrow Wilson

THERE I stood facing this motley horde which I must introduce to the President as my own company, or else denounce as a lot of ringers, perhaps blighting thereby the chance of one of those innocent children to tell his grandchildren how he had shaken the hand of Calvin Coolidge. While I wrestled with the problem, beads of perspiration gathering on my brow, Mr. Davis prompted in an undertone, "Go ahead and present them."

"Quite a large company," I began with an apologetic cough.

"Yes," said the President. The time for stalling was past. I had to do my stuff. Bessie Bacon was the first in line.

"Mr. President," said I, "this is Miss Bessie Bacon, Frank Bacon's daughter. . . . And this is the great Lightnin', the famous Thomas Jefferson, son of our greatest American comedian, Joseph Jefferson. This is Charles E. Evans, of the old Evans and Hoey team of Parlor Match fame. . . . And ——" But the next in line was something mysterious, entirely shrouded in beard. "This—er—ah"—I mumbled desperately—"these are the rest of the company!" And I murmured something about not having seen this troupe for so long I had forgotten their names.

I am certain the President was not at all taken in. I suppose that sort of thing was nothing new to him. He was very gracious about it, shaking hands with everybody in that room. And I remember what struck me particularly was that while Mr. Coolidge is famous for his economy of words, each greeting that he uttered was couched in different language, terse, but infinitely varied.

If he started with "How do you do," the next time he said "Pleased," then "Glad to see you." "Pleased to meet you," "How are you." And throughout that whole ordeal I cannot recall hearing him repeat one of those sententious utterances.

Frankly, I was relieved to find myself outside the White House, together with my lightning-expanding company. At the door the photographers snapped a picture of the body of John Golden, supported by two members of the cabinet. After which Secretary Weeks asked me who were the two old gentlemen with whiskers? "Oh, those"—said I—"those were understudies."

"But," said Secretary Davis, "who were the children? I didn't see any youngsters in Lightnin'."

"Well, you see," I explained, "Lightnin' expects to run so long that I am preparing them for the next generation."

I would never have believed that that short and hardly felicitous interview could have made even the vaguest impression on our President. But perhaps I was mistaken, for when the new John Golden Theater was opened a short time ago, there came a letter on White House stationery in which Mr. Coolidge wished me good luck and told me: "I am not unmindful of your contribution of clean, wholesome, humorous American plays to the theater."

And speaking of Presidents, my first meeting with Woodrow Wilson occurred during the war. It was in 1916, while on a quick tour across the country, that he startled the world with a series of wonder speeches—a combination of campaigning for reëlection, advocating neutrality and pleading for preparedness. He had a flow of words which took the world by storm. I, with millions of others, devoured daily through the newspapers everything he said. And one day, during a speech in Chicago, he used these words:

Every man is wide-awake and watchful for his country's sake.

"Whether Mr. Wilson knows it or not," I said to myself, the song writer's instinct being never very far below the surface, "he is talking in couplets." I carefully watched his next speeches, and by extracting a line from a Chicago talk and adding to it another spoken, perhaps, at Kansas City, I made a series of rimes —enough for the verse and chorus of a song. The poem which President Wilson did not know he had written, was as follows:

Columbia, you're cried awake
By voices of the night!
Disturbed and reddened night
Is showing you the light.
The flames may touch our Continent,
The sparks are falling near,
From shore to shore our men are answ'ring, "Here!"
Patriotism of our land
Is not an empty name.
Our glory and our fame
Must never bow in shame.
So use your great abundant strength,
With effort never cease,
For your Country, Democracy, and Peace. . . .

After I had compiled these words, I made a melody to fit. I told my good friends Dudley Field Malone and Bernard Baruch, who were *persona grata* at the White House, about my song, or rather, our song, and one fine day I was invited to tell Mr. Wilson all about it.

Going to see the President of the United States is not a thing which happens to everyone every day. Certainly it had never happened to me before on any day. And in my room at the Shoreham Hotel, pacing nervously up and down, plastering down imaginary violations of the one-way rule along the side part in my hair, rearranging my necktie thirty-seven ways, I waited anxiously for the call to the White House.

At last it came:

"The President and Mrs. Wilson will see you at eight o'clock."

I took one last look at the white-faced creature in a Shoreham mirror, retied the tie for the last time, and with a final nervous resolve to smooth down my hair, seized one of the bottles on the dresser and poured over my unresisting pate half the contents of a jar of mouth wash. Desperately I look at my watch. Four minutes of eight. I had a notion if you kept a President waiting you were committing treason, or perhaps mayhem, or one of the lesser known crimes for which you are liable to thirty days in Ring Lardner's Meat Chopper. No time to wash the sticky, odorous stuff out of my scalp. I really believe I set the fashion for plastered hair, thereby giving Valentino his start in life.

I arrived at the White House knowing I smelt like Better Teeth Week. Mrs. Wilson received me and never a quiver betrayed the assault I was making on her olfactory sensibilities.

"This moron," she probably thought, "who is trying to grow teeth on his scalp, is more to be pitied than sniffed at," and putting her hand on my trembling arm, led me into another room. The President shook hands heartily and with a good, big, healthy grin, said "Sit down, Golden," and at the same time Mrs. Wilson tried to press me into a chair.

For the Red Cross

BUT even with a head full of gargle, little Johnnie wasn't going to be guilty of lese majesty or whatever it is you commit if you sit while the President and the First Lady of the Land are standing. "You see," I explained, "I have often heard about your White House and I have made a life study of the etiquette of these high places."

I kept waiting to be asked about the song with the President's words, and finally Mrs. Wilson made the suggestion that Dr. Alfred G. Robyn accompany me and that I go over to the gold piano with the eagle engraved on it and sing the song.

I finished and, turning with a little deprecatory cough, "I don't suppose it's very good," I said.

"I don't know about your tune," replied the President, "but my words are great!"

And from that minute I knew I had not only a President but a real human being as a collaborator. That man could be anything he wanted to be. Having become a song writer, he threw himself into the rôle with all the zest of any tin-panhandler around the Rialto.

I told him, "Mr. Wilson, I have a publisher who wants this song. I don't suppose you would permit me to publish it with your name as author of the words?"

"Why not?" inquired Mr. Wilson.

"Well, there is the question of royalty," said I.

"How much can you get?"

"At least $1000 advance."

"H'm," said Mr. Wilson, "I ought to have been doing this before. I'll tell you what we'll do. Let's print it with your name and mine on it, make a lot of money, and give it to the Red Cross." Which we did.

The more I saw of him, the more I admired that remarkable personality. On several occasions he sent me word to join him at the theater. Once, about a week after he had won the election over Hughes, I sat in a box watching a performance of Turn to the Right, with Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. McAdoo and a charming and entertaining young man known to some as Admiral and to others as Dr. Cary T. Grayson. But to me he will always be the finest story teller in this land of the free language, and I believe I know every *raconteur*, humorist and mimic of ability on the stage.

As everyone probably recalls, that had been a hotly contested election, and for a day or two the returns were so much in doubt that it was even believed Mr. Hughes had won. The whole thing had been a great strain on the Wilson forces.

The President turned to me and asked, "How does this compare with the company playing in New York?"

"Well," I quibbled, "they are all my children, and you can hardly expect me to answer that. But," I went on, "would you really like to know which company is better?"

"Why, yes," replied Mr. Wilson.

"Well, there's one way to find out and that is to come to New York, see the company playing at the Gaiety and draw your own conclusions. I'll keep your visit a secret from everybody but the newspapers."

A Secret-Service Story

HE SHOOK his head. "Every time I go to New York they make me go to a party and speak a piece." I am quoting him verbatim.

The pawnshop scene was on at this moment, and I suggested, "I can fix that. You see that actor with the whiskers? Well, they're false. I could get hold of them and lend them to you."

The President of the United States shook his head sadly.

"No, thanks, Golden," he said. "Since the last campaign I never want to see another whisker as long as I live!"

Another time at the theater with President Wilson, Colonel House was in the party, and I offered to take him backstage to see the works. As we left the President's box we were followed by a serious-looking, gray-haired man, whom the President called Bill, but who, I learned, was J. M. Nye, chief of the Secret Service Department, Department of State. Later in the evening I was surprised to see on the walls of Nye's modest apartment large and intimately inscribed photographs of princes of every nation on earth and, still more interesting, large photographs of Presidents McKinley, Roosevelt, Taft and Wilson, affectionately autographed to Bill Nye. One especially caught my eye—from Vice President Marshall, inscribed in his own Hoosier style:

"To Bill Nye! Who guards with equal care Kings, Queens and Tenspots."

Through Nye I met Capt. R. R. Bennett of the Military Intelligence. And these two gentlemen gave me my first taste of secret service when they let me listen over a contraption connected with a room at the Willard Hotel where two Germans were in a conversation, every word of which was being taken down.

My second glimpse behind the official curtain of the secret service was like one of those stories where all the really exciting events happen behind asterisks. Although I took part in the drama, I was like an actor who is given a few lines to read and knows nothing of what takes place in the other bits of script.

Perhaps those SATURDAY EVENING POST readers who have read John Taintor Foote's Song of the Dragon would like to know the true events on which he based his tale. Because when I outlined them to him later, he found them thrilling enough to serve as a basis for a fine piece of fiction.

One day Captain Bennett walked into my office, closed the doors and said, "We need your help. We have intercepted some messages, but we cannot make them out, because the code is being changed constantly. We have located a man posing as a Russian who carries the codes on his person. We know where he is, and several of his friends. We also know his weakness, and it is women.

"We want a loyal, patriotic girl who can act and who isn't afraid of men, to go out and steal those codes. It is no job for a timid or squeamish girl, or one who is afraid of her reputation. It may be necessary to go to any lengths to get them. What I want of you, John, is to find that girl for us."

In those days one couldn't say, "I'll try." One said, "I will." And so began my quest of the golden girl. I knew many clever young actresses, fired with loyalty and enthusiasm for their country, any one of whom, I thought, would be glad of the chance to serve.

(Continued on Page 40)

That Tell-tale SQUEAK in Your Car

It may be an Annoyance —BUT it is really a Blessing in Disguise

WHENEVER you hear a squeak or a rumble in your car—*do something about it—at once.* For it is a plain warning that some part of your car needs lubricating. And, as you probably know, 80% of repair bills come from lack of proper lubrication.

But don't just have your car "greased." That may do more harm than good. The modern method is to have your car *Alemited.*

What is Alemite-ing?

Practically all cars today are equipped with the Alemite High Pressure Lubricating System. You, no doubt, have it on your car. This is the system that not only made lubrication easy; it made the whole motor world realize that *lubrication is the life of a motor car;* it proved to the motor world that you can eliminate 80% of repair bills by proper lubrication. As a result, thousands of "greasing stations" sprang up all over the country to give motorists this new service. Many without proper equipment, most of them using cheap greases.

Cheap greases are usually full of soap, cheap fillers and fatty acids. They literally burn up if a bearing becomes heated. They get lumpy and rancid and corrode your bearings. And in winter they freeze solid.

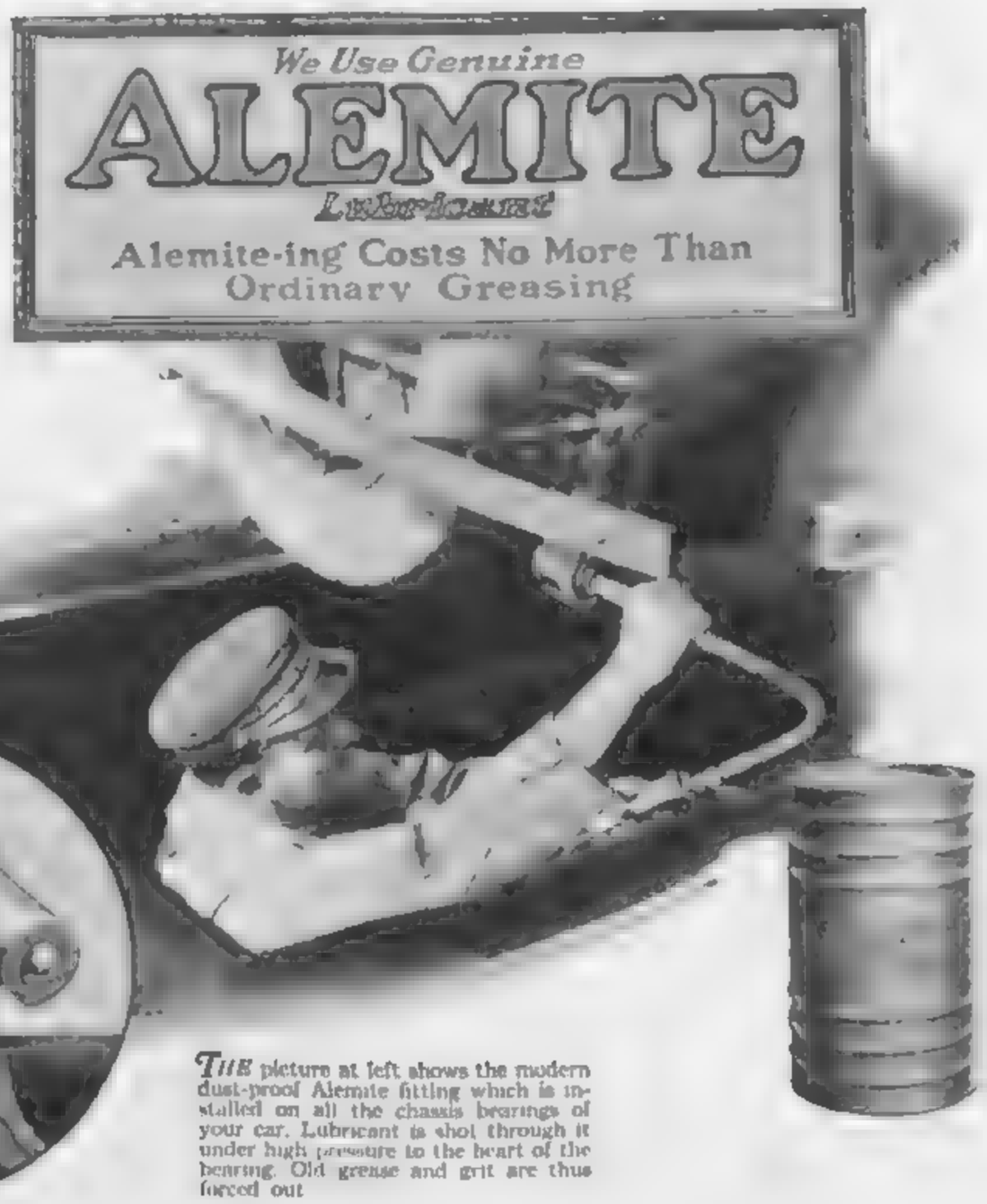
So to protect *your* interest and *ours* we urge you to have your car *Alemited* from now on. Don't just have it "greased."

Alemite-ing means having your car lubricated with *genuine Alemite lubricants* —and with up-to-date High Pressure Alemite equipment.

How to get it

Every dealer who gives genuine Alemite-ing displays the sign shown above. Watch for it as you drive.

Cheap greases naturally cost less than pure, certified Alemite lubricants. For this reason the dealers displaying this sign have agreed to frequent inspection to prove that they are using nothing but genuine Alemite lubricant. This prevents substitution of cheap greases in your car. It also marks a conscientious dealer who deserves your patronage.



THE picture at left shows the modern dust-proof Alemite fitting which is installed on all the chassis bearings of your car. Lubricant is shot through it under high pressure to the heart of the bearing. Old grease and grit are thus forced out

THIS new type Alemite Spring Sprayer cleans out old rust, grit (the cause of squeaky springs) from between the leaves, and forces in a new layer of Alemite Graphite Penetrating Oil.

THIS modern Alemite Gear Flusher cleans out your differential and transmission. Removes grit and hardened grease—the noise makers—before new lubricant is inserted

What to ask for

100% Alemite-ing consists of the following:—

1. Genuine Alemite Chassis Lubricant is forced into the heart of every chassis bearing on your car. The picture above shows how this is done. Alemite Chassis Lubricant is a pure, solidified oil that will stand up under 3,000 pounds pressure. (Average grease breaks down under 200 pounds pressure.) It resists heat up to 250°. And will lubricate bearings properly at 30° below zero. This service eliminates burnt-out bearings; also rattles in your car that come from worn, corroded bearings.

2. By means of a Gear Flusher, the operator thoroughly cleans out your differential and transmission, removing all gummy substances, grit, dirt and any chips of steel. He then forces in new Alemite Gear Lubricant. Most of the grinding noise or rumbling you often hear in a motor car comes from the use of cheap grease in transmission and differential. Such grease thins out in summer, allowing gear teeth to run dry. In winter it "freezes" up, channels, fails to lubricate and makes gears hard to shift. And the grinding gears act like a dragging brake on your motor

   The use of special Alemite Gear Lubricant usually adds 1¼ to 2 more miles per gallon of gasoline, due to freer running. It lubricates freely at 15° below zero, thus giving you an easy gear shift in coldest weather

3. Having your springs sprayed with Alemite Graphite Penetrating Oil. It penetrates thoroughly, spreading a thin layer of graphite (the best known spring lubricant) between every leaf of your springs. Makes your car ride easier and eliminates spring squeaks.

The above is what we mean by Alemite-ing your car. Just look for the sign shown above, and try this service once. You'll note an immediate difference in the way your car runs. You will eliminate 80% of ordinary repair bills —and will have a sweet running car all the time.

[Chassis bearings and springs should be lubricated every 500 miles. Gears every 2,000 miles.]

This, however, is only a general average. So don't take a chance. Whenever you hear squeaks or rumbles, run your car into an official Alemite-ing station and be on the safe side. With his modern machinery an official Alemite dealer can do the entire job in a few moments—while you wait. Bassick Manufacturing Company, Division of Stewart-Warner, 2648 N. Crawford Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Canadian Address: The Alemite Products Co. of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ontario.

Alemite and Alemite-Zerk equally adapted for Industrial Lubrication

(Continued from Page 38)

I spoke first to a girl in one of my companies whose grandfather had been a general in the South—a decidedly patriotic girl. "Louise," I said, "what would you really do for your country?"

"Anything," she replied.

"You mean you would take the same risks as those boys in the trenches?"

"Certainly, if I had the chance."

I offered her the chance, outlining, as delicately as I could, the sort of service required. It was not an easy thing to put before a girl, and I guess I didn't put it very well, because not only this girl but none of the several others I approached would attempt to lay hands on that code.

I have often wondered since, what a good woman, who is also a patriotic one, should be expected to do in so trying and dangerous a situation, and whether the glory that comes from having served her country would be payment enough for the difficulties in which she might find herself. And, too, whether the world, so quick to glorify the man soldier who makes his sacrifice, will look with even tolerant eyes upon a woman who has risked and perhaps paid her all in its service.

The next day at luncheon with Capt. Charles Dillingham, I told him of my quandary.

"Where will I find a girl willing to undertake such a service for her country?"

"In your own office at three o'clock tomorrow."

Thinking he was indulging in one of his usual facetious flights, I was, needless to say, startled when, the following day, just as the clock struck three, the boy announced, "A young lady from Mr. Dillingham."

I received her with mingled feelings. She was young and she was pretty. I did not want to disappoint Bennett, but I felt I had to point out to her some of the risks she ran. She was not visibly frightened. Certainly she was not deterred. And from here on follow the asterisks.

I turned her over to Captain Bennett, who gave her instructions, information and data which he had not confided to me. At the Hotel Nassau, on the sands at Long Beach, it was arranged for her to meet the pseudo Russian. Before long those codes were in the possession of the United States Military Intelligence. And that is all I ever knew of what took place in one of the most exciting minor dramas of the war and of what became of one of the gamest little unknown soldiers in it.

The streets of New York during these war days were filled with thousands and thousands of boys coming from their homes all over the country, on leave or waiting to be shipped aboard the transports. And I found myself worried by the question of what could be done to take some of them off the streets and keep them from the blues or worse. Out of my genuine desire to do something about it, there sprang a little idea which grew, snowball-like, into such tremendous proportions that I look back on it now as the biggest idea it ever was my good luck to conceive, and certainly it is the one I am proudest to remember.

Free Theater Passes

From this little nucleus of an idea grew a plan that took literally hundreds of thousands of boys off the streets and put them, night after night, laughing, untroubled and safe in fifty of the best theaters in and around New York. There was no difficulty in securing the coöperation of most of the other managers. With their permission to turn over any unused seats at their various attractions, all that remained was to work out the details of a plan for getting these free tickets in the hands of the soldiers.

There was a small booth in the center of Times Square which, I learned from a newspaperman named Smith, had been used for political purposes and belonged to William Randolph Hearst, who gave us permission to use it. Our next step was to connect it by telephone with the box offices of the various theaters, where the men in charge had been instructed to turn over to us, between the hours of 7:30 and 8:30, any seats that were not likely to be sold for the coming performance. In the booth, up to playing time, were Helen Menken, Beatrice Nichols, Bessie Bacon, May Duryea and a number of other willing, patriotic girls. And outside on slates were posted the names of the plays for which seats were available.

At 7:30 the line would form. As the soldier selected the play he wanted to see, the girl at the window would stamp a pass with the name of the theater and send him on his way rejoicing. As soon as the man at the other end of the wire had no more tickets to spare, his play would be wiped from the slate. The movie and vaudeville managers were equally generous, and during the months that our scheme was in operation we took off the streets hundreds of thousands of enlisted men.

After it was all over, I received a more or less mysterious and certainly wholly unexpected telegram from Washington, reading:

INTEND TO SEND YOU COMMISSION AS MAJOR U. S. ARMY WHEN YOU HAVE COMPLIED WITH LEGAL REQUIREMENTS NECESSARY.
SIGNED, JOHN W. WEEKS,
SECRETARY OF WAR.

I learned later that this had been brought about because Col. Willoughby Walke had reported to the War Department that it was my idea which had inaugurated this scheme for taking soldiers off the streets.

All-Star Entertainments

I am grateful to the Government for feeling that my idea merited so honorable a reward. But I think I was more moved by a less spectacular tribute I received while the boys were still receiving their tickets nightly at the booth. One day one of those boys turned to the line and made a speech. "Fellows," he said, "I think we ought to all chip in and get this guy Golden some kind of remembrance."

Fortunately I learned of the plan from the girls at the window and stopped it before it had gone very far. But the girls already had in their possession a highly rose-decorated candy box containing that first spontaneous outpouring of a generous impulse—amounting in all to about three dollars. But I cannot describe the way I felt when they brought me that shabby, gaudy candy box filled with pennies, with here and there a dime, a nickel, a button or a medal, and told me they had been collected for "a remembrance for this guy Golden." My first impulse was to cry, "Oh, no! Give it back to them!"

Only that proved a harder thing to do than to say, and so I put the shabby candy box in the drawer of my desk, because I felt a little ashamed and a little proud, and I didn't know just what to do with it. And there it still is. And I still don't know what to do with it.

It was because of a suggestion from this same delightful, peppery little soldier, this brave veteran known at the time as Col. Willoughby Walke, and later as General Walke, and now retired, that a series of performances was inaugurated at Fort Totten.

These entertainments were put together for the purpose of entertaining the boys who were continually coming in and going out from that point. However, they became so famous that soon a great public demand enabled us to charge willing outsiders a good price for admission. From the resulting fund, Mrs. Walke and the wives of the other officers stationed at Fort Totten made ear muffs and mufflers and wristlets for the boys who were being sent over so fast that the Government had no time to provide them with all the warm clothing they might need.

If there were ever all-star casts, we had them at those Fort Totten shows. Not a name among the players was unworthy of electric lights. After one of these performances—it was a matinée on the parade grounds of the fort—a complimentary parade and military maneuvers were arranged just as a beautiful golden sun set gloriously in the west. Our hats were off as those boys marched before us carrying the flag. This beautiful compliment from our country's fighters to our country's mummers was made even more memorable for me when Colonel Walke, taking his sword from its sheath, said:

"John, I have carried this sword for many years and through several wars. And I want to present it to you as a memento of our friendship and in recognition of what you have done here at Fort Totten."

That sword is another of my most prized possessions, not only because it belonged to a brave soldier and because of the honor he conferred by giving it to me, but because it always brings back to my mind a picture I never want to forget—the group of us there, our hearts in our throats, while 2000 boys, with the flag dipping and the sun going down over the fort, saluted us as they marched by on their way to France.

And that brings me to the last of the souvenirs in the drawer of my desk—the one I keep locked, although the contents would puzzle an inquisitive burglar, even as they puzzle me. This last is a little box of trophies which do not belong to me, and I feel that the time has come to place them where they do belong.

During the first Liberty Loan Drive, when the much-needed war funds were being brought in all too slowly, I was appointed Chairman of the Theatrical War League by William G. McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury. As luck would have it, at just about this time young Arthur Daly, secretary of the Columbia Trust Company, said to me he wished he could do something to help. I said, "Perhaps you can. When do you take your vacation?" He expected to take it within a month. "Well, then, I'll tell you where to take it. Right in my office. I'll give you a desk and we'll sell Liberty Loan Bonds to stage folks."

That young man took his vacation in a dark, cheerless back room and, as my first assistant, began to do a business in Liberty Bonds which eventually ran into the millions. We offered, to any actor who would give us a few dollars toward a bond, that we would advance the rest, holding the bond as security until the balance was paid. And many a broken old actor, or a needy young one, I have seen standing in that long cue, waiting to put his last few dollars, or perhaps his first savings, on that desk.

We also had a group of ballyhooers who went the rounds of the theaters and appealed to the audiences during intermissions.

Lillian Russell was chairman of the speakers' committee controlling all these barkers, who would go, between the acts, from theater to theater, as they were ordered, each with his strong appeal to the audiences, each with the true fire of patriotism in his eye and in his heart.

A Task Unfinished

During this drive I received through Joseph Tumulty, that able young diplomat who was closest to Mr. Wilson at the time, a card on which the President had written two short but powerful words of approval. These words were to be used on a trophy for those who had shown unusual effort in this service.

However, we had a small committee at the time and, as those things usually go in committee, the nearest we could ever come to selecting the candidates for those trophies, was to become involved in endless mazes of discussion and argument. The matter caused so much dissatisfaction that it was finally quietly dropped, with the consent of all parties—except those most deeply involved, who, of course, knew nothing of it.

But those medals have been a source of reproach to me every time I open that particular drawer of my desk. I feel that I have failed in a sacred obligation left to me by that far-seeing visionary, Woodrow Wilson. And I think the time has come to repair, so far as possible, that unavoidable oversight.

I hope that these rambling reminiscences will not be considered my memoirs. I should hate to think I was fading from the picture, as men generally are who write these things. I feel that I am but fairly under way.

Without false modesty, I may admit that the greatest surprise of all my checkered career was the suggestion that these marginal notes might be of sufficient interest to be put into some form where they might be read.

I feel that they have some excuse for being if, through the pages of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, I may carry out what I consider little short of a sacred mission—the fulfilling of Woodrow Wilson's wish that these decorations be turned over to those who so richly earned them.

Joseph Tumulty wrote me recently to say, "I think your idea with regard to those decorations an excellent one. Certainly no body of people worked more enthusiastically. I recall that once, when the President and I attended a New York theater during the Liberty Loan Drive, he made the statement that the best Liberty Loan speeches delivered during the whole campaign were made by members of your profession."

I have tried to remember all those who were associated with me in that work but of course, there may be some whose names, after the lapse of years, escape me. I trust that anybody associated with the Theatrical War League, who helped me in the drives and in the entertainments, and whose name has been unwittingly omitted from this Honor Roll, will advise me of the oversight.

Wilson's Approval

For soon after the appearance of this article there will be presented, to each of the gallant hundred whose names follow, a medal. On one side of it is, in relief, a portrait of that well-loved genius whose steady hand and far-seeing vision so ably guided the ship of state through the trying period of the war. And on the reverse, in facsimile of his own handwriting, are the two words of approval that I have referred to above and which the President of the United States wished to bestow:

"WELL DONE. WOODROW WILSON.

Here is the Honor Roll:

Jefferson D'Angelis, Maclyn Arbuckle, George Arliss, Alfred E. Aarons, Mrs. Frank Bacon, Nora Bayes, Sophye Barnard, Robert Benchley, T. Roy Barnes, Irene Bordoni, Mme. Carrie Bridewell, Dr. Harlow Brooks, Belle Baker, A. O. Brown, Harry Browne, Gene Buck, R. H. Burnside, Kenneth C. Beaton, Eddie Cantor, Alexandra Carlisle, Leo Carrillo, Frank Carter, Irvin Cobb, William Collier, F. G. Cooke, Lou Cooper, James J. Corbett, Will Cressy, the Dolly Sisters, Joseph Drum, Arthur Daly, Edward Ellis, Leon Errol, W. C. Fields, Douglas Fairbanks, James Montgomery Flagg, Hal Ford, Irene Franklin, W. M. Goddard, E. Ray Goetz, John D. Haas, Sam Hardy, Jack Hazzard, Silvio Hein, Hal Hickson, Robert Hilliard, Raymond Hitchcock, Samuel Hoffenstein, De Wolf Hopper, Raymond Hubbell, Chas. Joel, Charles Judels, Jerome D. Kern, Ken Kitchen, Blutch Landolf, Bert Levy, Grace La Rue, Andrew Mack, Jeanne Mai, Louis Mann, Antonio Moreno, Capt. Arthur Miller, James J. Montague, Perriton Maxwell, Marilynn Miller, Grant Mitchell, Ralph Morgan, George McFarlane, Burr McIntosh, George McManus, Fred Niblo, Georgia O'Ramey, Ann Pennington, Emma English Phillips, T. E. Powers, Nellie Revell, Harry Reichenbeck, Will Rogers, Thomas W. Ross, Lillian Russell, Gus Sales, Joseph Santley, Cyril Scott, Winchell Smith, Fred Stone, Harry Sommers, Edith Taliaferro, Julius Tannen, Laurette Taylor, Augustus Thomas, Ernest Truex, Sam Wallach, David Warfield, Mrs. W. Seward Webb, Ned Wayburn, Susanne Westford, Kate Douglas Wiggin, Tom Wise, Ed Wynn, Scott Welch.

Editor's Note—This is the eighth and last of a series of articles by John Golden, written in collaboration with Viola Brothers Shore.

A GENERAL ELECTRIC PRODUCT

WHEN you buy an auto lamp, pick it up and look at it—that's a sure way to know that it's a MAZDA Lamp you're getting. And carry three of them for "spares", in the handy little metal kit which the dealer in National MAZDA Auto Lamps will give you, if you'll ask for it. More and more are MAZDA Auto Lamps recognized as the high standard for all the world. . . . . MAZDA is a *mark*, not a *name*—the mark of the research service of General Electric Company, which has been the leader in those developments which have produced the modern incandescent lamp.

NATIONAL LAMP WORKS *of General Electric Company*, NELA PARK, CLEVELAND, OHIO

AS THEY ARE

By LUCY STONE TERRILL

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

"Oh, How I Wish I Had Never Seen You!"

I MUST say I took a liking to Robert Blake right from the start; he was so natural acting and homelike. He always looks as if he'd just washed his face and had a haircut, and he's got the nicest set of teeth I ever laid eyes on. I'm not one, either, to take quick likes and dislikes, but Robert Blake walked right into my good graces the minute he stepped through my front door. Of course these studio apartments don't have an actual front door; there's just the door, and everything comes through it—the milk and the mail and groceries and callers and everything. It's not much like my three-story house in Littleville that's got five outside doors.

"I like that Robert Blake," I said to Dresda, feeling her out. I guess it was the day after I got here; I remember she was still in bed with her bandaged head.

"I do too," Dresda said, "but I'm afraid he's not sincere. He's got a very weak birth number, and a still worse name number, which he's too stubborn to change."

Dresda's my granddaughter—Dresda Duncan. Of course she wasn't christened Dresda. Nobody in Littleville ever heard tell of such a name as Dresda. Her real name's Doris; but before she even got to New York, when she was on the train coming here, she met Miss Zilla Gordon. And Zilla told her the reason she wasn't having much success selling her poetry and her little pieces for the magazines was because her name number was all out of harmony with her birth number, which is four, because she was born February 7, 1903. Zilla's a song writer—a composer, they call her; and besides that, she's the secretary of the Temple of Truth Society. She took a great fancy to Doris, as Doris was named then, and took her to Jevoirtout right away and got her name changed to Dresda. It seems a little queer to say just Jevoirtout without any Mrs. or Miss, or even Madame, which you might expect, for Jevoirtout's a very French name. But here in New York, when you're famous, people just say your last name, the same as Shakspere and Caruso. Jevoirtout is the great numerologist. At first I thought this numerology business was pure rubbish, but it's certainly done wonders for Dresda. She began selling her poetry and political pieces the very next month after Jevoirtout solved her the numerological name of Dresda. I wasn't here then; but when Dresda got hit in the head with a brick—the brick wasn't thrown at her, but it hit her just the same—Zilla Gordon telegraphed me, and I've been so busy ever since I got here that I haven't even had time to arrange about foreclosing my mortgage against old Silas Simpson, and land knows when I will get back to Littleville.

When Dresda first wrote back home from New York and told folks to address her envelopes Miss Dresda Duncan, the neighbors began to gossip, but I didn't pay any attention to them. Littleville never has understood Dresda, and I don't know that I would have myself if it hadn't been for Stephen. When she was just a little thing I began to see she was queer, like Stephen, and I promised myself I'd never make the same mistake with that orphan baby that I made with Stephen.

Stephen's been dead going on forty-four years, but there's never a day passes but what, some time in it, a cold chill goes down my back and it seems like I hear Eben Harris saying, "Cecily, they're bringing Stephen. God knows what happened, but his boat tipped over somehow."

Nobody suspected Stephen had done it on purpose, for it was kind of a joke in Littleville—how much Stephen was in love with me. But I knew what it was had tipped Stephen's boat over. It was Littleville—and me. We kept at him to be different from the way the Lord made him.

I guess folks'll wonder to their dying day what made mean old Cecily Duncan turn so soft-hearted over her son's orphan baby, 'specially as I hadn't ever made much over Dresda's father, who was two years old when Stephen went. Her father was book smart and practical, like me. His name was Stephen John, but I never called him Stephen after his father went. Then when he and his wife got killed in the railroad accident, I took little Doris, as she was named then, and I guess I did let her do about as she pleased. I'd learned my lesson bitter deep. If you love a person the Lord expects you to love them as they are, and not to try to reason with them into your own way of doing things. So folks say I've spoiled Dresda. But I've yet to see it. She's never told a lie in her life; in fact it's right down terrible how truthful she is. And she's never been extravagant. Ever since she got into high school she's said that people who can't support themselves after they're twenty-one are a menace to society. By society Dresda doesn't mean parties and club meetings; she means business matters and politics and world affairs in general.

From the way Dresda thinks and acts and talks and works you'd think she probably looks like another Carry Nation. But she's got blue eyes, round as a baby's, with black lashes, and the prettiest mouth, and a nice straight little nose, and she reaches only to my shoulder. Her hair used to be real golden and curly, but it's getting browner now and just only wavy. She's twenty-four, but she doesn't look a day over twenty since she bobbed her hair.

She wasn't quite twelve years old when she wrote her first poem. Of course she showed it to me. She's never kept anything from me—not even her getting arrested for her speech about the Government. But she never used to want people in Littleville to know about her writing poetry. The poem scared me a little. It was like Stephen. I've still got the sheet of tablet paper she wrote it on. I've kept every little scrap she about ever wrote; I guess I did it to make up for throwing away and burning all the little pieces Stephen used to write. Lots of times in the night, even yet, I wake up and say over and over to myself the only two lines of poetry I can remember out of all the hundreds Stephen wrote. I found them in an old box of his after he died. I guess he wrote them before we were married. They said:

Cecily, to me, of sun and stars you are a part,
Of wind and song and trees; and of my heart.

Only when I whisper it to myself, I say it "Stephen," instead of "Cecily." And all I used to have to do when I'd get a little exasperated with Dresda was to think of that poem, and I don't believe I ever once made her unhappy. I keep it with Dresda's first little poem right in the money bag round my neck. I know Dresda's poem by heart too. It says:

I will go over these hills some day;
I will go far away.
I will follow the moon.
Oh, beautiful some day, come soon, come soon!

Lots of the poetry she writes nowadays, and gets published, isn't any prettier, to my mind, than what she wrote when she was in Littleville. Of course, it's lots more advanced; but its end words don't rime and there's no punctuation to it at all. Take her poem, for instance, in this month's issue of the True Freedom magazine—it does have question marks in it, but it doesn't sound regular; and there's no name to it, though there's a lot of blank space on the page. It just says:

Money? Why sweat for it?
Suffer?
Steal?
Sin?
When sunsets cost nothing
Bird songs are free
And no man can oppress the freedom
Of your dreams
Fools

"Shouldn't there be a period after 'fools'?" I asked Dresda.

"No; that would indicate finality and finality means the end of growth," Dresda said. "It's merely a fragment that I wrote because they didn't have any advertisement for that page. Of course the thought is sincere, but it isn't a finality—not a definite end."

"Anyhow," I said, "I guess there's never a definite end to fools. One just called here a minute ago if I'm any judge. He had on a smoking jacket and a Little Lord Fauntleroy necktie and the worst mop of black hair and ——"

"Barak!" cried Dresda, her face all lighting up. "How brave of him to come back so soon, with all the police still looking for him! Oh, granny, didn't you like him? Did you tell him who you were? Oh, he's wonderful, granny! So courageous and undaunted and simple. How did he look?"

She Looked Too Pretty, Hugging the Blue Flowers Up Against Her

"Simple," I said. Dresda always wants you to tell the truth.

"Oh, granny! Now I hope you didn't act like an old fossil. Barak's terrible sensitive. But I mean, did he look worried or—or hungry?"

"Maybe he did, a little," I said, feeling guilty, for it hadn't dawned on me that he was the friend she called Barak. "The fact is, Dresda, I was a little scared of him, so I just said you weren't here and shut the door."

"Oh, granny!" said Dresda, as reproachful as anything. "And the poor brave old dear is probably half starved. Besides, I always ask anyone in who comes to my door." My apartment and

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Public Confidence

We shall abide by the conviction that the foundation of a greater Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company must rest upon the confidence of the public in our integrity and ability as manufacturers. Upon this solid foundation we have pledged ourselves to build stone by stone.

Public confidence can only be won by building a worthy product, and selling it at a fair price. With the improvements made sixty days ago in all Paige sixes and eights, and the lower prices announced on ten of the twenty models, we believe the soundness of Paige value is plainly evident.

In examining the twenty improved Paige body types, note particularly the two new models that make available a Paige six for the first time for less than a thousand dollars. Paige prices range from $995 to $2665, f. o. b. Detroit.

Joseph B. Graham
Robert C. Graham
Ray A. Graham

P A I G E

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Dresda's are connected by big double doors, because this was once an ordinary dwelling house; so when Dresda's not here I answer her doorbell for her. I believe in telling the truth myself, but I didn't see any sense telling Dresda I hadn't let the man in because I honestly thought he was crazy, so I just kept still, and Dresda went on talking about him while she put her parcels in the kitchenette.

"I must go to see Jevoirtout about solving a new name for Barak. She wasn't really satisfied with the name of Barak, but she wanted him to try it for a while, and it's been the bunk. It's brought him nothing but misfortune."

"Well, I wouldn't call it misfortune—his dodging the brick that hit you," I said. "I think I'd keep the name if it was me."

"That's a generous viewpoint," Dresda admitted, "and of course the name Barak ought to help him, for it gives him a nine vibration, which harmonizes with a life of devotion to universal service, but somehow ——"

I couldn't hear what else she said because she was mostly under the couch, putting her mite of a hat away in a hatbox. Dresda's always been tidy. One thing I do miss in these studio apartments is closet space. As soon as she got up I said, careless-like, "What number did you say Robert Blake's name reduces to?"

In numerology, every letter has a number; a is number one and i is number nine. You don't go higher than nine, so j is number one the same as a, and s is number one too. Numerology is something new in science. Digits are the main thing, and vibrations. In reducing name numbers you add the letters all up and reduce the sum to a digit. Some digits mean good luck and some don't. Of course, it takes a scientist like Jevoirtout, who understands vibrations and is psychic, to get names for you that are exactly in harmony.

I knew that Robert Blake didn't take much stock in numerology, and just as soon as I asked Dresda what his name reduced to, I knew that what I'd been suspicioning was true—they'd quarreled.

"His name reduces to one," Dresda said, "which is the worst possible name number for anyone with a birth number of five. For five is a terrible handicap in itself. It indicates a fickle, unsure, changeable nature underlying great physical attraction."

"Why, I thought that was what four is!" I said.

Dresda got a little red; she's awfully ashamed of her own birth number, though this new name of Dresda, being a nine, helps it a good deal.

"Four is bad enough," she said, "for it's an intensely physical number, and you know yourself, granny, that I wasn't making any headway at all until I took this nine name number, which insures achievement in more than a physical way; but at least my four birth number does give me determination and tenacity and creative power, while Robert's is all to the bad. And his one name number only increases his arrogance and selfishness and egotism ——"

The janitress interrupted her, bringing in a big box of delphiniums; but Dresda didn't seem a bit pleased to get

By That Time Robert Had Somehow Got Up Again and Had Dresda Behind Him

them. "Wait a minute, Molly," she said. "If these come from whom I think they did, you can have them."

But when she looked at the card that was inside a little envelope tied by a blue ribbon, she said, "Oh, the precious old comrade!" And Molly went out, disappointed. The card said, "I adore you. Barak."

"Humph!" I said, relieved. "I guess he's not starving."

"But he probably is," said Dresda; "that's the beautiful selfless Barak all over—to send me flowers when he's probably starving."

"Don't you ever think it!" somebody said; and who should squeeze by Molly while she was still closing the door but Robert Blake. "I met your beautiful selfless Barak not half an hour ago and loaned him twenty dollars."

"How admirable and characteristic in you to tell me about it!" Dresda said. She looked too pretty, hugging the blue flowers up against her, with her big eyes just exactly the same color.

He looked a little shamefaced. "Well, that isn't so good, I admit," he said.

And I said, to help him out, for I didn't blame him: "I don't know why not; anything is good that's true, isn't it, Dresda?"

"Oh, no, granny," said Dresda, "everything false is bad, but that doesn't signify that everything true is good, unless the spirit behind it is good."

She was smiling again, and sweet as anything. It's part of Dresda's principles to keep anger out of her heart, though she never lets anything interfere with telling the truth.

If ever the Temple of Truth Society found a sincere member, it's Dresda. It's a very important society here in New York, founded to help and uplift the laboring people. Most of the members are literary; but some of them, like Robert Blake, belong just because they like to donate their money for a good cause. At least that was why I'd thought he belonged up till then, but I soon found out from what they went on saying that he'd joined for a very different reason.

"Sit down, granny," Dresda said, not paying any attention to Robert, but putting the flowers down as tenderly as if they were a baby. "Mr. Blake is intruding and will go at once."

But Robert just gave me a funny look and closed the door and leaned against it. He certainly was right handsome, and heaven knows he looked honest enough. It's odd how much less menfolks show their transgressions than women. I sat down and I didn't say one word all through their fracas. I've made it a point never to interfere in people's affairs while they know it.

"I may be intruding," Robert Blake said, smiling, "but I'm not going at once—not by a long shot. I'm not going till I tell you what I've come for."

"I know why you've come," Dresda said. She was getting a mite pale. "You've come to humiliate me more, if it's possible, than you did the other night."

"Oh, I say, Doris—I mean Dresda! You know we'd all had too many cocktails the other night. But a girl as broad-minded as you are oughtn't to get sore over a little thing like that. Why, be a sport! With all you have to say about always getting the other fellow's viewpoint, you ought to listen, at least, to my side of it."

Dresda had started for the kitchenette to get a vase of water, but she came back to the center table and put her hands on it and looked straight at him. My, she was pretty, her cheeks all flushed!

"Robert Blake," she said, "you know that I respect everybody's honest ideas. But yours aren't honest. I don't ridicule and belittle even those brainless chattering friends of yours whom you invited me to amuse. No matter how much I disagreed with your principles, if you had any, nothing could make me invite you to my home merely for my friends to humiliate and ridicule you. Oh, how I wish I had never seen you!"

He certainly did seem surprised, and sort of bewildered too. I had suspicioned that something went wrong the night he took her to his house to a big party; but I hadn't thought it amounted to much, because she hadn't told me about it.

"Why, Dori—why, Dresda," he said, real slow, "You're the last person on earth I'd ever ridicule or—or humiliate! And I don't think you do wish you'd never seen me. What about the—the incident that happened last Sunday evening? Do you wish, honestly now, that it hadn't happened?"

I could see it made him embarrassed to ask it, but Dresda wasn't embarrassed at all. I never in my life was so taken aback as I was when she answered, cool as a cucumber:

"No-o, I don't know that I do. You are such a hypocrite, Robert, that you can't realize how sincerely I believe in freedom of honest expression. I wanted you to kiss me and I wanted to kiss you. So I can regard the incident, as you call it, as a pleasant mistake rather than as a disgrace. Of course, now, since I've heard you flaunt your disloyalty to the Temple of Truth and heard you make fun of your sincere comrades, there's nothing contemptible under the sun that I shouldn't prefer kissing—to you."

Robert just leaned back against the door and stared at her; he seemed as dumfounded as I was myself. "Good Lord!" he said. "Good Lord! So that's why I'm exiled, is it? But really now, Dresda, I'm not so bad, as insects go. I give the society more miserable cash for our disreputable comrades than any other hundred members put together, even if I don't make speeches to 'em or write poems about 'em or go to jail for 'em or ——"

Dresda had picked up the blue flowers again, and she was looking at him as if she felt sorry for him. "Money!" she said. "Money! It's all you have, Robert, so I shouldn't blame you, because it's all you can give. You haven't any capacity for sacrifice. But if you don't believe in any of the principles of the Temple of Truth, why did you join?"

This seemed to upset him a little and his cheeks got red. "Hasn't your friend Zilla enlightened you as to that?"

"No," Dresda said—just "no." And she looked right straight at him.

"I joined the Temple of Truth long before I knew you," he said, real fast, as if he couldn't get it said quick enough, "and I did it merely because I could see Eve Osborne there twice a week. Now you have it."

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"Wait a Minute, Molly," She Said. "If These Come From Whom I Think They Did, You Can Have Them"

TO GET THE TRAINS THROUGH . . . SAFELY, SWIFTLY, AND ON TIME

Up ahead in the cab, hand on the throttle of 200 tons of power, eyes on the unfolding miles of track, is the engineman, a keyman in the railroad whose aim is your comfort and security.

The Man in the Cab
in whom the spirit of the railroad lives

A WRITER has made a story of *"The Courage of the Commonplace"*, man's steadfast will in routine work which breeds the courage of the crisis.

No group of men symbolizes that thought more perfectly than railroad enginemen.

Calm, strong, completely efficient, is it any wonder that they are the object of the shy, mute devotion of countless American boys, of the respect of every man?

Pennsylvania enginemen have come up through years of service on the road, years of vital training as firemen in the cab. The hundreds of miles of road "ahead" are impressed indelibly on their minds, every tower and landmark, every mile-post and signal, every second clicked off on the shining rails. They know the route of their trains as you know your way home.

Throttle and brakes, steam lines and gauges, over them all the enginemen keep unceasing vigil. Despite wet, slippery rails, despite the tremendous "pull" necessary to start a resting train, their skill and experience cut the jolts and jars of travel to the minimum. Almost as sensitive in their hands as an instrument of precision are the giant locomotives which they control.

The railroad engineman has earned a leading part in the drama of American life, and no one perhaps carries on the true traditions of railroading better than he.

Look up when you next pass the panting engine at the end of your journey—look up and see a man in whom the spirit of the railroad lives.

Leaders of the largest fleet of trains in America

BROADWAY LIMITED
New York and Chicago—20 hours

•

THE AMERICAN
St. Louis and New York—24 hours

•

LIBERTY LIMITED
Chicago and Washington—19 hours

•

CONGRESSIONAL LIMITED
Washington and New York—4½ hours

•

THE RED ARROW
Detroit, Toledo, Cleveland and the East

•

CINCINNATI LIMITED
Cincinnati and New York—13 hours

Carries more passengers, hauls more freight than any other railroad in America

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

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This didn't seem to have any effect on Dresda. Eve Osborne's one of her richest friends; not very sincere, but right entertaining and not snobbish at all, and she's real generous about donating her money.

Dresda just said, "But why couldn't you see her other places?"

"Couldn't elude Osborne," he told her, grinning a little; "that was the only place he wasn't always sticking round with her."

Dresda didn't smile any, but her voice got a mite friendlier. "I understand Mr. Osborne's very narrow-minded and intolerant," she said, "but that's certainly no reason for you to ridicule and belittle an organization which trusts you and, in this case, enables you to enjoy a congenial companionship otherwise withheld from you."

I didn't quite understand just what she meant, but it made Robert sort of wilt. His nice brown eyes crinkled up queer, and he said in a curious voice, "Lord, you're remarkable! Then you're telling me that Eve hasn't anything to do with it?"

"With what?"

"Why, with—with my lamentable status in your kissing list?"

Dresda didn't seem to think this was anything. In my day decent girls never even spoke about kissing, much less did it. But Dresda's always held that kissing isn't what it used to be, any more than women's clothes are.

"I suppose you're trying now to insinuate that I'm so petty as to be jealous," she said, looking right down angry. "That's too nasty of you, Robert. Just because I happened on you and Eve kissing each other a few minutes before I sneaked out from your horrible party! I was looking for a side door to escape through, when I stumbled on you. It's contemptible of you to drag Eve into it, making me look like a little moron of the 1890 era! As if I could possibly care how you and Eve conduct yourselves! If you want to kiss each other, why on earth shouldn't you? Only I doubt if you're sincere even there, or you wouldn't sneak into secluded corners to do it! Now I want you to go! If you don't, I will. Granny dear, I'll just wait in your apartment until this hypocrite leaves." She started toward my door with the flowers close up against her, but Robert dropped his hat right on the floor and strode after her and caught her. He shook her a little and looked as if he wanted to spank her.

"Now see here, Dresda! Hypocrite nothing! You've got such a jumble of cults and nonsense that you're as mixed up as mush! You wrote me that I didn't respect any of your principles. Maybe I don't. But I respect you enough so that I'm going to marry you and you can just ——"

Goodness, I don't know what would have happened! Dresda let the flowers fall and was struggling to pull away from him, looking perfectly furious, when there was a commotion at the front door and, without any one of us saying "Come in," the door opened and there stood Mrs. Osborne in the shortest dress I about ever saw and looking surprised most to death. And the Barak person—whose last name is Thomas—was staring over her shoulder, mostly at his blue flowers, which Robert and Dresda were standing on.

But Mrs. Osborne didn't look taken aback very long. She gave a pretty little laugh and said to the Barak man, "Well, my dear crusader, shouldn't you say we're slightly *de trop?*"

He didn't get to answer her, for Dresda had run to him and had hold of both his hands. "Never so welcome!" she cried to Mrs. Osborne, friendly and laughing. I declare you wouldn't have thought the whole thing amounted to a row of pins, except for the queer baffled look on Robert's red face; but when he saw Dresda greeting Barak he shrugged his shoulders and looked as unconcerned as the rest of them. I noticed he didn't look at Eve, but she looked at him, keen and quick, just as he gave the delphiniums a little shove with his foot.

"For pity's sake, Eve," Dresda was saying, "do take that plague off my hands and subdue him! You've more time for kissing than I have. I loathe it mornings. . . . Oh, Barak, you brave old bum, I'm so sorry I wasn't here, and granny didn't know who you were. The flowers are lovely—lovely."

Robert was picking the flowers up by this time. "They were lovely—lovely, Thomas old man," he said, "until I jumped up and down on them in a jealous rage. You see, I brought Dresda some flowers yesterday—brought 'em with my own hand—and she threw them out the window."

"I can see I'm losing him," Eve said to Dresda, just as serious as could be.

"Never mind. I bought those with your money," Barak said to Robert.

"You dear honest beggar," Dresda said.

And Robert said to Barak, "All I mind is that the hat you've got your feet in is one of my favorites."

And they all four talked and joked, with no ill will at all, but I could see Mrs. Osborne was nudging round to get away with Robert. She said, right out, that she'd chased him down to keep a luncheon engagement that he was trying to get out of, and in a minute they went out. Barak shut the door with a sigh of relief and looked around as if he were going to sit down and make a visit, but the telephone rang, and it was somebody from the Temple of Truth who'd heard he was back, and they wanted him to rush right down and make a speech at a luncheon they were giving for the needle-and-pin strikers.

Before he went he came over to get acquainted with me. "Mrs. Duncan," he said, "I suppose you know what a glorious future there is ahead of this delightful and inspired granddaughter of yours."

"She's talented," I said. "She always has been. But if she gets hit in the head with many more bricks she's likely not to have any future at all."

Somehow he didn't seem at ease with me, the way Robert Blake always does; and he talked to me in a different voice than he did to the others—sort of overpolite and overpleasant as if I didn't know much.

At the door, he stood fumbling his hat and hesitating. Finally he tucked his hat under his arm and took Dresda's hands. "Dearest girl," he said, "it's faith and courage; and bread and wine to my soul to see you again." He gave a queer look at me from under his mop of black hair. Dresda said, sort of tired-like, "You'll be late, Barak dear. Kiss me if you're going to. Granny won't bite."

And bless my soul if right there in front of my eyes, he didn't lean down over Dresda's sweet little face and kiss her five times—once on each eye and once on each cheek and once on the chin. Then he closed his eyes as if he were praying and made a low bow in front of her. It seemed like some sort of heathen ceremony to me; but I could see Dresda was quite pleased, because she knows her birth number gives her a tendency to be too physical; but to my mind, kissing is something you can't be very psychic about and act natural.

I had made up my mind for a serious talk with Dresda, but she hadn't got the door shut when Zilla Gordon came. Zilla made a great fuss greeting Barak in the hall. Then she rushed in and hopped up on the table and swung her feet. Dresda got a cushion and sat down against my knee, for Zilla always has lots of gossip. Zilla's real boisterous; that's why she had Jevoirtout solve her a seven name, which has kind of mystic and supernatural vibrations. The name means Shadow, but it hasn't toned Zilla down much yet. She's got red shingled hair and lots of freckles and a nice hearty laugh.

"Well, granny," she said, "what do you think of Dresda's boy friend?"

"Which one?" I said. "There's been two of them here, kissing her, in the last ten minutes."

"Don't tell me I've just missed Robert Blake!" Zilla said. "I want to get some cash out of him for our parade committee."

"Wrong deduction," Dresda said. "Granny's mistaken. Robert was here, but he most decidedly was not kissing me!"

"No," I said, "that's true, though he was wanting to bad enough. But he was only asking her to marry him."

Zilla's mouth dropped wide open. "Not re-ally!" she said, as if she couldn't believe it, which made me a little exasperated.

"I don't know what's so surprising about it," I said. "Why shouldn't he?"

"He should," said Zilla, "but I'd no notion he ever would. Why, Dresda, half the heiresses in this town'd give their eyes to get that man, and you sit there looking as if the idea gave you a headache."

"It has," said Dresda. "I can imagine nothing worse."

"Then you've got a diseased imagination," Zilla told her. "Why, I'd marry a wax figure in a show window and be its faithful, affectionate slave if it had millions in its pockets. Just think how those millions could help you to bring about equality. Why, the comrades'll murder you if you let such an opportunity slip."

"Why, Zilla, Robert Blake'd rather have the plague than equality. Equality would mean less money from his father's old railroads. He has no ideas. He doesn't care how corrupt the Government is. And he considers suffrage as a joke."

"Just the same," Zilla interrupted, "he'd never be stingy with his money and you'd soon be able to influence him with your ideas."

"Never! He's stubborn as stone, and you know it. Haven't I begged him for six months to go to Jevoirtout and just try some name that might help him to overcome the extremely physical side of his nature. But will he? No! And he scoffs —— But why waste time talking about him? I'm hungry. Execute some of your stuff while I get luncheon. I want granny to hear the Ghetto Prelude you composed last week."

About the only way to get Zilla off an argument is to start her to playing her pieces on the piano. I don't much enjoy the music she makes up; but Dresda says it interprets the spirit of the times, which is something, even if there isn't any tune. Besides, our rented piano isn't very good, I guess.

Right after luncheon the girls went off to learn to drive Dresda's new secondhand coupé. I wanted to buy her a brand-new one, but she wouldn't hear to it. She's never been extravagant.

I hadn't finished my nap when the telephone rang, and it was Robert Blake. I told him Dresda wouldn't be home till late, most likely, as she was going to pick her Barak friend up at the Temple of Truth and go to dinner with him somewhere.

But he said, "It's you I want to see anyhow, granny. I want to have a talk with you."

So I said, "Well, come along." And it wasn't any time till he did. He brought me a whole lot of double petunias in a box as big as a hatbox. Petunias were Stephen's favorite flowers, and to this day I keep them growing all round his grave. It's the best-kept lot in the Littleville cemetery.

Robert didn't seem to hear me when I asked him how he knew I was partial to petunias. He strode around the room and rumpled up his hair and gave a sigh like an explosion. "Granny," he said, "it's a horrible affliction to be in love with your granddaughter. I'm sinking for the third time and crying for help."

I sat down in the sprawling chair by the window. I haven't seen a decent straight-backed rocking-chair since I've been in New York City. "Well, Robert," I said, "you may think you're in love with Dresda, but it doesn't seem plausible to me that you'd be traipsing round with other men's wives if you were. Times may have changed, and considerably, but human nature, I notice, stays about the same; and I must say I don't approve of your carryings-on with that Eve Osborne."

"Oh, Eve was only part of the plot," he said in a discouraged voice. "I borrowed her to demonstrate some of Doris' wild ideas and bring Doris to her senses. You saw how it worked! And yet I know she loves me. I don't know how I know it, but I do. I knew it even when she was kissing that melancholy sovietist this morning. Don't you believe she does?"

"Yes, I think she does," I said; "but I've no earthly reason to think so. And I know right well she'll never marry you while you antagonize her all the while. Why don't you call her Dresda?"

"Because her name's Doris, and it suits her. I can't go all this digit-and-vibration bunk, granny. You know yourself it's rot. And it's bad enough to be in love with a nut, without becoming one myself."

I was so relieved to find out that he wasn't serious about Mrs. Osborne that I didn't resent his calling Dresda a nut as much as I might have. "Sit down there, Robert," I said. And he sat down on the piano bench and leaned back against the keys, looking at me. Then I said to him: "Robert, my husband was a nut. But I loved him. I couldn't help it, any more than you can help loving Dresda. But I kept nagging at him to make him different from what he was, so he killed himself. I could have made him happy and been happy myself all these forty years. But I used my love to hurt him instead of help him.

"In those days we didn't call people nuts; we just said they were shiftless or crazy. But somehow I've noticed that when you love that sort of people they get a stronger hold on you than ordinary folks do. And if they love you they're more sensitive than ordinary folks, even if they don't show it. Stephen never said much when I used to scold at him because he'd sit scribbling and forget to open the store on time, or go out roaming in the woods and maybe not come back all day. He used to want me to go with him, but I never did, because I was afraid Littleville folks would think I was a nut too. Dresda's father was only two years old when one day Stephen went out in his canoe and they brought him home to me dead. And from that day to this I've known that when you love anybody the Lord intends you should accept them as they are, and not be setting your ways above the Lord's."

And then I showed him the two little poems I keep in the bag round my neck and explained why it was I'd always let Dresda have pretty much her own way. "What good would it have done me," I said, "to have crossed her and denied her? She'd only have turned against me, because she's got a lot of Irish spunk and independence from my side of the family and her mother's. I love her more than anything else in the world, and as it is, I've got her confidence and her love. And if you, Robert, 'd humor her a little, and not make fun of these things she believes in, you'd stand a good deal better chance of weaning her over to your way of thinking."

Robert had listened to me without saying anything, quiet as a cat, and staring at me sort of as if I were changing into another person. Once in a while he seemed embarrassed and looked down at the floor, but when I'd finished he looked straight at me and said, "Granny, I—I think it's awfully decent in you to tell me all those things, and I appreciate it. But, for instance, now, how can I be loyal to my father, who is a prince of a good fellow, and at the same time parade in demonstrations against the industries he believes in and represents?"

"You can't," I said. "I'd draw the line on parades, myself. But don't ridicule them. Just bide your time. There's plenty of things you can do. You can tell Dresda you're sorry about the way you acted at your party the other night, and that you realize now how impolite it was. And you can call her Dresda instead of Doris. She'll get over this Dresda business after while. And you can go to this Jevoirtout and buy yourself another name and ——"

But Robert got up and waved his hands. "No, granny, that's one thing I can't do. I'm the fourth Robert Blake and I haven't got enough courage, physical or moral, to face dad with some fool name that sounds

(Continued on Page 48)

I call this living!

A PIPE and P. A.—what a wonderful combination for pleasure! I often read about "what ten books" a man would choose for companionship if he had to spend the rest of his days on a desert island. I'd want books, of course. But the thing I'd insist on would be a warehouse full of Prince Albert!

I would never be lonely anywhere with my pipe and plenty of P. A. In fact, I'd be lonely in a crowded city *without* them. You'll begin to understand "why" when you get that first fragrant whiff of Prince Albert as you tamp it into your pipe. You'll know for sure when you light up.

Cool as a referee. Sweet as a decision for *your* side. Mild as cambric tea. So mild that you can smoke pipe-load after pipe-load without a stung tongue or a parched throat. Yet P. A. has that rich, full tobacco-body that satisfies to the limit in every pull. A grand old smoke, Men.

I don't know what your present smoke-program is and I'm not going to ask questions. But I'm going to state in no uncertain terms that you don't know how good your pipe *can* taste until you load it to the brim with long-burning P. A. Millions of other contented jimmy-pipers will tell you the same thing. Why don't you find out for yourself?

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.

PRINCE ALBERT

—the national joy smoke!

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Come out of the KITCHEN
Here's Oh Henry! all ready to eat!

When you want candy—*real* candy, what do you do? Make it yourself, of course. But here's Oh Henry!—made of the very things you'd use, made just the way you'd make it. So why fuss with pots and pans?—when here's Oh Henry all ready to eat—and made this good, old-fashioned home-made way:

FUDGE CENTER: 1½ cups pure cane sugar; ½ teaspoon creamery butter; 1 cup rich, full cream milk; 1 cup corn syrup; white of one egg

CARAMEL LAYER: 4 teaspoons creamery butter; 1¼ cups corn syrup; 3 cups rich, full cream milk; ¼ teaspoon salt.

PEANUT LAYER: 3 cups prime No. 1 Spanish whole nuts, roasted in oil (hulls removed)

CHOCOLATE COATING: Melt one pound pure milk chocolate

So when you feel that urge for home-made candy, just say "Oh Henry!" at any candy counter.

Oh Henry!

CANDY MADE THE HOME-MADE WAY

(Continued from Page 46

like a disease. No, granny, no, we'll have to put that in with the parade class."

It took me quite a little while to argue him into doing it, but I finally did. He agreed he'd try it for just one month, and I promised I'd do all in my power to influence Dresda without her knowing it. I said yes, it would be kind of lonesome waiting for Dresda and that I'd go with him to Jevoirtout's. I don't much enjoy automobile riding here in New York, but Robert's a wonderful driver and all the policemen smile at him. He has a lot of cars, but this day he had a bright red roadster. Zilla told me it cost ten thousand dollars, but I doubt it. It didn't even have glass doors.

Jevoirtout's studios are way downtown, where the streets get narrower, not very far from the Temple of Truth rooms, which really aren't a temple but are up high in an old building that's condemned. I stayed in the roadster and waited for Robert. He had an awful time parking and had to see a policeman friend before he could find any place. I'd been up to Jevoirtout's studios once with Dresda, but I don't feel at home with foreigners, and she looked at me just the way I've seen people look at giraffes.

Jevoirtout's stout, and wears just mostly veils that are all shades of green, and her head veil comes close around her face, and she wears about eleven green rings and lots of bracelets. And she wears sandals, but not any stockings at all. I feel too out of place with her to be comfortable, so I told Robert I'd rather wait.

"Now you want to get a name that makes you win by ingenuity," I kept reminding him; "a number-two name; don't let her talk you into anything else. I've been studying Dresda's green book on numerology, and for what we want, there isn't anything as good as a name that reduces to two."

"Granny, I think you're sold on the bunk yourself," Robert said; "but I'll tell the old dame it's a two or nothing."

He was gone about half an hour, but I had a nice time watching folks.

Jevoirtout solves names in a darkish room, where you can just barely see in a queer dim light. She stands in front of a big white blackboard with a long pointer in her hand that has a green light on the end of it. She touches the blackboard with the pointer and a red letter comes out on the blackboard. If she doesn't like the letter—that is, if it isn't a good one for the person—the organ that you can't see stops playing music and somebody that you can't see rubs out the letter. Then the music begins again and another letter comes. Dresda's name took two hours and cost twenty-five dollars. I was surprised when Robert came back so soon.

"I told her I had exactly half an hour and fifty dollars," he said, climbing into the car and starting off as if something were after him, "but I could have saved time and money by saying ten minutes and seven-fifty. Of all the ——"

"Now, Robert,——" I started to say.

"Now, granny," he mimicked me, "you'll only impede progress by scolding that fellow named Robert. I'm henceforth the ingenious Ashor—A-s-h-o-r—born of scarlet letters and organ music, destined to win all my desires and escape all hazards by craft and cunning instead of hideous physical strength. But don't get it confused with Ashcan, granny; it's Ashor, not Ashcan, who's full of successful vibrations."

I knew he was just talking foolishness to ease his feelings, when all of a sudden the car in front of us stopped short without any signal at all. Robert said, "Damn such drivers!" and put on his brakes so hard that I most went through the windshield and the car behind us bumped into us like everything. When I got my pocketbook picked up and my glasses on my nose once more, we'd started again. The car in front of us was jerking along like a rabbit.

"Now that's one time," Robert was saying, "when Ashor escaped a desire as well as a hazard, thereby nearly landing in the ash can."

"Oh, this is no time for joking, Rob—Ashor," I said. "This truckload of mattresses on my side is just about to tip over on us, and there's something wrong with that car ahead of us. Can't we find a quieter street?"

"Not unless we fly," Robert said. "All that's the matter with that car is the driver, and it's going to take all of little Ashor's ingenuity to keep her from killing him before he has a chance to try his new system. Don't you recognize your granddaughter?"

And I do declare, if it wasn't Dresda! The back of her little blue felt hat might have been anybody's, but it was her new secondhand coupé, and the bareheaded man with her was Barak Thomas. I could see his profile real plain, but Dresda's back was square to us.

"Little idiot," muttered Robert, "to let herself in for this traffic when she doesn't know the brake from the gear shift. I thought you said she had Zilla with her."

I told him she must have let Zilla out when she picked up Barak at the Temple of Truth rooms, where he'd been making his speech to the needle-and-pin strikers.

"Most modern maiden," he said, "risking her life, and his, too, I hope, to save him a five-cent Subway ride. Oh, why—why in the devil do I love her, granny?"

"Because you can't help it," I said. "She's certainly never tried to lead you on."

"She certainly hasn't! She's made me miserable for months and all I seem to want is a lifetime of misery. Look at that spineless cactus! He's making her perfectly happy in the face of death by reciting his formulas for the sure damnation of the workingman. If I thought I could cripple him without hurting her, I swear I'd let her smash us up. . . . Whoop!"

Barak had been waving his long hands around and throwing back his mop of black hair, and I guess poor little Dresda must have looked up from the road an instant, for she ran so close to the sidewalk that she knocked the banana right out of an Italian baby's mouth. Its mother shrieked and a lot of people began running after Dresda's car, shaking their fists, and the coupé began jumping again. The man on the mattress truck stood up and yelled, "Officer! Officer! Stop this skirt! She's drunk!" Then everybody shouted.

Robert wasn't saying anything now and was looking pretty worried. "Sit tight, granny," he said. "If anything happens I'll speak to the policeman."

But the next instant Dresda hit the apple cart. I couldn't think what on earth had happened. We couldn't see the apple cart from where we were. I'd been expecting the mattresses to fall on us any minute, but when apples began flying through the air and popping right in on us like bullets, I just couldn't imagine. Robert jumped out of the car and I saw Barak jump out of Dresda's car. Then I saw people pulling and clawing at Dresda and I began praying as hard as I could. One old man with a long dirty beard shrieked louder than anybody else and crawled around the mob just like a spider, shouting and cursing and picking up apples. I heard Dresda scream, "Oh, Robert, Robert! Help me!" But there seemed to be hundreds of mad people between them. Robert fought to get to her; I saw his coat get pulled off, and then his shirt got all torn, and then somebody knocked him down, and the Italian baby's mother was shaking Dresda like a fury. Then I saw Dresda sink down out of sight.

So I quit praying and took my umbrella that has a good stout handle with a silver knob on the end of it, and I started for Dresda. I'm a tall woman and my hair's snow white and I'm real thin. But I'm strong and healthy. An apple had knocked my hat off. "Get out of my way!" I said, and they did. I guess I surprised them as much as anything, but the umbrella helped a good deal. By that time Robert had somehow got up again and had Dresda behind him. It was a regular fight. Dresda was standing on the running board of an empty limousine whose chauffeur was out in the street fighting on Robert's side

Dresda's forehead was cut and the blood was trickling down over her cheek. She was watching Robert so hard that she didn't see me at all, which I was real glad of, because it simplified things in the end; for when the old man with whiskers hit Robert in the temple with an iron weight and Robert crumpled down at Dresda's feet she pulled him into the limousine and shut the door and must have sat on the floor with him, because the policemen didn't see them at all.

And the only thing the policemen seemed much concerned about was to get traffic started again. And there was I with a policeman a-hold of each arm, left with Dresda's coupé and Robert's roadster, with Dresda and Robert gone safely away in the big blue limousine. And the old apple-cart man, with policemen a-hold of both his arms too, was jumping up and down and trying to tell them in a language they couldn't understand that Robert and Dresda had got away.

I didn't have any trouble with the policemen at all. I told them I was perfectly willing to pay for the apple cart, and more besides, and that if this had opened my granddaughter's eyes so that she knew the man she loved when she saw him, I'd send the old wretch two apple carts.

I was anxious to get to my apartment before Robert came to and told Dresda about my being with him, so one of the policemen drove me home in Dresda's coupé, and another one brought Robert's roadster. Mr. Patrick, who drove us, came from Minton, just twenty-six miles south of Littleville. He was certainly a nice, respectful young man. He telephoned to the apartment for me and got Zilla Gordon, and it was a good thing he did, for Robert had come to and they'd just missed me. Zilla said the doctor found Robert had a sprained shoulder and a broken finger.

When I got home Zilla and the doctor were talking in the hall, so I went into my apartment and closed the door. I felt pretty well tuckered out. But before I lay down I went to the double doors and peeked through the curtains into Dresda's room. Robert was lying on the couch, considerably bandaged up, and Dresda was kneeling beside him, her sweet little face touching his.

"I wish," Robert was saying in a weak voice—"I wish you could have seen her, Doris I mean Dresda."

"No," she said: "Dresda died. Didn't you know? She died of sudden understanding, when I saw Barak running away from me and you running toward me—died dead."

"Oh, that's an awful blow for Ashor," he said; "he'll have nothing to live for. But hanged if I'll let the name die, Doris. It's too potent. Let's get the best dog we can buy and start an Ashor pedigree. If it hadn't been for Ashor, we'd never have been rid of that queer girl Dresda."

Doris kissed him. "But granny was at the bottom of it. I wish she'd come, Robert. It'd be just like her not to let them tell us she was hurt."

"She's not hurt," Robert said. "Lord, she's a wonderful old girl! And I do wish you had seen her, wading right through that mob as unconcerned as Moses strolling through the Red Sea. We'll have to show her a mighty fine time the rest of her life, to half make this up to her."

And Dresda said, "Oh, Robert, you don't half know! She's always been so wonderful to me! I'm not a bit the kind of girl she'd like to have had for a granddaughter, but she's never let me see it and she's never made me unhappy once in my whole life. But always in the end she works things round to her own way—like now."

"God bless her," Robert said. "We'd best never let her out of our sight."

And that night, for the first time in over forty years, when I woke up and thought of Stephen's little poem, it didn't make me ashamed. I whispered it over, and it comforted me:

Cecily, to me, of sun and stars you are a part,
Of wind and song and trees; and of my heart.

ITS POINTS OF DIFFERENCE ARE POINTS OF EXCELLENCE

that's the amazing thing about its low price

TWO-DOOR SEDAN

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Compare *values* as well as prices. Compare the body and its appointments. Compare the chassis in every detail; its powerful six-cylinder engine; its four-wheel brakes; its every known factor of motor car merit. You know, as well as anyone, that these features will bring you, not only satisfaction, but enjoyment. And look as you will, compare as you may, you'll find no match for Oldsmobile at such low prices. On one score or another Oldsmobile rises above the contrasted value. In looks—in performance—in features that make for economy and long life, or in completeness of equipment, such as bumpers, front and rear—in every case, you'll find some point of difference. And these points of difference are points of *excellence.*

OLDSMOBILE SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

THE CAR THAT FOUND ITSELF

A FAMOUS BRITISH AUTHOR believes that the gleaming engines which speed men through the skies, over the seven seas and down the highways of the world—have souls. And so, perhaps, he'll pardon this tale of ours which was suggested by his story, "The Ship That Found Herself"

IF YOU COULD GET INSIDE A NEW MOTOR

THERE is much snobbishness among cars. The sedans question the morals of the roadsters. The roadsters think the limousines are old fogeys. While the landaulets glare coldly through their headlights and speak to no one under any consideration. Which, in a way, explains the appalling number of crumpled fenders and bushed-in headlights wherever cars get together.

And so it happened that the new Spitfire "Six" got none too friendly a reception when it was rolled into the Acme Garage.

"Crack my springs! If it ain't a hook-and-ladder!" exclaimed an old coupe, glaring at the Spitfire's shiny red paint.

"Assembled job!" snorted a landaulet through its exhaust.

While a rattlely old delivery truck backed deliberately into the Spitfire with an elaborate "Scuse it, son!"

TO all of which the Spitfire could reply nothing. For, as you may or may not know, a car doesn't *really* come to life until it has traveled a thousand miles. Until then, a new car is simply a collection of wheels and gears and valves and bearings. And all those parts are strangers and they must become acquainted with each other, which they do with much quarreling and squabbling and friction.

If you could get inside a new motor and listen closely, you would hear a hundred small voices, buzzing and squeaking and popping and gurgling and whispering and coughing.

And because all those parts are born in different wings of a great manufacturing plant, they each have a distinctive way of speaking. The malleable iron parts for the most part say little and are inclined to be stolid and rather dull. The steel parts have sharp tongues and become disagreeable when crossed. While the aluminum parts are light-headed fellows who giggle a lot and pride themselves on their wit.

AND when the Spitfire "Six" finally slid out of the garage on its maiden trip all its parts began to talk among themselves.

It was the rear piston that opened the conversation.

"By my shims and bushings!" he exclaimed irritably to the gasoline in the combustion-chamber above him, "Do you have to keep on socking me 25 times a second?"

"If I didn't, flat-head!" exploded the gasoline, "You'd never make a single move!"

"And in that case," groaned the crankshaft, who was beginning to get very dizzy, "I might be able to quit this idiotic whirling round and round."

"What are you fellows kicking about!" popped up an intake valve from the top of a cylinder. "I no sooner get opened up here than I have to shut up."

"You can shut up for good, as far as I'm concerned," growled the exhaust valve. "I'm sick an' tired of opening every time you close!"

It wasn't until one of the main-bearings began to complain of the heat that a new voice spoke up. It was a cool, calm, liquid voice, but it addressed the others with authority, "Listen, you rookies, when a main-bearing starts to get hot under the collar it's time to stop your scrapping!"

"And who," inquired a lower piston-ring, "might you be, anyhow?"

"Oh, I'm nobody," chuckled the cool voice, and the sound seemed to come from all parts of the engine. "I'm nobody but the oil that keeps you bright young parts from reducing each other to scrap-metal. And I might add," went on the oil, "that if No. 2 spark-plug would only get in step, No. 2 cylinder might get rid of that cough."

A SILENCE followed this last bit of advice until finally the spark-plug whispered, "You know, I believe the fellow's right!"

"I know blame well he's right!" exclaimed No. 2 cylinder, who had at last stopped coughing.

"Feel cooler, main-bearing?" inquired the oil soothingly. "There's nothing wrong, you know, with those other parts, if they'll once get the idea of playing the game together. Now when I first started in this business—"

And so the oil flattered them and coached them and smoothed out friction and cooled them off when they rubbed each other the wrong way until they had clicked off twenty, a hundred, two hundred, five hundred miles.

And at five hundred the oil announced with a sigh, "Well! I've done my watch. Here's where I get relieved by fresh oil. It's a bit fatiguing, you know, pulling you mavericks together. But you've the makings of a good smart motor. Listen to the advice of the new oil. Keep your valves clean and your bearin's cool, and you'll soon be blowin' your exhaust in the faces of the best of 'em. S'long!"

THE new oil took up the motor's schooling where the old oil drained off. There were still a lot of rough spots. But on the whole the various parts listened to the new oil's advice, learned to mind their own business, and the camshaft even gave the valves a lift!

And then there came a day when the speedometer shouted from the dash, "A thousand miles and all's well!"

The accelerator leaped to the floor board. The pistons flew at their work. The plugs crackled fat hot sparks. The whole car pulsed with life.

THEN, in the rush of wind through the radiator came a new voice, low and vibrant, "You know, I believe I just awakened!"

The oil knew, of course, what had happened, for when a motor *finds* itself all the chatter of the parts ceases and melts into one voice—which is the voice of the car itself.

"Who are you?" asked the oil with a laugh.

"I am the Spitfire 'Six,' of course. And I think I was pretty slow in coming to."

"Slow means sure!" said the oil philosophically. "Though I'll admit for a while I thought I'd have to talk to lugs and cotter pins the rest of my life. But I'm glad you found yourself. What do you say to a spin!"

And as they sped away there came the low contented song that a good motor sings when it sniffs the open road.

• • •

WHICH proves the importance of oil in bringing up a young motor in the way it should go.

Yet many motor oils are not qualified for the task. The protective film which they form over the vital parts of a motor cannot withstand the constant attacks of deadly heat and friction. The oil film breaks or burns. Then bearings, pistons and cylinder walls are exposed directly to the merciless lash of searing heat. Raw metal chafes against raw metal. Friction begins its dogged work of destruction. And you find that your motor is broken down almost before it's broken in.

THAT is why lubrication engineers recommend the use of Veedol, the oil that forms the "film of protection"—an oil film *thin as tissue, smooth as silk, tough as steel*—a film that masters deadly heat and friction.

Every drop of Veedol is tested to withstand heat 100 degrees hotter than the hottest friction spot in your motor. And it is that definite margin of extra heat-resistance that makes Veedol the safest of all oils to use in your new motor.

Ask for Veedol *by name* where you see the familiar orange and black sign. Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation, Eleven Broadway, New York. Branches or warehouses in all principal cities.

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MARACOT DEEP

(Continued from Page 23)

thousand years from the present date. Yes, I think we may say that our eyes have seen the reproduction of a tragedy which occurred eight thousand years ago. But of course, to build up a civilization such as we see the traces of must in itself have taken many thousands of years. Thus,' he concluded—'and I pass the claim on to you—we have extended the horizon of ascertained human history as no men have ever done since history began.'

"It was about a month, according to our calculations, after our visit to the buried city that the most amazing and unexpected thing of all occurred. We had thought by this time that we were immune to shocks and that nothing new could really stagger us, but this actual fact went far beyond anything for which our imagination might have prepared us.

"It was Scanlan who brought the news that something momentous had happened. You must realize that by this time we were, to some extent, at home in the great building; that we knew where the common rest rooms and recreation rooms were situated; that we attended concerts—their music was very strange and elaborate—and theatrical entertainments, where the unintelligible words were translated by very vivid and dramatic gestures; and that, speaking generally, we were part of the community.

"We visited various families in their own private rooms, and our lives—I can speak for my own, at any rate—were made the brighter by the glamour of these strange people, especially of that one dear young lady whose name I have already mentioned. Mona was the daughter of one of the leaders of the tribe, and I found in his family a warm and kindly welcome which rose above all differences of race or language. When it comes to the most tender language of all, I did not find that there was so much difference between old Atlantis and modern America. I guess that what would please a New England girl of Brown's College is just about what would please my lady under the waves.

"But I must get back to the fact that Scanlan came into our room with news of some great happening.

"'Say, there is one of them just blown in, and he's that excited that he clean forgot to take his glass top off, and he was jabbering for some minutes before he understood that no one could hear him. Then it was blah-blah-blah as long as his breath would hold, and they are all following him now to the jumping-off place. It's me for the water, for there is sure something worth our seeing.'

"Running out, we found our friends all hurrying down the corridor with excited gestures, and we, joining the procession, soon formed part of the crowd who were hurrying across the sea bottom, led by the excited messenger. They drove along at a rate which made it no easy matter for us to keep up, but they carried their electric lanterns with them, and even though we fell behind, we were able to follow the gleam.

"The route lay as before, along the base of the basalt cliffs until we came to a spot where a set of steps, concave from long usage, led up to the top. Ascending these, we found ourselves in broken country, with many jagged pinnacles of rock and deep crevasses which made it difficult traveling. Emerging from this tangle of ancient lava, we came out on a circular plain, brilliant in the phosphorescent light, and there in the very center of it lay an object which set me gasping. As I looked at my companions, I could see from their amazed expression how fully they shared my emotion.

"Half embedded in the slime, there lay a good-sized steamer. It was tilted upon its side; the funnel had broken and was hanging at a strange angle, and the foremast had snapped short off, but otherwise the vessel was intact and as clean and fresh as if she had just left the dock. We hurried toward her and found ourselves under the stern. You can imagine how we felt when we read the name Stratford, London. Our ship had followed ourselves into the Maracot Deep.

"Of course, after the first shock, the affair did not seem so incomprehensible. We remembered the falling glass, the reefed sails of the experienced Norwegian skipper, the strange black cloud upon the horizon. Clearly there had been a sudden cyclone of phenomenal severity and the Stratford had been blown over. It was too evident that all her people were dead, for most of the boats were trailing in different states of destruction from the davits, and in any case, what boat could live in such a hurricane?

"The tragedy had occurred, no doubt, within an hour or two of our own disaster. Perhaps the sounding line which we had seen had only just been wound in before the blow fell. It was terrible, but whimsical that we should be still alive while those who were mourning our destruction had themselves been destroyed. We had no means of telling whether the ship had drifted in the upper levels of the ocean or whether she had lain for some time where we found her before she was discovered by the Atlantean.

"Poor Howie, the captain, or what was left of him, was still at his post upon the bridge, the rail grasped firmly in his stiffened hands. His body and those of three stokers in the engine room were the only ones which had sunk with the ship. They were removed under our direction and buried under the ooze, with a wreath of sea flowers over their remains. I give this detail in the hope that it may be some comfort to Mrs. Howie in her bereavement. The names of the stokers were unknown to us.

"While we had been performing this duty the little men had swarmed over the ship. Looking up, we saw them everywhere, like mice upon a cheese. Their excitement and curiosity made it clear to us that it was the first modern ship—possibly the first steamer—which had ever come down to them. We found out later that their oxygen apparatus inside their vitrine bells would not allow of a longer absence from the recharging station than a few hours, and so their chances of learning anything of what was on the sea bed were limited to so many miles from their central base. They set to work at once breaking up the wreck and removing all that would be of use to them, a very long process, which is hardly accomplished yet. We were glad also to make our way to our cabins and to get many of those articles of clothing and books which were not ruined beyond redemption.

"Among the other things which we rescued from the Stratford was the ship's log, which had been written up to the last day by the captain in view of our own catastrophe. It was strange, indeed, that we should be reading it and that he should be dead. The day's entry ran thus:

"'Oct. 3: The three brave but foolhardy adventurers have today, against my will and advice, descended in their apparatus to the bottom of the ocean, and the accident which I had foreseen has occurred. God rest their souls. They went down at eleven A.M. and I had some doubts about permitting them, as a squall seemed to be coming up. I would that I had acted upon my impulse, but it would only have postponed the inevitable tragedy. I bade each of them farewell with the conviction that I would see them no more.

"'For a time all was well, and at 11:45 they had reached a depth of 300 fathoms, where they had found bottom. Doctor Maracot sent several messages to me and all seemed to be in order, when suddenly I heard his voice in agitation, and there was considerable jerking of the wire hawser. An instant later it snapped. It would appear that they were by this time over a deep chasm, for at the doctor's request the ship had steamed very slowly forward. The air tubes continued to run out for a distance which I should estimate at half a mile, and then they also snapped. It is the last which we can ever hope to hear of Doctor Maracot, Mr. Headley or Mr. Scanlan.

"'And yet a most extraordinary thing must be recorded, the meaning of which I have not had time to weigh, for with this foul weather coming up there is much to distract me. A deep-sea sounding was taken at the same time, and the depth recorded was 27,600 feet. The weight was, of course, left at the bottom, but the wire has just been drawn in, and incredible as it may seem, above the porcelain sample cup there was found Mr. Headley's handkerchief with his name marked upon it. The ship's company are all amazed and no one can suggest how such a thing could have occurred. In my next entry I may have more to say about this. We have lingered a few hours in the hope of something coming to the surface, and we have pulled up the hawser, which shows a jagged end. Now I must look to the ship, for I have never seen a worse sky and the barometer is at 28.5 and sinking fast.'

"So it was that we got the final news of our former companions. A terrific cyclone must have struck the ship and destroyed her immediately afterward.

"We stayed at the wreck until a certain stuffiness within our vitrine bells and a feeling of increasing weight upon our chests warned us that it was high time to begin our return. Then it was, on our homeward journey, that we had an adventure which showed us the sudden dangers to which these submarine folk are exposed, and which may explain why their numbers, in spite of the lapse of time, were not greater than they were. Including the Grecian slaves, we cannot reckon those numbers at more than four or five thousand at the most.

"We had descended the staircase and were making our way along the edge of the jungle which skirts the basalt cliffs, when Manda pointed excitedly upward and beckoned furiously to one of our party who was some distance out in the open. At the same time he and those around him ran to the side of some high bowlders, pulling us along with them. It was only when we were in their shelter that we saw the cause of the alarm.

"Some distance above us, but descending rapidly, was a huge fish of a most peculiar shape. It might have been a great floating feather bed, soft and bulging, with a white under surface and a long red fringe, the vibration of which propelled it through the water. It appeared to have neither mouth nor eyes, but it soon showed that it was formidably alert. The member of our party who was out in the open ran for the same shelter that we had taken, but he was too late. I saw his face convulsed with terror as he realized his fate. The horrible creature descended upon him, enveloped him on all sides and lay upon him, pulsing in a dreadful way as if it were thrusting his body against the coral rocks and grinding it to pieces.

"The tragedy was taking place within a few yards of us, and yet our companions were so overcome by the suddenness of it that they seemed to be bereft of all power of action. It was Scanlan who rushed out, and jumping on the creature's broad back blotched with red and brown markings, dug the sharp end of his metal staff into its soft tissues. I had followed Scanlan's example, and finally Maracot and all of them attacked the monster, which glided slowly off, leaving a trail of oily and glutinous excretion behind it.

"Our help had come too late, however, for the impact of the great fish had broken the vitrine bell of the Atlantean and he had

Watch This Column

Our Weekly Letter

Scene from

"The Chinese Parrot"

Earl Derr Biggers' Saturday Evening Post Story in a Universal Picture

The manager of your favorite moving-picture theatre can't always guess the state of your mind nor what kind of pictures you would like to see. A little cooperation from you will work wonders for both.

In a sense you are just as deeply interested in his theatre as he is himself. The more suggestions you offer him, the better he is satisfied. *You* are the customer, and the more you are pleased, the more money he will make.

If you want to see a UNIVERSAL PICTURE to which you have been attracted, you ought to tell him so by post card or telephone or, better still, in person when you visit his theatre. He can't assume that he knows what you want, but he will have to *guess* if you don't let him know.

A movie-theatre and the neighborhood around it form a Community of Interest. It ought to be a Cooperative Community for the sake of mutual interest.

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If you will drop me a line I will give you the list of forthcoming UNIVERSALS. It will be your guide to a season of unparalleled entertainment.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

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been drowned. It was a day of mourning when we carried his body back into the temple, but it was also a day of triumph for us, for our prompt action had raised us greatly in the estimation of our companions.

"As to the strange fish, we had Doctor Maracot's assurance that it was a specimen of the blanket fish well-known to ichthyologists, but of a size such as had never entered into his dreams.

"I speak of this creature because it chanced to bring about a tragedy, but I could, and perhaps will, write a book upon the wonderful life which we have seen here. Many of the marine forms are of surpassing loveliness, and others so grotesque in their horror that they are like the images of delirium and of a danger such as no land animal can rival.

"I have seen a black sting ray thirty feet long with a horrible fang upon its tail, one blow of which would kill any living creature. I have seen, too, a froglike beast with protruding green eyes, which is simply a gaping mouth with a huge stomach behind it. To meet it is death unless one has an electric flash with which to repel it. I have seen the blind red eel which lies among the rocks and kills by the emission of poison, and I have seen also the giant sea scorpion, one of the terrors of the deep, and the hagfish which lurks among the sea jungle.

"Once, too, it was my privilege to see the real sea serpent, a creature which has seldom appeared before the human eye, for it lives in the extreme depths and is seen on the surface only when some submarine convulsion has driven it out of its haunts. Two of them swam—or rather, glided—past us one day while Mona and I cowered among the bunches of lamellaria. They were enormous—some ten feet in height and two hundred in length, black above, silver-white below, with a high fringe upon the back, and small eyes no larger than those of an ox.

"Week glided into week in our new life. It had become a very pleasant one, and we were slowly picking up enough of this long-forgotten tongue to enable us to converse a little with our companions. There were endless subjects both for study and for amusement in the temple, and already Maracot has mastered so much of the old chemistry that he declares he can revolutionize all worldly ideas if he can only transmit his knowledge.

"Among other things, they have learned to split the atom, and though the energy released is less than our scientists had anticipated, it is still sufficient to supply them with a great reservoir of power. Their acquaintance with the power and nature of the ether is also far ahead of ours, and indeed that strange translation of thought into pictures by which we had told them our story and they theirs was due to an etheric impression translated back into terms of matter.

"And yet, in spite of their knowledge, there were points connected with modern scientific developments which had been overlooked by their ancestors.

"It was left to Scanlan to demonstrate the fact. For weeks he was in a state of suppressed excitement, bursting with some great secret and chuckling continually at his own thoughts. We saw him only occasionally during this time, for he was extremely busy, and his one friend and confidant was a fat and jovial Atlantean named Berbrix, who was in charge of some of the machinery. Scanlan and Berbrix, though their intercourse was carried on chiefly by signs and mutual back-slapping, had become very close friends and were now continually closeted together.

"One evening Scanlan came in radiant. 'Look here, doc,' he said to Maracot, 'I've a dope of my own that I want to hand to these folk. They've shown us a thing or two, and I figure that it is up to us to return it. What's the matter with calling them together tomorrow night for a show?'

"'Jazz, or the Charleston?' I asked.

"'Charleston nothing! Wait till you see it! Man, it's the greatest stunt—but there, I won't say a word more. Just this, bo: I won't let you down, for I've got the goods, and I mean to deliver them.'

"Accordingly the community were assembled next evening in the familiar hall. Scanlan and Berbrix were on the platform beaming with pride. One or other of them touched a button, and then—well, to use Scanlan's own language: 'I hand it to him, for he did some surprise us!'

"'2.L.O. speaking,' cried a clear voice. 'London speaking to the British Isles. Weather forecast.' Then followed the usual sentence about depressions and anticyclones. 'First News Bulletin. Copyright by Reuter, Daily Telegraph and Associated Press. His Majesty the King this morning opened the new wing of the Children's Hospital in Hammersmith ——' And so on and on, in the familiar strain. For the first time we were back in a workaday England. Then we heard the foreign news, the sporting news. The old world was droning on the same as ever. Our friends the Atlanteans listened in amazement, but without comprehension. When, however, as the first item after the news, the Guards' Band struck up the march from Lohengrin, a positive shout of delight broke from the people, and it was funny to see them rush upon the platform and turn over the curtains and look behind the screens to find the source of the music. Yes, we have left our mark forever upon the submarine civilization.

"'No, sir,' said Scanlan afterward, 'I could not make a distributing station. They haven't the material and I haven't the brains. But down at home I rigged a two-valve set of my own with the aerial beside the clothesline in the yard, and I learned to handle it and to pick up any station in the States. It seemed to me funny if, with all this electricity to hand, and with their glass work ahead of ours, we couldn't vamp up something that would catch an ether wave, and a wave would sure travel through water just as easy as through air. Old Berbrix nearly threw a fit when we got the first call, but he is wise to it now, and I guess it's a permanent institution.'

"Among the discoveries of the Atlantean chemists is a gas which is nine times lighter than hydrogen and which Maracot has named levigen. It was his experiments with this which gave us the idea of sending glass balls with information as to our fate to the surface of the ocean.

"'I have made Manda understand the idea,' said he. 'He has given orders to the silica workers, and in a day or two the globes will be ready.'

"'But how can we get our news inside?' I asked.

"'There is a small aperture left through which the gas is inserted. Into this we can push the papers. Then these skillful workers can seal up the hole. I am assured that when we release them they will shoot up to the surface.'

"'And bob about unseen for a year.'

"'That might be. But the ball would reflect the sun's rays. It would surely attract attention. We were on the line of shipping between Europe and South America. I see no reason why, if we send several, one at least may not be found.'

"And this, my dear Talbot, or you others who read this narrative, is how it comes into your hands. But a far more fateful scheme may lie behind it. The idea came from the fertile brain of the American mechanic.

"'Say, friends,' said he, as we sat alone in our chamber, 'it's dandy down here, and the drink is good and the eats are good, and I've met a wren that makes anything in Philadelphia look like two cents, but all the same there are times when I want to feel that I might see God's own country once more.'

"'We may all feel that way,' said I, 'but I don't see how you can hope to make it.'

"'Looks here, bo, if these balls of gas could carry up our message, maybe they could carry us up also. Don't think I'm joshing, for I've figured it out to rights. We will suppose we put three or four of them together so as to get a good lift, see? Then we have our vitrine bells on and harness ourselves onto the balls. When the bell rings we cut loose and up we go. What is going to stop us between here and the surface?'

"'A shark, maybe.'

"'Blah! Sharks nothing! We would streak past any shark so's he'd hardly know we was there. He'd think we was three flashes of light and we'd get such a lick on that we'd shoot fifty feet up in the air at the other end. I tell you the goof that sees us come up is going to say his prayers over it.'

"'But suppose it is possible, what will happen afterwards?'

"'For Pete's sake, leave afterwards out of it! Let's chance our luck or we are here for keeps. It's me for cutting loose and having a dash at it.'

"'I certainly greatly desire to return to the world, if only to lay our results before the learned societies,' said Maracot. 'It is only my personal influence which can make them realize the fund of new knowledge which I have acquired. I should be quite in favor of any such attempt as Scanlan has indicated.'

"Perhaps the bright eyes of Mona prejudiced my judgment, but I was the least eager of the three. 'It would be perfect madness as you propose it. Unless we had someone expecting us on the surface, we should infallibly drift about and perish from hunger and thirst.'

"'Shucks, man, how could we have someone expecting us?'

"'Perhaps even that could be managed,' said Maracot. 'We can give within a mile or two the exact latitude and longitude of our position.'

"'And they would let down a ladder,' said I, with some bitterness.

"'Ladder nothing! The boss is right. See here, Mr. Headley, you put in that letter that you are going to send the universe—my, don't I see the scare lines in the journals!—that we are at 27 north latitude and 28.14 west longitude, or whatever other figure is the right one. Got that? Then you say that three of the most important folk in history—the great man of science Maracot, and the rising star bug collector Headley, and Bill Scanlan, a peach of a mechanic and the pride of Merribank's—are all yellin' and whoopin' for help from the bottom of the sea. Follow my idee?'

"'Well, what then?'

"'Well, then it's up to them, you see. It's kind of a challenge that they can't forget. Same as I've read of Stanley finding Livingstone, and the like. It's for them to find some way to yank us out or to catch us at the other end if we can take the jump ourselves.'

"'We could suggest the way ourselves,' said the professor. 'Let them drop a deep-sea line into these waters and we will look out for it. When it comes we can tie a message to it and bid them stand by for us.'

"'You've said a mouthful!' cried Bill Scanlan. 'That's sure the way to do it.'

"'And if any lady cared to share our fortunes, four would be as easy as three,' said Maracot, with a roguish smile at me.

"'For that matter, five is as easy as four,' said Scanlan. 'But you've got it now, Mr. Headley. You write that down, and in six months we shall be back in London river once more.'

"So now we launch our two balls into that water which is to us what the air is to you. Our two little balloons will go aloft. Will both be lost on the way? It is possible. Or may we hope that one will get through? We leave it on the knees of the gods. If nothing can be done for us, then let those who care for us know that in any case we are safe and happy. If, on the other hand, this suggestion could be carried out and the money and energy for our rescue should be forthcoming, we have given you the means by which it can be done. Meanwhile, good-by—or is it *au revoir?*"

So ended the narrative in the vitrine ball.

THE END

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ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

THE USES OF INQUIRY

Continued from Page 21.

exactly what had happened. Nothing less than actual presence on the spot would have contented him. But failing that, he was bound to discover all that might be discovered secondhand; and the possibility that Varey had passed a night at Baal's farm laid such hold upon his hungry imagination that he could not put the business from his mind.

His gnawing curiosity drove him next day to go groping again in the same direction, seeking some crumb of fact to satisfy his appetite. He took the upper road past the byway that led to Baal's place; and he hesitated at the fork there, of half a mind to venture that way as he had sometimes ventured heretofore. But Belter, for all the zeal which drove him, had a fondness for his own skin. Baal did not welcome visitors, might resent even a casual passer-by; and Belter would not willingly risk the violence to which he might provoke the man.

So he pushed on and crossed the stream and took another road along the western slope of the valley which ran parallel to that on which Baal's farm lay. From one high point on this road he could look back and down and catch a glimpse of the roof of Baal's barn across the lower land, and Belter there pulled up his horse and sat for a fretful while. The valley lay below him, a tangle of cedar and spruce and alder and birch and fir; save where Baal's meadow and pasture made an opening, it was a swamp, dark and impenetrable. The day was lowery and dull, the wind in the east with a promise of rain, the air like thin fog. Under these gloomy skies the dark valley lay like a pool of mystery, and it seemed to Belter to wear a dour and turgid aspect, as though it were brooding over black matters hidden in its fastnesses. The thick and swampy lowlands formed a screen about Baal's dwelling place; they protected him against the curious eyes of the world; and Belter thought of Baal as a monster lurking there.

Yet his figure had for the curious man a strange and compelling fascination. The very terrors which Baal personified drew Belter, almost irresistibly. He had to fight the impulse to leave his team and go skulking afoot through the undergrowth to spy upon the farm; was only restrained by a lively recognition of the pains and penalties discovery would bring upon him. It was as though the valley were a trap, richly baited; Belter longed to venture in, yet dared not do so. He drove on at last impatiently, and he went home with no profit from his day; and when at the store that night there was some mention of Varey, and everyone agreed that he was safely in Augusta, Belter brooded scowlingly, bitter at his own ignorance. He went home early and when he was gone Gay Hunt spoke of his demeanor.

"What's the matter with Will?" he asked. "Acted kind of low."

Andy grinned. "Always gets Will," he reminded them, "when there's something he don't know. He never will be satisfied about Varey and Baal, missing it all the way he did."

The others laughed. Folk were likely either to curse Belter or to laugh at him.

Andy was quite right in saying that Will would not be satisfied. Next morning, the rain still holding off, he did some work in his garden patch on the eastern slope of the ridge; but he went about it inattentively, his thoughts on Baal, easily forgetting the business in hand. Thus about ten o'clock his eye was caught by the movement of a team which followed the road southward through the valley below him. It passed half a mile or more away; yet there was something in the aspect of the man upon the driver's seat which Will found vaguely familiar. It looked like Baal, and Belter was by this circumstance startled into action. He left the cultivator in its furrow, and fifteen minutes later he drove down the steep and curving road and stopped at Chet McAusland's, where the way forked, found Chet in his kitchen.

"Wan't that Baal that just went by?" Belter asked, and Chet nodded.

"I see him through the window," he agreed.

"Where was he going?"

Chet shook his head. "I didn't stop him."

"Reckon he was going to Camden, or Rockland, maybe, or somewhere?" Belter insisted; but Chet could tell him nothing so Will went on toward the village.

Andy, at the store, was somewhat better informed. "Wanted a barrel of lime," he explained. "We're out of it. I guess he 'lowed to drive to Rockport and buy it there."

"He'll be gone all day!" Belter exclaimed at that, and Andy nodded.

"Won't get back much before dark," he agreed.

So Will got into his buggy again and drove on toward Baal's farm. Baal's absence, obviously, was his opportunity. He had time and to spare; yet drove in haste, for he was an eager man.

It was the noon hour when he passed Ingram's store at the Corner, and the store was closed, Jim no doubt at home for dinner. Belter went on, taking the upper road, turning at last down the byway toward Baal's place. A more adroit man might have sought to devise some subterfuge to explain his presence here, but Belter was straightforward enough in his curiosity. It never occurred to him to apologize for asking questions. He meant to talk to Mrs. Baal. She must have seen Varey, would know what had happened, would be able to inform him, and Belter itched to know.

When he emerged from the thicket into the open road beside Baal's meadow, Belter looked forward and around, going more slowly now. There might be some mistake; Baal might be at home and Belter had no wish to encounter him. But after he had advanced a rod or two, Will saw Baal's son down by the brookside, leaning through the alders toward the brook, intent on something there, and he caught a glimpse of an alder pole, the butt protruding under the boy's arm, and knew Oscar was fishing. Baal then certainly was not at home.

While Will watched, Oscar caught a good trout. Belter saw the swing of the rod and the wild contortions of the fish as it hurtled in an arc through the air and fell in the stubble behind the boy; and then Oscar turned with a shout of delight to pounce upon his catch, and knelt there, fumbling the fish delightedly.

The youngster was blind to all that lay about him, and Belter called, "Nice one, Oscar. How big is he?"

The boy saw Will then, and stared at him, and then lifted the fish, still dangling from the line. He was a hundred yards below where Will sat, and Belter beckoned to him, shouted, "Let's see him."

So Oscar came up through the meadow, carrying the fish, dragging the alder pole behind him; and Will admired the trout in due measure. "Eleven inches anyway," he calculated. "That's a good one. Guess you're quite a fisherman." Oscar grinned in a shy way, and Belter asked, "Where's your pa?"

The boy looked toward the house at that, in a furtive fashion, and shook his head. "Gone to town," he said. And as though at some memory, he started along the road toward the house, carrying his catch. "I'm going to show it to ma," he declared. Will nodded and clucked to his horse and followed on the boy's heels; and thus, a curious cavalcade, they turned into the farmyard.

Mrs. Baal came to the door as Oscar appeared, and her eyes lighted with gentle pleasure at the boy's delight. Will, sitting in the buggy, watched them speculatively. Tickled, she was, he saw, and he nodded with satisfaction. She would be in the better humor when he came to talk to her. When their rejoicings over the trout began to be reiterated, Will got to the ground and drew toward them, and Mrs. Baal looked at him inquiringly, her still eyes now as blank as they by habit were. At Will's greeting she nodded without reply.

Belter hesitated and turned to the boy. "Oscar," he said suggestively, "looks to me if I was you I'd go back down there and catch me another. Guess they're biting today." He glanced at the sky, still lowering and overcast, the east wind trickling into the valley in chill little streams, bringing an occasional spit of rain. "It's the kind of day they like," he pointed out.

The boy looked at his mother as though for permission, but when she nodded he went up on the porch and took the fish from the hook and left it on a chair there and went darting away toward the meadow, the heavy alder pole in his hand. The two watched him go, and Will said cheerfully, "Likes it, don't he?"

Mrs. Baal nodded in a slow way, and Belter hesitated. She was intent upon the departing figure of her son. Will's eyes wandered to the house; he looked along to the barn. A dozen hens pecked around the yard; there was a pig grunting somewhere beyond the barn; two cows and a heifer stood ruminatively under an oak tree in the pasture above the road. Belter could appraise a man's farm in a glance when he chose, but he was inattentive to these matters now. He turned back to where Mrs. Baal stood. She was still fondly following the eager, hurrying figure of the boy, and her eyes were deep in dreams.

"Varey around?" Will asked, and watched her.

She looked at him then with a quick startled movement, shook her head. "No," she said. "No, he didn't stop here."

"Thought he'd come back to work," Belter urged. "He headed for here."

She said protestingly, "Why, he come to get his things. He was going to Augusta."

Belter nodded. "Oh," he agreed, and he added: "I didn't see him when he went through the village—didn't talk to him. But I heard Mr. Baal hired him on again."

She shook her head and looked up and down the road. She had always that air of expecting the approach of someone to be feared.

"Come here, didn't he?" Belter persisted.

"Yes," she agreed. "Yes, he was in here."

"I looked to find him," Will suggested. "I didn't know he'd gone. Where'd he go—you know?"

"He said Augusta-way. I don't know."

"Walking, was he?" She nodded. "He'd get a ride, prob'ly," Will guessed, and she agreed. "Didn't stop here long then?"

"Only a minute or two. I had his things ready for him."

"Was Baal here," Will asked, "when Varey come?"

She shook her head. "No," she said, and sighed faintly, as though she still felt relief at that circumstance. "No, he wan't here."

"Didn't run into each other then?" Belter commented, disappointment in his tones.

"Baal didn't come back till maybe two hours after Varey left," she explained. "He was hauling dressing that day to a man down in South Liberty."

Belter chewed a straw and nodded and chuckled. "Guess it's just as well," he confessed. "Baal had beat him up once. Been fireworks if they run into each other, wouldn't there? Yore husband, he's a powerful man."

He had a feeling, born perhaps of his own disappointment, that there was something less than frankness in her tones; that she knew more than she admitted. She said now, hesitantly, "Yes, he's able."

"Takes it out on the boy, don't he?" Belter suggested, and she looked at him dumbly. "It don't bother that young one," Will persisted. "He's having his fun, ain't he?"

"Baal ain't touched him for three-four days," she declared in a defensive tone; and she added wistfully: "He's been right kind lately."

If she had abused Baal, if she had cursed this husband of whom she spoke as though he were a stranger, Belter would have been less confused than by this defense of hers.

"Sure," he agreed. "I guess he's all right at home, but he's a terror out around." His tone was almost jocular; but he added quickly, as though to surprise her: "Sure he didn't get hold of Varey again?"

She looked at him in a puzzled way. "Why, no," she insisted. "He wan't to home."

"Lucky for Varey, I guess," Belter commented. And he added, with no thought that this word would strike her: "I see him when he was in the hospital. The doctor in there he told me Varey was lucky. He told me Baal got hold of a man up in Madison, ten-fifteen years back, and fixed him so he's gone on crutches ever since." It happened that he was watching her, saw her cheek stiffen; and he added almost automatically: "Man named Dobbs—Win Dobbs."

She stood very still, and then she put her hand to her mouth as though to hide it from his eyes, as though her mouth wished, rebelliously, to utter some word she must conceal from him. And Belter—he had an instinct in such matters—cried quickly: "Guess you know Win Dobbs." She looked up and down the road, and he took a step toward her. "Don't you?" he demanded.

She did shake her head then, staring at him in an affrighted fashion. "No, no," she stammered.

"You come from Madison," Will remembered. "Baal moved down here from there, ten-twelve years ago. What about this Dobbs? Guess you heard of him."

"I never!" she protested.

"What's he do?" he cried pitilessly. "What did he do to Baal? What got Baal after him? Where's he at now? Still up there, is he? You got folks up there, I expect. Yore folks live there, don't they?"

She shook her head, holding out her hands as though to push him away. "I ain't any folks," she told him. "No, no!"

"I bet you was pretty," Belter declared. "I bet this Dobbs was after you, or something. Man with a pretty wife gets into fights. This Varey too ——"

She recaptured somehow her dignity, made her eyes blank again. "I got work to do," she told him. "Baal ain't here, if it's him you want."

"I bet Win Dobbs was gone on you," Belter insisted. She retreated toward the steps and he pressed after her. "Say, listen," he urged. "I ain't going to tell anyone. I just said Varey was lucky he didn't get it as bad. On crutches, all his life, he might have been." She backed up the steps and her eyes were aching; they seemed to swell with unshed tears. Belter was suddenly irritated with her, provoked by her silence; he sought to catch at her arm, climbing the steps after her.

Something struck him across the shoulder and he whirled in swift dismay. Baal? Felt a clutch of relief. It was only Oscar. The boy had caught another fish, come to show his mother, come upon them thus; and the youngster stormed at Belter now: "You go away! Leave her be! Leave her alone! Get away from here!" And he flailed at Belter with his alder pole.

Belter caught at it, caught it and wrenched it away from the boy and broke it in his hands; but Mrs. Baal had gone and the door was closed behind her; and Oscar recoiled and caught up a bit of stone and confronted Belter, daring and defying him.

(Continued on Page 56)

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1. A SHAVING CREAM that cools and soothes as you shave.

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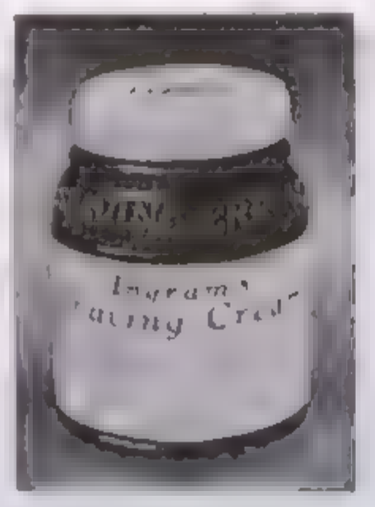

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"Get out of here!" he cried. "I'll let you have it! I will!"

With a sudden thought he turned at that and ran away from Belter toward where Will's horse stood and he hurled the rock at the creature's flank and the old horse went plunging toward the road.

Will cried, "Hey, blast it!"

But he had to catch the horse, had no time for the boy. The creature, after a few bounds, dropped into a trot and then to a walk, and Will overhauled it and jerked at the bit and got into the buggy. But when he looked back toward the house, Oscar as well as his mother had disappeared. So Will knew he might as well go upon his way.

He stopped, this time, at Ingram's store and stayed a little while, and they spoke of Baal.

"He come in here this morning," Ingram said. "Looked around like he was hunting something." And he added, to Will's question: "Medicine for his cow, he said," and laughed. "There was a fellow here, lives in a cottage over at Liberty in the summer. He told Baal he'd ought to drench his cow. It was kind of funny." He paused, weighing the matter. "I looked for Baal to let go at him," he declared. "Yes, sir, he was laughing at Baal, and Baal he knowed it. This fellows says, 'You want to drench that cow,' he says. 'You put the drench in a pipe and stick it in the cow's mouth and blow. But be sure you blow first!' he says.

"And Baal took it," Jim concluded. "That's what got me. For less than that he knocked old man Dole off a pickle barrel here one day. But he never made a move at this one."

Belter considered this, and he said, "I come by his place. His cows was in the pasture."

"Probably the sick one was in the barn," Ingram suggested.

"Two cows and a heifer," Belter remembered. "How many's he got?"

"I don't know," Ingram confessed. "He had two and a calf the last I knew. But it was funny the way he took it from this man. You wouldn't look for Baal to act that way."

Belter, driving home, had enough to think about—the sick cow and Baal's strange humility and Mrs. Baal's dismay and grief at the name of Win Dobbs. But upon Win Dobbs his conjectures chiefly centered. Before he came to his farm, he was in his thoughts committed to a trip to Madison.

As he turned the horse into the barn, it began to rain.

VII

IT IS only some twenty miles from Madison to Fraternity, and nowadays you may traverse the distance in an hour or so. But before the general coming of the automobile, the two communities were remote from each other, and a man might live all his life in the one without visiting the other. Baal had come from Madison with his wife and his son; and once or twice since his coming, men who had known him in Madison encountered him in Fraternity, or Fraternity folk adventuring northward on some matter of their own heard old rumors of him there. But for the most part it was as though he had immigrated from a foreign land, his sources little known.

At the time of the incidents herein recounted there were no more than half a dozen automobiles in Fraternity. Gay Hunt had one, and Gorfinkle, and two or three besides. Most folk still clung to their swaying buggies or their teams; and for a horse, twenty miles and back again is a long day's journeying. But Will Belter was used to be abroad day after day upon the roads, and when his curiosity was provoked it was hard to stop the man. The fact that it rained the day after his talk with Mrs. Baal seemed to him, since it made farm work forbiddingly difficult, almost providential. He woke before day and heard the hiss of water on the shingles and got up; and in the first gray light, with a clear conscience, he set himself upon the way, the horse plodding patiently along the muddy road, water rising in a crescent of yellow drops before its heavy hoofs.

Will had breakfasted before starting, and fed the horse well; and he wore a fish-oil slicker against the weather and drew the hood of the buggy well forward to protect him from the rain. But the journey was a long and weary one, and the rain cut cold against his hands, and the horse stumbled on, and Will had time for meditations. He was no longer so much concerned with Varey. Varey had come and gone without encountering Baal. This much appeared, from what Mrs. Baal related, to be certain. But when once Belter's inquisitive attention has fastened upon a matter he is slow to let it go; and there was, he felt sure, some relation between Baal's wife and this poor crippled Win Dobbs, whom now he meant to see. He wondered with many speculations what that tale might be—something worth relating at the store.

The horse went for the most part at a walk; but now and then they came upon a better stretch of road, and Will jogged the beast into a trot and kept it at that pace as long as solid footing lasted. He meant to get home that night, and the day—since the sky was overcast with scudding clouds—would be short enough in any case. So he made what haste he could, stopping when he must to ask his way, and an hour or so before noon he came into the fringes of the village of Madison. The road descended steeply, and through the rain he saw a church spire in the valley below, and a cluster of white buildings, and by and by a bridge across the stream.

Madison, as a town, is no more populous than Fraternity, but the village itself is larger. There are two stores and a mill, and perhaps twenty houses; and there was at this time a blacksmith shop where nowadays you may purchase gasoline from a pump beside the road. Also there was a sort of boarding house, where Will stabled his horse and arranged for it to be fed and rested while he should make his inquiries round about the town.

He expected to have to ask questions, and was willing so to do, but the first stages of his quest proved easy enough. He spoke the name of Win Dobbs to the stableman, and that individual, fat and shambling, his bulk contained in his overalls as though in a bag, nodded his head in the direction of the store across the street.

"Down under there," he explained, "'side the river."

"Shoemaker, ain't he?" Belter inquired, and the other agreed.

So Belter, his hat pulled low against the rain, crossed the road and rounded the corner of the store and found there a path and a door and a sign that bore the name of the man he sought, and he tried the door and opened it. The smell of leather met his nostrils; and there was a litter of it on the floor, and a jumble of worn old shoes on a bench against the wall, and a side of leather, for soles, lay under the bench. Will saw the box where the cobbler was used to sit, worn smooth and dark. But Win Dobbs was not there.

Gone, Belter guessed, to his dinner. Belter himself was not hungry, and frugality forbade his patronizing the boarding house across the road. His horse was a different matter; the beast must carry him home, needed rest and food. But Will would go without, and here was safe shelter from the rain. He took off his oilskin and settled to stay till the cobbler should return.

He had not, as it happened, long to wait, for after a few minutes, through the soiled panes of the window he saw a man on crutches coming down the path from the road, moving clumsily in his long slicker. Belter watched this man's approach with a lively curiosity; but the windows were clouded with spider webs and dust, and the rain was heavy on the glass, and the man's hat shielded his countenance. Not till he pushed at the door and came in could Will get a fair look at him at all.

He saw then that Win Dobbs was small, and Belter remembered for a moment the

(Continued on Page 59)

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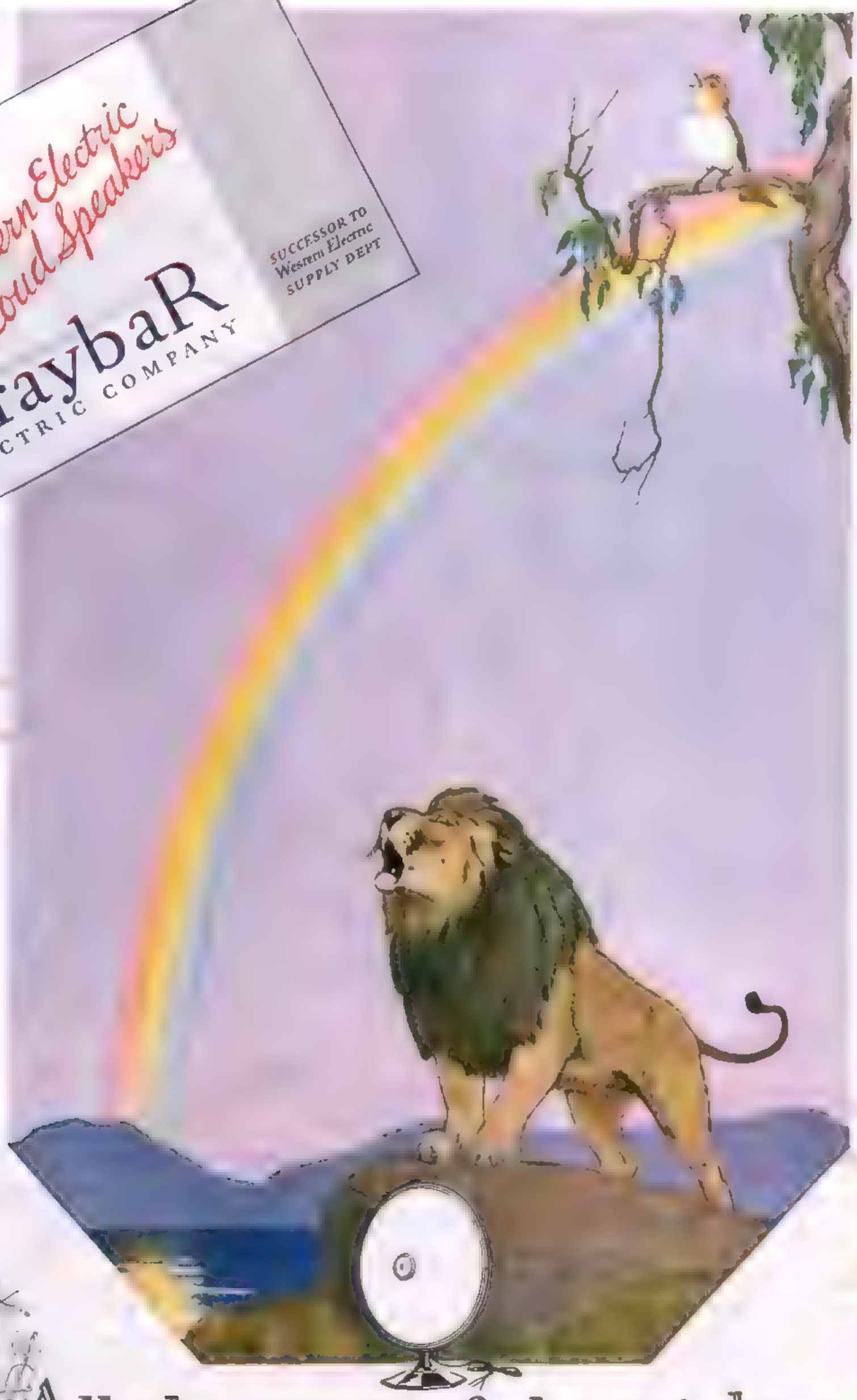

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(Continued from Page 56)

bulk of Boomer Baal, then forget Baal in his scrutiny of the man whom he had come to see. A little man who seemed, because his legs were so shrunk and twisted, smaller than he actually was. Even with the crutches to help him, he appeared to writhe and crawl. Thus Belter's first impression.

But the cobbler spoke to him pleasantly from the door. "'Morning," he said. "Been waiting long?"

"Few minutes," Belter assured him.

Dobbs nodded, and he poised on one crutch to slip an arm free of the slicker, and so got rid of it and tossed it on the floor behind the door. "Dark, this day," he said. "I put the lamp out when I went to dinner. Set a match to it, will you?"

Belter moved to do so. There was something in the other's bearing which restrained his tongue.

"Mind the chimney," Dobbs cautioned him. "Hot still, I wouldn't wonder."

When Will had lighted the lamp and turned, he saw that the cobbler had seated himself on his old box polished by use, and Will looked around and found a chair whose aspect testified to its years of honorable service, and he too sat down. The shoemaker looked at him at this in faint surprise, but Will was for a moment not conscious of his scrutiny. He was surveying the other with an incredulous eye; for Win Dobbs, who, erect, had presented an aspect so distressing, now that he was seated, was a different man. His torso was straight, his chest deep, his shoulders broad, and there was a singular beauty about his head and countenance to which not even Belter could be blind. It sat in the pleasant firmness of his lips, in the steady kindliness of his eyes, in the shape and conformation of his every feature. This was the face of a calm and strong and kindly man.

Will stared so long that the cobbler said at last, with an amused gravity, "Fetched some work for me, did you?"

And Belter roused himself, shook his head. "Stranger here," he confessed. "I'd heard tell of you. I come in to see you."

Dobbs moved his head in a gesture of interest. "Heard tell of me?" he repeated.

So Belter remembered why it was that he had come, and he plunged at the matter. He was not a man for artifice. "Doctor Gloss told me," he explained—"down't East Harbor—told me about you."

The other nodded. "I remember Doctor Gloss," he agreed. "Haven't seen him for ten years or so. But—I remember him. He used to be up here."

"My name's Belter," said Will. "I come from Fraternity."

The cobbler met his eye, and Will thought he saw something stir in the other's countenance, like the shadow of a cloud that drifts across a hillside drenched in sun.

"Fraternity!" Dobbs repeated.

Will leaned forward, driving to the matter in his mind. "Guess you know Baal," he suggested, and he waited for the other's reply.

"Why, yes," said the shoemaker gently, "I know Baal."

Belter hesitated, but only for a moment; he jerked his hand toward the other's legs. "Fixed you the way you are, Doctor Gloss told me," he confessed. "That's the first I heard of you. That so?"

The cobbler, astonishingly, smiled. "Yes," he agreed, "that is true."

Belter found himself, for no particular reason, perspiring. He shifted in his chair. "I'll tell you how it come," he explained. "There was a young fellow named Varey went to work for Baal in the haying a while back, and him and Baal had a row, and this Varey went to the hospital. Baal broke two ribs for him, and his arm. And I went in to see him, and talked with Doctor Gloss, and the doctor said this Varey was lucky, and he told me about you."

Dobbs considered this thoughtfully. "Baal that way again, is he?" he said, half to himself, something reminiscent in his tone. But if there were an implication in his statement, it escaped Belter at the time. He was waiting to fling a question at this calm man.

"Know Mrs. Baal, did you?" he asked directly.

So the cobbler looked at him, and Belter had a curious feeling that he had dissolved and disappeared and was no longer sitting here in the dilapidated chair. For Dobbs looked through him. Yet the man still spoke quietly.

"I knew her," he said gravely, "before she became Mrs. Baal."

Belter nodded, hitching his chair nearer. "I knowed it!" he said triumphantly. "I was in past Baal's place yest'day, and I named you to her. She let on she never heard of you, but the way she acted, I took it that she had."

When he first spoke to Belter, the shoemaker had been busying himself with a task in hand, waxing a thread, twisting a worn shoe between his fingers. Now he laid this business aside and gave his attention more completely to his interrogator, and Belter had an impulse of caution, but it vanished before the flood of his desire to know and know and know.

He watched the cobbler, and he spoke so swiftly. "They've got a boy," he explained, "named Oscar. Maybe fourteen or fifteen years old. And Baal, he's a rough one. He'll let out a lick at a man before you know where you are. He's knocked more'n one around, the last ten years down there. And he does Oscar. This Varey, I guess he tried to take the young one's part. That's what got him his working over from Baal." And he asked: "How come she married him anyway? You'd ought to know."

The lame cobbler stirred a little, shook his head; his eyes smiled wistfully. "It has puzzled me," he confessed. "I wanted it different." He looked at Belter. "Is he hard on her?" he asked soberly.

"Pretty rough, I guess," Belter confessed. "I guess she'd be glad to get rid of him if there was any way. She told me she ain't got any folks anywhere."

The crippled man scratched at his knee with a finger nail. Then he looked at Belter shrewdly, and presently he smiled, as though satisfied with his appraisal of the man. "Tell me about her," he suggested. "What's she like by this time?"

"She's still," said Belter promptly. "Hair's kind of gray when you get close—yellow-gray. And her eyes are awful still, and she's thin."

"Sick, is she?" Win asked.

"Don't act so," Belter assured him. "Works around. I've seen her in the garden and all. You can't get anything out of her."

"We were going to get married," the shoemaker said, as though he had forgotten Belter were there. He stirred, and he added: "I've set here fifteen years. Time to watch folks and think about things. You know the way it is, sometimes, with a girl here. She never has knowed anything but just working around the farm, and the same things, and a man comes along that's different. A talker, or a fighter, or just a stranger. She goes to him." He hesitated, concluded as though he were stating a fact familiar to each one of them: "Men like that wake up something in them—for a little while—long enough to do it." And he added after a space: "She was one to dream things, anyway; and I was just working a farm. But she'd have had me if Baal hadn't come along."

Belter was not used to be abashed, but he was silent now.

"I made a mistake," said Win Dobbs. "I cut his head open with a club before he handled me. She never knowed how I was till after. He went to her with his cut head and she took him—run off with him that night. Baal brought her back, after, thinking he'd have her pa's farm. He stayed around here a year or so, till he saw it wasn't any good. Then they moved away."

"She told me she hadn't any folks," Belter protested.

"Her pa's still alive," the shoemaker assured him.

"Old man, is he?"

"He'd have her back," said Win Dobbs, "if she was to come. I live with him now." He added, half to himself: "We'd have her back if she'd come." And again: "He's old, and changed." And finally: "We've both changed, him and me."

Belter found himself uneasy and ashamed. For once the questioner was silent, silenced by this gentle, crippled man who met him so frankly. Will said at last, uncomfortably, "Baal, he'll hold onto her."

The cobbler smiled at him. "You could have asked the folks around," he remarked. "I 'lowed I'd tell you. It'll save you stirring up the dregs."

Will nodded. "I was up this way," he explained in half apology. "Just happened in."

"Some of them have forgotten," Win said. "But there was a time they knew, and they'd remember." And he added, with a faint smile, in a new tone: "I thought Baal would go back to it by and by."

Will asked, "Back to what?"

The shoemaker moved his hand in an expository fashion. "Why, you see, I did the folks here a good turn," he explained, "in a back-handed way. Baal pretty near finished me, and it scared him. He never laid a hand on another man long as he was here. He was clever as a cow."

Belter grinned. "He got over it," he declared, "after he come down our way."

He stayed a while longer with the lame man, questions rising now. But the shoemaker answered him so frankly that by and by Will could think of no more to ask; satiety brought him to silence in the end. Early in the afternoon he left Win Dobbs and got his horse and started on the long way home; and while the horse splashed through the rain along the muddy roads, Belter revolved all that he had learned, set it in order for narration at the store.

He perceived at the time no particular importance in the fact that after he had crippled Win Dobbs, Baal had moved for a while more gently through the days, had been a little less ready to let loose his mauling blows.

VIII

WHEN Will got back to the village that night it was late and the store was closed, and he had to postpone his triumph. Rain next day still drenched the hills, and the roads were rivulets, and tasks kept Belter busy about his own place till afternoon. But he ate an early supper and then drove down the hill toward the store, intent on reporting there all that he had learned by his pilgrimage. In this new light on Baal, he had almost—but not quite—forgotten Varey.

Andy Wattles and Bissell were alone at the store when Belter arrived there, and he told them of his journey to Madison and of what he had learned. Then Gay Hunt came in and they had to hear the whole again; and before that recital was done, Luke Hills appeared and Will began once more. Chet McAusland and Saladine and one or two others had the fifth or sixth recounting. But though he told the same tale over and over, Will's story did not grow. He was an accurate man; for all his propensities, they knew that when he stated a thing as certain, it was true.

Yet after Will had finished the last telling, for Saladine's benefit, Andy said dryly from behind the candy counter, "He tells it every time the same."

"That's the way it happened," Will retorted. "Just what this Dobbs told me." And he added: "I set out to go see her father. His name's Tilson. But this Dobbs he asked me not to bother him."

He was disappointed at their lack of response to his narration. From their point of view, the thing had happened fifteen years before and was as well forgotten; but time had no weight with Belter, and he was as much interested in an ancient drama as in a present one. He tried to provoke

(Continued on Page 61)

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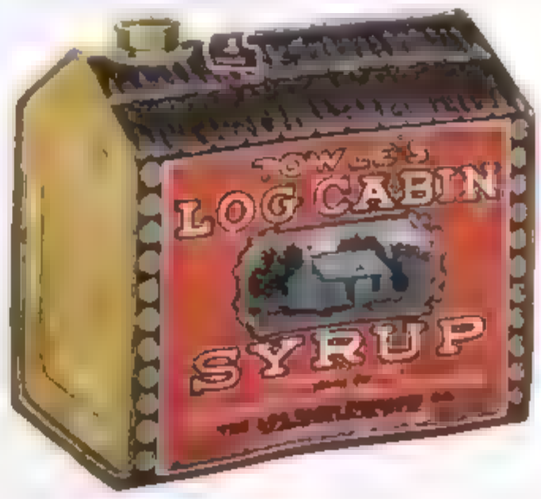

Towle's LOG CABIN *Syrup*

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(Continued from Page 59)

them, elaborating this aspect and that of the narrative.

"Wisht I'd seen Tilson," he declared. "That old man and this crippled shoemaker living there together and thinking about this woman all the time." Or: "Funny the way a woman is—marrying this Baal!" Or: "It's a pity he didn't bust Baal's head instead of just cutting it open."

But they were weary of him by and by. Found much more interest in the fact that Jim Ingram had told Andy Wattles that Baal's sick cow had died. Will, when he heard, tried to take charge of that information too.

"He's got more cows than he needs, anyway," he declared. "I see two and a heifer, and they wan't sick, by the looks of them. One's enough for a man."

"He don't need the dressing," Chet McAusland remarked. "He sells it off, most of what he's got, every year."

"Building him a manure pit, I guess," Andy hazarded. "He went to Rockport for a barrel of lime, day or two ago, for the mortar, prob'ly."

"He was hauling dressing down t' South Liberty the day Varey went back there," Will announced. "Mrs. Baal told me."

"You over there?" Andy asked, with quick interest. Will nodded proudly, and Luke Hills chuckled.

"You better keep away from her," he warned Will. "You'll be carrying yore head in a sling."

"Baal don't scare me."

"Not from here," Luke agreed.

"That's all right, too," Belter countered. "I don't see you hanging around over there at his place." He added: "I aim to go over again and tell her what this Dobbs said."

Andy asked, in a lower tone, "She see Varey, Will?"

"He never run into Baal at all," Will assured him. "Varey come and went before Baal got home."

This seemed to all of them to dispose of Varey; and Win Dobbs, a figure remote and unseen, failed to catch their imaginations. When Will drove back up the hill that night he was full of resentment at their indifference. The lame cobbler had impressed him; he had felt a certain strength and power in the helpless man. Their failure to perceive this provoked Belter, fretted the talebearer like a buzzing fly.

He had announced his intention of going to tell Mrs. Baal that Dobbs and her father were ready to have her home again if she would come, but next morning he put off that going. Baal might be at home; and Belter, in his wiser moments, had no wish to encounter Baal. But by noon what work he could do was done—the weather held rainy, heavy with low fog—and he hitched the horse and drove over toward Hammett's Corner, not so much with any intent in mind as because he could not stay away. He stopped to talk with Jim Ingram and found no comfort there, and went on again, taking the upper road, no destination definitely in his mind.

When he came to where Baal's byway turned aside, however, Belter halted his horse and leaned out to survey the wheel tracks. The rain had stopped an hour or two before, though it was still wet and foggy, with promise of new showers in the air. The clay of the road retained old imprints, but it held also new ones. And Belter, surveying the tracks there, felt a quickening of his pulse.

For a wagon had come this way, hauled by a single horse—had come out of the byroad and turned westward some little time before—two hours or so. It could only have been Baal, and the tracks meant that Baal was away from home. Belter drove on a little farther to make sure that the traces continued across the bridge and up the rising ground, and then he turned back with quick determination to take advantage of this opportunity for another word with Mrs. Baal. He swung into the byroad and whipped his horse and made speed toward Baal's farm.

In the valley the mists lay heavily, obscuring the view, and water dripped from the boughs and branches overhead and all around. When Belter emerged into the open land above Baal's meadow he could see across the brook through the fog, but the low birch and poplar there were dim in the mists. As he approached the house he caught a whiff of wood smoke and looked up at the chimney, but the smoke there drifted away from him, toward the east, on a fitful turn of the breeze.

"West wind," he thought. "It's trying to clear."

He forgot the smell of smoke, forgot to wonder what its source might be, as he turned into the farmyard. For all his certainty of Baal's absence, the man was alert and watchful; he was reassured by the fact that Baal's wagon was gone from the barn floor.

Then the mists cleared a little and he smelled smoke again, and looked toward the brook. There was a gray drift of thicker substance than the fog, bearing a hint of blue, rising from the sawdust pile beyond the stream; and Belter saw a figure move there and recognized the boy, Oscar.

"Burning brush," he thought indifferently.

The boy was half hidden among the undergrowth, and now he disappeared. The fire seemed to be, Will thought, on or very near the sawdust pile; and he perceived the possibility that the pile might be afire, and grinned maliciously. A job of work to put it out, he told himself; it would keep Baal busy for a while.

Then he heard the pump in the shed, and he went toward the shed door and discovered Mrs. Baal. She had not seen him. Her back was turned as she worked the pump handle, and Belter stepped inside the shed and waited till the bucket was full. When she lifted it and swung around, she saw him and stood still, and Belter nodded.

"Wet day," he said conversationally.

She backed away from him as though she were unconscious of this movement, made no reply.

"I was just passing," he told her quickly. "Stopped to tell you something. I was up to Madison two-three days ago. I see this Win Dobbs."

If he expected this word to check her, he was right. As though a hand had been laid upon her arm, she swung and set the bucket down and leaned against the wall beside the kitchen door. Her eyes wandered, as they were apt to do, this way and that, and past him to the open door through which he had come; and he turned instinctively to look that way. Baal might return!

"Dobbs is living with your pa now," he said then, swinging back to her. "Your pa's old and sick. They'd have you back, if you was to come."

She pressed her mouth with her hand and she rubbed at her brow and she brushed her hands together. A mute, weary pantomime.

"Get shut of this Baal," said Will. "Why don't you?"

Then her eyes twitched past him to the door, and he swung again. And the talebearer's blood became like milk in a freezing temperature; it seemed to turn to crystals that burned and tinkled in his veins. For Baal was there!

Will never knew how Baal had come, nor from what direction. But he had in that first moment of perception a quick and lasting picture of the big man. Baal's hands and the sleeves of his shirt and his boots were black, smudged with wet ashes. He stood there watching Belter, and his hands swayed at his sides; and he raised them to rest them on the door jambs as though to hold them still. His glance passed Belter, and Belter turned and saw the woman still was there; and Belter wriggled backward till his shoulders touched the shed wall. He moved sidewise toward where she stood. Through the kitchen—in flight that way lay his only chance of life, it seemed. For Baal's brow was murderous. Baal blocked the outer door.

But the woman did not move; and Belter twitched like a rat, caught thus between them. He took to speech defensively: "'Morning, Baal!"

Baal's head stirred. "What you doing here?"

"Time of day," Will stammered.

"We know it's raining, without your telling us."

Belter grinned weakly. "Wind's coming around," he urged. "It's going to break away."

"Stay away from here," said Baal. But he did not take his hands from the sides of the door. "Stay away from my farm—the lot of you."

"Can't a man be neighborly?" Will was almost whining.

Baal came toward him then, and Belter pressed against the woman. But she did not move; and when Baal came nearer, Belter shied away. Baal put a hand against the woman's shoulder, pushed her toward the kitchen door and through it, and Belter slipped past him and came to the shed door and freedom—if he chose.

Baal might be able to run. Belter backed outside, toward his team. But he watched the shed door, and after a moment Baal appeared there and came slowly toward him, stopped two rods away. "Go on," he said.

His voice was not the roaring voice he had used to use, and even in this moment Belter remarked the fact. Baal's tone was husky, rather, almost appealing. Yet Baal was dynamite and lightning, and Belter knew his danger. His very peril held him, as a small boy is fascinated by his own stark fears in the night. He might dare Baal and tell them at the store.

"What's the hurry?" he retorted, bold since flight lay open.

Baal's face became black with blood, and Belter got into his buggy. He swung the horse to head toward the road. "What's the hurry?" he repeated.

"I don't bother you. You stay away," Baal muttered hoarsely, but his tone was rather querulous than furious.

"Public road," said Belter, intoxicated by his own audacity.

"Yo're off the road," Baal argued weakly.

"Say," Belter drawled, "you talk a lot and go bulling around. You can't scare me." Baal stumbled where he stood. "Don't try it on," Belter cried. "I'll come after you with a gun or an ax—or anything."

"I don't want no trouble," said Baal chokingly, like an appeal.

"No, you don't," Belter assured him. "I ain't no Win Dobbs!" Baal's head jerked. "Nor I ain't no Varey," said Will, and Baal swayed where he stood.

And at that Belter, who had been growing bolder, was suddenly flat with terror stark and absolute. This gentle Baal! He had been gentle after he had hurt Win Dobbs. He was gentle—almost humble now. What was it Dobbs had said? "As clever as a cow!" An appalling gentleness and humility.

Belter did not stay for further taunt or triumph. His lash cut the old horse across the rump. The beast leaped in desperate dismay and the whip bit at him. The buggy whirled on two wheels, cramped and straightened out toward the road; the horse went galloping. Not fast enough for Belter. His whip flailed the terror-striken animal again and again. Belter wished to be away from there.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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OUT-OF-DOORS

Opportunities in the Horticultural Field for Women

"IT SEEMS paradoxical that horticulture, which is one of the oldest occupations in the world, has been one of the last to be taken up by women commercially," said the director of the horticultural school in a large state agricultural college to the writer recently. "It is only within recent years that this work has been generally recognized as a worthwhile vocation for women," she went on.

"The field is constantly widening, and there are many interesting opportunities now open to women who have been trained for this work, such as supervising school gardens, planning and superintending gardens on large estates, taking care of greenhouses, growing nursery stock, seeds and young plants, raising flowers for decorative purposes for hotels and the retail florist trade, specializing in the production of certain foods like mushrooms, Brussels sprouts, asparagus and various fruits for preserving and for the markets. A new and highly important branch of this field is horticultural therapy.

"This work is done by trained horticulturists in connection with the departments of occupational therapy in hospitals specializing in mental and nervous diseases. They take charge of the gardens and greenhouses and organize the work for the patients.

"For the woman who is interested in science, there are openings in the more technical branches of this profession," she added—"problems of research, for instance, such as the selection of seeds or plants from a special strain and developing that strain, or experimentation in the best kinds of soil for different plants, or specialization in plants for certain purposes—borders, rockeries, shrubberies and garden pools, terraces and pergolas.

"There are thirty-four state agricultural colleges which give horticultural courses admitting women on the same basis as men," she continued, "and in this connection it is interesting to note the figures of the latest census on women in this field—about 600 gardeners, 938 florists, 3200 fruit growers, 200 greenhouse foremen and 165 superintendents of nurseries and orchards."

Reverting again to opportunities for training, she said: "The tuition in the state colleges is quite nominal and therefore within the reach of almost any girl or woman who is really in earnest about taking up this work. In many states residents may attend these colleges without charge. A number of the schools also give short winter and summer courses to suit the needs of those who cannot attend the entire year. In New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and California there are, independent of the state colleges, special schools of horticultural pursuits for reasonable tuition fees, covering a period of from one to two years approximately.

Millions of Daffodils in Bloom in the Shadow of Mount Rainier, Near Tacoma, Washington

"We find that the majority of the girls and women who graduate from our school—and our graduates range from twenty to fifty years of age," she interjected with a smile; "that is one of the many fine things about this profession for women—find it more profitable to specialize in raising and selling one or two products, which procedure is more likely to bring in immediate returns and also tends toward larger opportunities. Many such cases have come under my personal observation and I could cite others who have come from schools in different states. One woman who has specialized in roses, producing several hundred varieties in her own garden, has recently been given a contract to lay out a garden of 10,000 plants for the owner of a great private estate in the Middle West.

"Another specialist is general manager of the largest peony-growing garden in the world. The beds, at the peak of production, bloom with 2,000,000 plants. This woman is also treasurer of the selling organization handling this large floricultural product. Decorative plants seem to be the favorite with women horticulturists. This is natural, I suppose," she added. "Fifteen hundred stalks of gladioli are shipped daily during the season to the city nearest to gardens of an eastern floriculturist on orders from hotels and florists. Another raises small pines for window boxes, also shrubs and vines. She carries 'a side line,' as she humorously expresses it, of Christmas trees, cut occasionally from the sides of a small mountain over which her land extends. Thus, as she says, she even utilizes woodland, and replants this waste section with dwarf pines and hemlocks. Tulips are another popular product. Women who grow them tell me that they are very profitable," she went on. "Some species of this flower can remain in one location six to eight years and annuals can be grown over them, thus raising two crops from the same ground.

"I know of several women who have opened offices as consultant horticulturists and garden designers, and are very successful. They plan and frequently supervise the gardens of large estates. In every case the business has been built up by one client recommending the firm to another. The consultant either charges a flat fee for work extending over a considerable period of time, or an office fee, like a physician or a lawyer, if it is only necessary to give the client advice during office hours in connection with a specific request or problem.

"Then there are the plant pathologists," she continued, "a phase of horticultural work less well known, but interesting and highly specialized. In this branch women are employed by seed companies and owners of large greenhouses to see that the fields are kept free from disease among the flowers and vegetables. Those who go into this work take special courses in entomology, microbiology and chemistry.

"Referring again to the general field of horticulture," she said, "the contrasts in this work show the wide scope of this field for women. At the other extreme from the technical workers in scientific research are the women who may be called general gardeners and floriculturists. One of my neighbors who in five years, with the aid of one assistant, has transformed five acres of weedy fields around her home into blooming and productive flower and vegetable gardens, is typical of a great many women horticulturists throughout the country. She does not claim to be a specialist, but says she makes a specialty of those flowers and vegetables and small fruits for which there is a steady market—peas, cucumbers, peppers, tomatoes, lettuce, summer squash, carrots, spinach, parsley, onions, currants and gooseberries. This woman increases her sales by making up attractive baskets of fruit and vegetables for gifts. She gets from two to five dollars for these, according to the size of the basket and the quality of the contents. This idea has been taken up by fruiterers and high-class grocery stores in the cities; and women whose gardens are near enough to the large cities to ship perishable goods safely are making good incomes from this trade, especially during the Thanksgiving and Christmas holidays, and at Easter, or they supply the gift baskets for ocean voyages and extended trips by rail or motor. The stores sell these at prices from five dollars to twenty-five dollars. The producer therefore gets a better price proportionately by selling a large number of the baskets to these firms.

"I would advise every girl and woman who takes up horticulture, either as an amateur or a professional," she concluded, "to join the Woman's National Farm and Garden Association. The annual dues are very small and the opportunities for mutual helpfulness are unusual. The association has branches in all parts of the country. Its purpose is 'to create for women a clearing house of information concerning farming and gardening.' Mrs. Francis King, of Alma, Michigan, and Miss Jane B. Haines, of Philadelphia, founder of the Ambler Horticultural School for Women, are among the best-known women horticulturists in the country. Mrs. King is honorary president of the Woman's National Farm and Garden Association. Mrs. Coolidge and Mrs. Jardine are also members.

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"For girls and women professionally trained in horticulture who for some reason are not ready to take up the work as an independent business or, as in many cases, prefer not to carry the heavier responsibilities of starting independently, there are an increasing number and variety of salaried positions," said Mrs. Louise Bush-Brown, director of the Ambler School. Mrs. Bush-Brown and the writer had returned from an inspection of the gardens and greenhouses where the students do their practical work to the main building, a delightful pre-Revolutionary stone farmhouse which has been remodeled to meet the unique requirements of this interesting school.

Before the fireplace, in the cozy living room overlooking the driveway with its boxwood borders and century-old trees, she talked enthusiastically of the work accomplished by the graduates and the many worthwhile opportunities open to women in this field.

"Our two-year course covers a wide range of subjects—floriculture, fruit growing, vegetable gardening and crops of various kinds, landscape gardening and designing, greenhouse construction, poultry raising, and also entomology and other scientific subjects," said Mrs. Bush-Brown. "Each student receives a thorough training in all the subjects in our courses," she continued. "Theory and practice are adequately balanced and combined, whether in the gardens, the greenhouse, the orchard or the nursery. All instruction in classrooms is supplemented by practice work in these branches.

"Among our graduates," she went on, "we have women instructors in gardening at private schools and colleges, supervisors of private estates, state garden agents in the government extension service, garden specialists, many of whom were connected with reconstruction committees both in this country and in France, and horticultural therapists, whose work, wherever it has been tried out, has proved invaluable in the occupational therapy departments of hospitals specializing in nervous diseases. The salaries range from $750 to $2000 a year with maintenance, and from $1200 to $2500 without maintenance. These figures differ, of course, in various localities and according to the amount of work required. A supervisor of a large estate, for instance, who also plans the work of several assistants and superintends important developments on a country place, receives a much higher salary in addition to maintenance. Landscape gardeners and designers, and horticultural consultants who are in business for themselves are all making much larger incomes. Many members of our sex," she added, "have written authoritative books on certain phases of this subject.

"We also maintain an appointment bureau," she continued, "and make every effort to see that students are successfully located. Several scholarships for the senior year are awarded annually to students who have attained the highest standing both in classroom work and in general school activities. Many girls have availed themselves of our student-assistant positions, open to full diploma course students in both the junior and the senior years, and have thus been enabled to earn a large share of their expenses. Our students are from eighteen to about forty years in age. All candidates must present a high-school diploma or its equivalent. Those more than twenty-five years of age may be given special consideration if they can show general knowledge sufficient in extent and character to satisfy the committee on admissions.

"Last year 33 per cent of our students were college graduates who had been working in clerical or secretarial positions. We have had others who had been trained nurses, librarians or teachers. The majority of these came seeking the freedom and healthfulness of an outdoor occupation.

"Ours is a pioneer school, the first of its kind in America. Since 1911, when the school was founded, it has been devoted to the training of women in practical horticulture.

"It has provided a place where the student receives scientific instruction and at the same time lives in close daily contact with her work through the changing seasons of the year. The school is not conducted for profit.

"Fortunately, the day has arrived when women no longer have to enter this field as pioneers or missionaries. The world has waked up to the fact that women can render yeoman service in any branch of horticulture.

"It means a great deal to women everywhere who are engaged in this work that a woman has been appointed head of the Brooklyn Botanic Garden in New York. It is a signal tribute to women in this field," added Mrs. Bush-Brown.

I must not omit to say that Miss Hilda Loines is chairman of the governing board of the Brooklyn Botanic Garden. She has had a wide and practical experience in horticulture.

The Woman's National Farm and Garden Association has quite a large membership in about twenty states, made up of women horticulturists, amateur and pro.

There are very few women farmers in it. The majority raise flowers. They used the word "farm" in the official title, hoping to increase their membership thereby, and to cover various phases of the field other than flowers and fruit.

—Frances Fisher Dubuc.

THE VULGAR THING

(Continued from Page 9

"You make me tired, Fern," said the great woman, her chins vibrating; "you keep tryin' to refine me, and yet you'll go and do so downright vulgar a thing as tellin' Sandy he can't amount to nothin' unless he has money in the bank or some real estate. My own mamma was as well known an' liked a woman as lived in this end of Ohio and she wasn't nothin' but a dressmaker which was deserted by her husband. Sandy is more of a person right now than that awful Malcolm of your sister Pansy's which came into old Malcolm Orthwein's money, but wants to be a revivalist and has his tabernacle all planned when he ain't but ten years old and mostly needs his nose blew yet. If there was anything spoiled Liseo Patch it was his knowin' his folks had money, for those days, and bein' toadied up to by stableboys and foot-loose girls and what not. . . . Lamb, what you got to look forward to ain't any fortune. It's the rent of this house and a little money that comes from some stocks. Any good mechanic can make more than you'll step into if you live to be twenty-one."

"I'm going to be an aviator," said Sandy. "What did Liseo Patch look like, grandmamma?"

"He looked very much like a big black alley cat, sweetheart."

Some leaves were blown with a delicate rasping over the asphalt and the noise made her hands chill on the wheel. She hated scratching sounds.

There had been leaves blowing everywhere that morning when Liseo Patch stood here—she thought this suddenly—a black vine reeling up from the gutter, yelling oaths at his old father under the porch, until men pulled him down the street. Yes, he had been like a vine, swaying in the air.

"He was mighty graceful," she mused, "and he had a nice voice, except it was kind of whinin'."

A motorcycle went lazily past the halted car and made her wonder when Adam would be getting to the farm. His new machine's engine made no more noise than the motorcycle's passage.

"Who was that on the motor bike, mother?"

"I didn't notice, Johnny. Dozens of 'em in town."

Watson got back into the rear seat and Mrs. Egg drove off. She now thought exclusively of Adam until she turned the curve into open country, and then the wind brought a sound from fields that always thrilled her. Guns spoke and rattled over the stubble of the plain.

"You must make your grandpoppa take you shootin' some when he gets back from Columbus, lamb."

Sandy said thoughtfully, "I guess I will. Dad says I'm not to go to school this fall. I'd have plenty of time."

"It's not been decided that you're not to go to school," Fern said.

"I've decided, Fern," Watson drawled. "He's had eight weeks of hospital and crutches and he's been good as gold about it. Don't let's have an argument. He needs a vacation. . . . Sanderson P., ask your grandmother if you can't come out and stay at the farm for a month."

"Really, John, when mamma has Dammy's three babies on her hands and ——"

"Dammy's red-headed Scotch wife seems to manage their children very capably, Fern. I think a month of riotous diet and shooting with Mr. Egg would be good for Sandy."

Sandy began to bounce gently on the cushions and looked passionately at Mrs. Egg. His yellow hair became a bobbing fuzz.

"I could have the little room next to Uncle Adam and Aunt Benjamina, couldn't I?"

"Mercy, lamb, you can have anything we got! . . . That's mighty kind of you, John. Mr. Egg'll be real pleased."

The thin lawyer leaned forward and said lightly to his son: "Sanderson P., I commit you to your grandmamma, for better or worse, for the term of one month. You're not to leave the confines of the Egg Dairy Company without her permission or unless Uncle Dammy takes you along with him. You're not to pull bulls by the tail unless you're wearing gloves, and you mustn't climb down the well without a life preserver. Eat anything you can find and get underfoot as much as possible and make yourself useful in the way of gathering eggs and then dropping them. God bless you, my son. I'll bring your clothes out tonight."

Mrs. Egg opened her mouth to laugh and then she did not laugh. She was stricken with a chilly feeling, as if the quiet man behind her had broken into tears. It was funny to feel that way, when he was being funny and she was to have Sandy for a month.

"We'll take awful good care of him, John. You needn't worry."

"Oh, I'll be out from day to day to see what damage he's committed, mother."

But his voice made her cold. All at once she thought: "The boy's sick. It's one of those new kind of diseases you read about. John wants him kept out-of-doors and fed good, and he's scared to tell Fern because she'd make such a fool of herself. That's it! His blood's thinned out or something. It's real smart to do it this way, without scaring the kid nor me."

"Any particular kind of diet, John?"

"I don't advise tacks or hay. Otherwise, feed him in your customary lavish style and bear down on the chocolate cake and milk. . . . Sandy, this is your home for one month. Try to leave some of it standing, old man."

Adam Egg came out of the kitchen door, eating some pie, and descended to lift his mother from the car.

"Oh, baby, you're here already! Wasn't there nothin' fit to eat for breakfast in Cleveland, lamb?"

"No," said Adam with decision.

"I hope to heaven," Fern, of course, broke out, "that you didn't drive through Cleveland in those clothes, Adam Egg!"

The brown giant lifted his small ears on the sides of his cropped black head and told her, "An' Chicago!" Then he put a cigarette into one end of his scarlet mouth and stood examining his tall fair sister placidly.

"You're twenty-six years old, Dammy."

Adam seldom argued anything and he was now done with talk for a time. He let smoke sink from the nostrils of his short nose and nodded to Watson; then he picked Sandy up and dropped him carefully inside the kitchen on a bare table. Mrs. Egg found them studying each other cordially when she panted into the room.

"Nothing's happened since you've been gone, Uncle Dammy. Grandpoppa went to Columbus and we haven't got a cook yet, and there was mince pie last night. Make your arm stiff."

Adam straightened an arm in a flimsy sheath of faded blue silk and watched the boy try to bend it. Sandy began hopelessly to laugh, and his cheeks reddened. Watson leaned on a dresser and smiled in the oddest way.

"What a machine it is! Dammy, did you ever hit a man as hard as you could?"

"Yeh. I was stewed, though. . . . Any news?"

"No."

The giant nodded. He let his horizontal arm collapse and stood fingering his shirt. The thin silk flattened on his tawny back so that a welter of tattooed flowers and anchors showed on the width of his shoulders. Then he tucked the shirt into his deplorable cotton trousers and tightened the belt around his narrow waist.

"You really six-feet-four an' three-eighths tall, Uncle Dammy?"

"Honest, bud."

"And what do you weigh?"

"Two-hundred-ten, kid."

"Well," said Sanderson, "you can teach me wrestling."

"I'll try. . . . Where you goin', mamma?"

"I thought I'd get out some spiced peaches, lamb."

"I'll reach 'em down for you, mamma."

He came after her, his moccasins flapping, into the deep pantry, and the door closed. With the faint click of the old lock the great woman chilled and an icy snake rose about her feet. Something was happening now, and she knew it, because Dammy took hold of her upmost chin and raised her face.

"Do me a favor, mamma?"

"Oh, Dammy!"

"Tell Fern you want the kid here for a while, see? Huh?"

"John says he can come for a month, lamb. Oh, Dammy, what's the matter with the poor child? It ain't his lungs!"

Adam said, "Sh-h-h, mamma," and smiled down at her.

"Tell me!"

A long time passed. Adam took some candied citron from a jar and ate it slowly, his throat working in slow vibrations and

(Continued on Page 69)

A cry came through the DARKNESS!

MR. THORNE had been dozing in his chair when he was awakened by a cheery motor horn and the noise of garage doors closing.

"There are the children now," said Mrs. Thorne.

But then came that chilling cry from the darkness, and rushing out they met their son, carrying his sister swiftly toward the house.

"I think she sprained her ankle. It was that rake in the path," he said.

But it was worse than that, a fracture that was slow to mend, and their daughter spent weary weeks in bed.

And it was all because the path from the garage to the house was dark. If a flashlight had been hanging on a nail by the garage doors, the children could have lighted their way along the path. If it had been as much a habit to use a flashlight as it was to lock up the car at night, this accident probably would not have happened.

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Coach, $735 **Coupe, $735** **Sedan, $835**

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No matter what you now own in musical instruments or radio, hear the Brunswick Panatrope. Examine its interesting mechanism. Learn why no other reproducing musical instrument equals the Brunswick Panatrope in entertainment possibilities. So outstanding is this instrument that it has been called the most important musical invention since the piano.

Only a store demonstration by a Brunswick dealer or one in your own home will reveal to you fully all the musical delights that the Brunswick Panatrope has to offer. So we urge you: Before buying anything in the field of music or radio, lest you be disappointed, hear this marvelous musical invention!

The Brunswick Panatrope (electrical type). Model P-11. Price $700.

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THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO., CHICAGO, NEW YORK IN CANADA, TORONTO · BRANCHES IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES

(Continued from Page 64)

his eyes considering the shelves. Beyond this thick door Sandy was talking gravely to the old cook, and, farther off, Fern called to her three small daughters crossly. Mrs. Egg felt fat and cold and dull, pent among smells of coffee and spices in this little cell. And this had been coming on. She had known for a week that something was not right, that John Watson's eyes showed something and that he kept thinking. Now it had come.

"Mamma, is this fellow Patch as hard as John says?"

"Liseo'"

"Him. I know," the giant said, "that his dad gave him the gate an' all about this girl an' all. But I've knew some mean bulls, mamma. Show me he's mean enough to smash a kid under a truck."

"It was him threw Sandy under ——"

"Sh-h-h, mamma! No proof."

Mrs. Egg panted three times. Black, on a black horse, with his greasy curls flaunting, the lean man rode in her eyes. She shivered and wanted air.

"Adam, I know folks is hard on a boy in a small place which goes wrong—I saw Liseo Patch ride clean into Martha Fraser's yard and smash her George in the face with his crop for callin' after him. He was seventeen years old then. Oh, he was an awful boy, Dammy! You know I ain't one of these fools which faint an' write to the papers when a girl roils her stockings down or a boy takes some gin extra at a dance. He was awful! Ask your poppa, lamb."

Adam nodded. He put some citron between his scarlet lips and stood making muscles flutter in his brown chest, hunching its plates of hard flesh up with little motions of his shoulders. His silk shirt whispered, shifting. This strength moved faintly in its rest against the shelves.

"He wrote John from Chicago last spring, mamma. Asked for some money. Callin' himself Potter—Edward Potter. John wrote him to go to hell. Then a big man that looks Italian chucks the kid under a truck, see? Then last week old O'Hara calls John and says he saw this guy ridin' through town after dark. But it sounds kind of—too much."

Mrs. Egg saw a doughnut from yesterday's lot on a blue plate by the white ice chest.

The stuff was cold and powdery on her tongue, but it gave her some sense of earth under this house. She came out of a dream where Liseo chased her on his black horse. Dammy could thrash the fool anyhow.

"It does sound kind of—of too much, Dammy. I'd hate to think of any grown-up man bein' such a hog he'd take it out on Sandy 'cause General Patch adopted John Watson and left Sandy that house. I don't think he'd just go to New York and hunt John's folks down and be that mean. And O'Hara's gettin' nearsighted too. Liseo Patch would have his nerve to show his face here."

Adam nodded. He never spoke much at one time. He swallowed some citron and said, rolling a new cigarette, "He'd get the house back if the kid died, mamma, but it's a long shot."

"Died!"

The new cigarette yielded two rills of smoke from Adam's nose before he said, "It's kind of too much to be serious. John's scared, see? Lost his head some. It's his kid. This Patch would hate him for takin' his place with the old gen'ral and hate the kid for gettin' the house. It don't show he'd take a chance on killin' Sandy."

"No," Mrs. Egg panted, "that ain't reasonable. But it's sensible to fetch Sandy out here where you can mind him—and me—and – and that's sensible."

"Sure."

But Liseo Patch was riding blackly in her mind. He went sneaking after Sandy in New York and threw him under heavy wheels. He came riding through the town of Ilium in darkness and his curls flashed from lamp to lamp among blown trees. She had to stop a squeal when the cook put her red face through the doorway and asked, "Would you see a lady in a car, Mis' Egg?"

"What lady, Matilda?"

"I've seen her before, 'm, but I dunno her name from nothin'. She ain't much to look at."

"Well, I'll come and look at her. . . . Reach me down two jars from the peach shelf, lamb. . . . And you can be whippin' the cream, Matilda, and remember Dammy hates chopped beef baked too long."

Mrs. Egg took the two cool jars to her bosom and went lumbering out into the kitchen porch. There was an indecipherable woman sitting in a cheap old car below the steps, and Mrs. Egg sneezed three times clambering down the treads, the sun in her eyes. Just when she got, puffing, to the ground, she knew this was Liseo Patch's wife, who never left the Appledore farm unless one of her swarming nieces and nephews graduated from the high school. She was a topic that drifted in conversation across the teacups; she was something Liseo Patch had knocked down in his young gallop and hadn't stopped to take with him those years ago.

It was said that she kept the certificate of her forced wedding framed in her bedroom at the Appledore homestead. Now Mrs. Egg could not find a word to say. She stood puffing and thinking that the Appledores were the first settlers in this part of Ohio. Somehow Grace looked as a pioneer's tired woman might have looked; everything had faded from the face, impassive under droops of colorless hair and a shapeless hat.

"Mercy, Grace, I—I ain't seen you in a cow's age!"

"I don't go out much, besides not bein' very well."

"Well, I don't go out so much myself, Grace. The seats in places ain't meant for my size. I've got pretty stout. . . . Could I do something for you?"

The meek woman nodded. It took her a long time to begin, though, and Mrs. Egg looked off, once, at the sound of a gun, and saw men wandering the top of Mill Ridge, and some dogs scampering.

"I'm goin' out to brother Strickland in California next week."

"That'll be a nice trip for you, Grace. Adam came home from San Francisco once when he was in the Navy and says it's extremely interestin'."

"The doctor says I'd better go out there and stay."

"Oh, Grace!"

Liseo Patch's wife nodded, and then said in the same listless voice, "I was just drivin' in to say good-by to some that were forbearing an' polite to me when I was married. So good-by, and tell Mr. Egg the same."

"Grace," said Mrs. Egg—and then she stopped her voice and then let it go—"some say that Liseo rode through the other night."

"Well, that wouldn't matter any to me, Mrs. Egg. . . . Good-by."

She made the old car cough as she started it and drove slowly out of the yard, through a gateway in the small beeches and syringa, into the highroad. The machine turned north up the very faint slope toward Ilium and pounded gradually out of hearing. Its noise was almost that of a galloping horse. Mrs. Egg clutched the jars to her breast and panted.

"What'd she want, mamma?"

"Oh, baby, the lives some folks have! They've told her to go and stay in California. She ain't a thing to get well for neither. If she died right this minute who'd care but her folks?—and she never was interestin' even when she had her looks."

"Quit cryin', mamma."

"She ain't more'n thirty-six or five, lamb. . . . Gimme your handkerchief an' take these peaches in to Matilda an' tell her to use some cinn'mon on her whipped cream. . . . Where's Sandy?"

Adam heaved a shoulder toward Sandy, visible in the bay window of the sitting room, and then politely ripped one-half of a thin silken sleeve from his left arm. Offering this improvisation to his mother, he seized both jars of peaches and was gone, returning as she blew her nose. His hand, patting her back, was light as an empty glove.

"Walk some, mamma."

"It's vulgar to show your emotions," she reflected, lumbering along, "but some things take you in the throat. I do get impatient with women which let themselves be beat on the head; but she wasn't brainy, ever. But, my gee, she's been livin' like that for twenty years!"

Adam hung an arm around her and Mrs. Egg paced the grass, crunching the crisp leaves with her soles. Beech leaves and maple leaves and crinkled little leaves of bushes strewed the grass between the low house and the roadway. Adam's moccasins made less sound than her shoes. He blew along, she sometimes thought, a big, silent cloud of muscles and things, and he was comfortable as a shadow against this biting sun. Her eyes ached a little. She was very hungry and confused. But the leaves gave her an idea.

"I can keep Sandy busy rakin' leaves for a couple of weeks, lamb. And you take him shootin' some. I don't put much trust in this notion of Liseo layin' for him. It's kind of fantastical, Dammy. . . . Don't the beeches look pretty?"

A clump of funny beeches lay on the curve of the road. They had never grown high, choked in a thicket of alders and syringa, but their gray stems twisted amusingly, and Mrs. Egg often sat on a pillow in the midst of the cluster listening to conversations as cars passed on the road, or watching whatever grandchildren were about the place fighting one another on the flat lawn. She steered, puffing gently, into this shady place and halted to look up through branches at the blue of the sky.

"I do like trees," she said.

"You're awful pretty, mamma."

"With my eyes all red? Shut up, lamb! Well, my complexion's still good for fifty years of age and —— Well, who in time left that in here?"

The motorcycle was almost hidden by brushwood. It jarred as she moved against its front wheel and some sprays of a green bush rattled on the handles. But there the thing impudently stood, and Karl Hossfeldt knew perfectly he had no right to leave his machine up here, when his place was down at the barns. A dead leaf lay on the stained saddle.

"Dammy, you track right down to the barns and tell that Hossfeldt kid to come take his contraption where it belongs! It's a good thing your poppa's in Columbus or he'd be roarin' like a bull with hives. That kid makes noise enough ridin' this thing in at five A.M., without leavin' it where he's no business. He's shoved it in through that break in the fence too. You go get him. Hired men get worse every week."

Adam blew smoke through his nose and looked at the machine with a kind of interest that his mother admired. She could like a calf or a good hen, but the giant's affection for these contrivances full of wheels was beyond her. He must know how to put this dangerous marvel together and take its vitals apart.

"Needs cleanin', mamma."

"It's certainly dusty. I don't want it lef' here where Sandy can get to foolin' with it, lamb. I've kind of dreaded these things since you smashed yours when that Wilson girl rode into you. They ain't solid enough. You get Karl and kind of bawl him out some—not too hard. He's just a kid."

Dammy grinned and went pacing off, trailing smoke that met behind his dwindling dark neck. Mrs Egg looked after him and saw him nod to Sandy, who was swinging his legs from the bay window into the sunlight, with Watson shadowy behind him. And fear climbed her in a vulgar flood. She was scared, alone in the gray clump of trees which whispered nervously, weaving lines of shade on her hand as she lifted it, cooling her face. She wanted to run after Adam

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and have him hold her close to him, to feel the muscles of his arm shift on her shoulder.

"My gee," she said, "you're a fool, Myrtle Egg!"

But the fear clamped her. Suddenly all of it was true, and Ulysses Patch rode a beastly horse on the grass, grinning up at Sandy in the window. It was all true, under the whispering trees, with the wind coming cold through the twisted boughs and the warm house so far off that the boy's voice was a thin, private trickle of sound, barred by low branches and effaced in space. It was true that Liseo wanted to kill him. A great shiver lifted her breast and she panted and moved back to clutch at a tree's strength.

Then she was angry. This was acting like Fern or any silly woman who'd been scared by a yarn. And if she could just make her breath come easily she would be all right. She would be all right in a minute anyhow. Mrs. Egg closed her eyes and bit a lip. It would pass—it would pass. Adam would be back in a hurry, anyhow. It would pass. She would make it pass. . . . It passed. Mrs. Egg opened her eyes and looked tranquilly at a man in a brown jacket standing beside the motorcycle. He was pretty dusty. He was Ulysses Patch.

"Well," she drawled, "how do you do, Liseo?"

After some time he said, "Very clever of you. You've a good memory, Mrs. Egg." His voice was just the same. "I'm flattered."

"I don't see it's flattering, Liseo. I'd be sure and remember you. You're an extremely handsome man, and always was. Where did you drop out of?"

He had goggles set in leather pushed up on his forehead, under a cap that was brown as his leather jacket. Mrs. Egg wondered if his hair was greased still, and it somewhat shocked her to see him dressed in brown.

"I've been riding around," he said. "I'm prospecting, you know, for a new fuel company. Been looking up points for gasoline stations, and so on. A motor bike makes a good vehicle for this kind of work. . . . Well, Ilium's grown a little. Not much though."

"It keeps about the same. I guess it's crawled up two or three thousand since you was here, Liseo."

"As much as that—really?"

"He's afraid of me. He's scared of me! He wants to get on his bicycle and run. He's scared!" she thought. "Where you livin', Liseo?"

"Mostly in Chicago. How's Mr. Egg?"

"Why, very well. He gets some rheumatic in fall and spring. He went to Columbus this mornin'. One of his cousins died off day before yesterday. Edna Peevey her name was. Pers'nally," said Mrs. Egg, "I think it was too much coffee. A woman of Edna's build had ought to've been careful about those stimulatin' drinks."

"I've always been rather afraid of coffee," he said.

"Well, it pays to be careful, Liseo."

His eyes twitched inside their curly lashes. He must have walked from the left, from behind a tall bush whose leaves did not shed until later in October. He'd been standing there while she and Adam talked. Mrs. Egg watched his eyes twitch toward that covert.

"How d'you like Chicago?"

Liseo lighted a short cigar and stood twiddling the match until it went out. His face had thinned in these years and was hollow in the cheeks, but hard everywhere and not much lined.

"Oh, it has disadvantages. You know them. Windy in winter and all that. But I like it well enough. I'm a pretty tame bird these days, Mrs. Egg. Expect you remember me as rather a hell raiser, don't you? I was too. Funny how a boy gets off on the wrong foot, isn't it?"

"You cat!" she thought. "You cat! You black alley cat!"

"You did cause some disturbance, Ulysses. . . . Let me introduce you to my boy. . . . Adam, lamb, this is Ulysses Patch we were talkin' about the other day. . . . This is my boy Adam, Liseo. You wouldn't remember him at all. He was just five when you left home. He's twenty-six now. He was four years in the Navy and used to be a gun pointer. Ain't he a small boy, though?"

Adam let a branch swing back and nodded his black head. Smoke purled from his nostrils, and the bushes swaying behind him made him taller because they were so thin and low. "Pleased to meet you."

"You must be even bigger than your father," the man in brown said.

"Some. Heard you rode through last week."

Liseo Patch took his cigar from his mouth and presently nodded. "I did. I was in an awful rush and didn't stop to look around. Funny that anybody noticed me."

"You're noticeable," said Adam.

"That's what one gets for being tall," Patch said.

Their voices snapped. Mrs. Egg took breath. The two dark men hated on sight, and Adam's nostrils had begun to stir. He hated Liseo and Liseo was afraid of him. That was it.

"Live in New York, Mr. Patch?"

"No. Chicago's my home, Mr. Egg."

"Oh? You was livin' in New York last summer, though?"

Liseo's lips parted and he lifted his shoulders. "I? No."

"Quit lyin'! You was in New York last summer. You slung Johnny Watson's kid under a truck in Sixty-eighth Street and tried to kill him." He spoke so rapidly that the words rattled like shot on a pan.

"Dammy, lamb, that's kind of rude."

Liseo Patch threw aside his cigar and said slowly, "It rather is—from a young fellow to an older man. My dear sir, I wasn't in New York in July. I was holding down my desk in Chicago, day by day, and ——"

"Who said anything about July? I said you was in New York last summer."

"I thought you said ——"

"Quit lyin', guy! You been sneakin' round here to get another chance at the kid. . . . Mamma, go and get Sandy and John. The kid'll know if this is ——"

"Adam Egg," she shouted, "I wouldn't have Sandy near this man for a million dollars in gold!"

Liseo spun and his eyes flared at her. Red pumped in his face. He said loudly "Keep your mouth shut! Upon my soul, if I'd remembered this was your place I'd not have put my feet on it! You helped young Watson persuade my father to ——"

"My, but you're actin' natural, Liseo Patch! I ain't scared of you! You're a low, mean, vulgar thing and always was! Nobody persuaded your father to do nothin' against you. You just busted his heart in him," said Mrs. Egg, "an' you know it! You get right off of this property, Liseo, or I'll have Dammy spank you. Adam, you give this person until you count three an' then kick him out in the road!"

Adam nodded, and then one of his arms swirled and he slapped the man's face three times, his fingers flickering back and forth.

"Dammy!"

"Had to, mamma."

She shut her eyes. She was not frightened. No. Dammy could thrash him. But the leaves rattled and things moved and something tinkled from the machine, and it was awful to look at Dammy when his lips and nostrils went gray and his arms swirled. The pause meant something bloody. Perhaps he'd mashed the man's nose. Then, yards from her, an engine commenced coughing.

(Continued on Page 73)

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Always a pleasure to ride in, to drive, to own, the Reo Flying Cloud is at her best when most cars show their worst behavior—on rain-swept streets, in slippery mud, on icy pavements.

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Where Corrosion threatens, *Byers Pipe protects*

Few people understand how costly it is to make pipe replacements.

In an offhand, general way, it may be natural to assume that something like half the cost of a pipe installation goes into the pipe itself and half into labor and incidentals. This is far from correct. In fact, the mere cost of pipe is something like 6% of the total if ordinary pipe is used, or about 10% where Byers Pipe is used.

In other words, whether you put in the cheapest pipe or the best, ninety per cent of your cost will be the same. But if you have to replace the pipe, you will pay a second time, not only for pipe but for all the elements that entered in the first place, and VERY MUCH MORE BESIDES.

To replace $100 worth of pipe will cost from $1,000 to $2,000, depending on the character of the service. Damage by escaping water, steam, or what not, destruction of walls or floors to get at the hidden fault, shut downs of the plant—idle time of machinery and workmen—all this may enter into the account. Power houses, factories, sky scrapers, hotels—taking all uses together, underground and above ground, —from ten to twenty times the cost of mere pipe must be allowed for pipe replacement.

* * * * *

Wherever the cost of material is low and the cost of working and applying it is high, the best of such material can be well afforded. For durability in the material prolongs the usefulness of the result as a whole. This is almost an axiom.

The principle holds as well for a pipe system as for a suit of clothes. If the material falls to pieces, expensive work has been wasted. Of all the materials that go into a building, few, if any, are so costly to replace in case of failure. The diagram here shown sums up the facts.

IN factories, power plants, sky scrapers, homes—underground or above ground—replacements are costly.

BYERS, while adding less than 10% to the cost of an installation, will double its years of usefulness.

Cost of Pipe (Cheapest) 5.5%
Shopwork, Threading Bending etc. 6.0%
Labor of Installing 16.7%
Extra Life Of Whole System Insured By Using Byers Pipe
100%
the Spiral Stripe
protects you against mistakes and substitution

This chart represents many months of cost studies in all types of building. The conclusion is everywhere unavoidable. Pipe replacements are so costly that a small added expenditure to prevent them is manifestly wise.

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BYERS PIPE

GENUINE WROUGHT IRON

(Continued from Page 70)

"Yella," Adam said, "as hell, mamma."

Mrs. Egg stood on her toes and peered over the brushwood and the broken wire fence.

The brown rider seemed to be blown up the slope toward town. Perhaps he thought Adam was chasing him. He became a leaf whirling in dust up the sunny strip of roadway.

"You're a great woman, mamma."

"Baby, I never was so mad in my life! My gee! He had the nerve to come pokin' in here and to ——"

"Where was he hidin'?"

"It must have been that tall bush, lamb. He come out because he was scared we'd take his motor bike. And wasn't you smart to catch him when he so good as admitted he was in New York in July? I bet that's the last we ever hear of Liseo Patch!"

Adam lighted a cigarette and went prowling behind the tall bush. "You go get washed for lunch, mamma."

"I better. I guess I look a sight. You get John off and tell him when he's had a meal. I'll go in the front way. Maybe I look kind of excited. I wasn't scared a bit."

But she had a sense of having been in darkness. People like that put a kind of cloud on you. You felt all mussed inside. She climbed the front stairs to her green bedroom and dabbed some perfume Adam had sent from Naples on her face before she sat down to brush her hair. She was very hungry. Well, eating would prevent her from saying too much to John and making Fern suspicious. If that fool heard this she'd just have hysterics. Mrs. Egg puffed and straightened her hair busily, bathed by air blowing through an opened window.

"Lunch is ready, Uncle Dammy."

"Yeh?"

"Whose gun?"

"Anybody's, kid," said Adam, on the grass. "I found it."

"Where'd you find it?"

"Over in the bushes. Someone dropped it. Loaded. Look out."

Sandy said, "But that's not a shotgun, Dammy. It's a nice case. What'll you do with it?"

"Keep it for a souv'nir, kid."

"Souvenir of what?"

"Nothin'," Adam said, "much. Don't go foolin' with it, kid. It's a sawed-off rifle. You could drill a man with it at fifty yards."

"Well, come on to lunch."

Mrs. Egg put her brush down and sat weakly fingering a bottle. The darkness came back upon her and she shivered, alone in the warm room, although the telephone rang and Fern began to exclaim downstairs, and there was a smell of food through the doorway, and soon heels clattered on the stairs.

"Mamma, the ——"

"You needn't to bawl so, Fern. I'll be down right away. I'm just doin' my hair over. Lunch can wait a minute."

"Mamma, Pansy phoned. There's been the awfulest accident in front of her place! She said it was perfectly awful to look at, and she has to go to Mrs. Bill Trimble's bridge party this afternoon and she's perfectly faint, and both of them were killed! There'd ought to be a law against motorcycles, anyhow! She says he was riding sixty miles an hour and ——"

"Who was?"

"They don't know his name. He was a big man and he hit the hydrant and it broke his neck, and the woman in the car was that Grace ——"

"I don't care to hear about it, Fern. I've got a headache, anyhow. Tell Dammy to bring me up some coffee when he's done lunch, daughter. . . . Don't tell me nothin' about it! Honest, the things folks do to each other in this world is enough to make a cow sick!"

"Mamma, that's a vulgar expression."

"I don't," said Mrs. Egg, "give a damn. I can stand expressions which is vulgar, but I can't stand people doin' vulgar things an' runnin' off and doin' worse. You tell Dammy to bring me up some coffee, Fern, and maybe some biscuits and a piece of butter—and just one peach —and tell Sandy to come up and amuse me when they're done. I feel kind of blue."

THUMBS UP

(Continued from Page 5)

When I was sure I loved her I let Mildred know that I had about ten thousand dollars laid away from the public grasp, and she said that was fine for me. I told her it would be fine for her, too, if we made it us. She just laughed and that left me flapping, because I did not know what she meant. I got so steamed up then that I asked Reginald a few questions.

"Does Mildred ever say anything about me?" I asked. "Do you think I stand pretty good with her?"

"Soit'nly," said Reginald.

"What does she think of me as a scrapper—good?"

"Soit'nly."

"Does she think I am a good guy too?"

"Soit'nly."

Then he lit a cigarette, and right there the conversation ended, because every nose ought to have two holes in it.

With things in that shape my manager came to me and said he had a lovely shot for us. That meant a good money fight. "This guy Happy Golden is comin' East," the manager says, "an' we can sign up for ten rounds with him. We grab a guaranty of four grand and a percentage that might make it six, because Happy is a great drawing card."

I had to laugh. This Happy Golden was about the hottest fighter in the class. He was matched with the champion for two months later.

"Sure," I grinned, "four thousand dollars is a lot of money, kid, and there's nobody needs it more than me. But I can tell you something better than that. There is ten times four grand waiting for the first man that'll jump off the Woolworth Tower into Broadway and walk away a well man."

"It ain't as bad as that," he told me. "You know a lot of tricks yourself, and this Happy Golden ain't goin' to bust up his hands hittin' you when he knows he's goin' to get a shot at the title inside two months."

"Ferget it," I told him. "The best day I ever saw, this Golden could take me like a baby takes a bottle. And the best day I ever saw was a lot of days ago. I want dough, but I want to live to enjoy it."

I let it rest there and practically forgot it until that night when I went to see Mildred. Then the break came. She greeted me with a double handshake and her eyes were lit up like Luna Park.

"You'll be champion!" she cracked right off the bat. "I saw it in the papers tonight! And to think you have been too modest to let us know that you had it all planned out!"

"Champion?" I asked, not getting her drift at all. "What's the idea?"

She was almost hugging me with delight, and that was not too tough. I never saw her so happy looking, and right away I began to get big ideas.

"Of course!" she babbled along. "I know you will beat this Happy Golden! The papers say that he is already matched with the champion, but if you beat him the champion will have to fight you instead of Golden."

"Yeah," I grunted, "when I do."

"That modesty of yours!" giggled Mildred. "If you don't know you're the greatest fighter on earth, I do! So there! Just think—champion!" She was all bubbled up, Mildred was—bubbled and steaming with delight.

At that point Reginald blew in and I looked at him and asked him, "Have you read the papers?"

"So.t'nly."

"I'm matched with Happy Golden, the coast tornado?"

"Soit'nly."

"Well," I said, "let's sit down. There's no sense standin' up, an' I'm tired. Anyhow I can't stay long, because I got to see my manager." I sure had something to say to him. It looked like that man would do anything for money.

All evening Mildred talked about nothing but me fighting this Happy Golden. She had never even seen a fight and she did not understand. It was a tough spot. I could see she felt that I was a real champion finally getting a chance to prove it. She got a big kick out of thinking I was a great fighter.

Reginald finally got wise to himself and left us alone, and I asked Mildred if my being champion meant a whole lot to her. She colored up and, womanlike, saw what I know showed in my eyes. Then we both kind of cried a little bit; her from emotion and me from sheer rage against my smart manager.

I could see two things. The first was that I had to fight Golden and lick him in order to show Mildred I was all she wanted to think I was. The second was that Golden was apt to massage me like a barber. He could hit like a pile driver. A tough guy. I might be in for a licking from him and a lose-out with Mildred if I did fight him, and I was in for a lost purse and a flop in love if I did not.

"Sure," I told Mildred when I kissed her for the first time, "I'll fight him. I'll do my best. But the fight game is a funny racket."

"You'll win, Whipper," she whispered to me, her face against my shoulder and her hands clinging to my arms. "I know you'll win!"

"An' if I do," I asked, being under the influence of a very powerful front-hallway spell, "what then? Will you marry me?"

She said yes, and I went hunting for my manager with murder in my mind and love in my heart. That is a heavy combination.

There is no use telling you all about the manager and how I told him what I thought about things. I will make that very short just to give you a general idea.

"This guy Golden," I told him, "is a killer. He has the worst punch in captivity. Why must you throw me in with him? He is so tough that every time he coughs the nearest horse gets pneumonia."

"Dough," he admitted. "We need the money. You ain't goin' to be able to fight much longer."

"Not if I fight guys like him, I ain't!" I growled.

Then I went to training and worrying. Evenings I had to listen to Mildred tell all about what we would do and how it would be when I was champion.

She showed her feelings so plain that even Reginald finally got wise. He used to look at me in a queer way anyhow, but now it was queerer.

"Are you thinkin' about me an' Mildred?" I asked him one day.

"Soit'nly."

"Do you think," I went along, trying to make believe I was half kidding, "that she will tie the can on me if Golden beats me?"

"Soit'nly."

I mean, you could depend on Reginald to be honest with what he called his thoughts.

That was where things stood right up to the time of the fight. There was only one change in Reginald and that was that he grew very blue and depressed-like. He loved his sister a lot. More and more he got to look and act like the advance man for a very big epidemic. And more and more I knew he was right. I was, as the highbrows say, staring into the dial of a very tough break.

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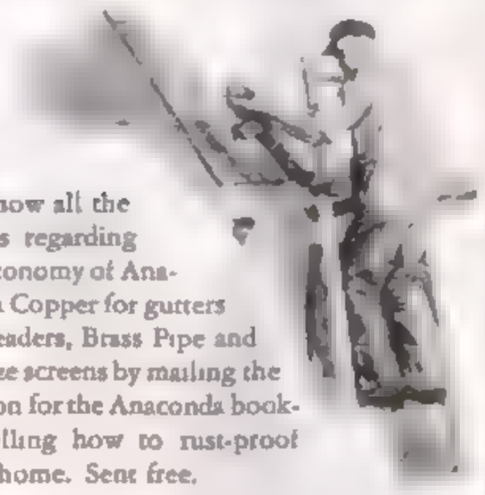

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"Reginald," I said to him, "can I count on you as my friend?"

"Soit'nly."

"You should explain to Mildred," I told him, "that any guy can be licked, sometimes just by accident. If I should lose this fight, Reginald, I would lose her. I want her more than anythin' else on earth. An' don't forget that this Golden guy is a tough egg—the toughest there is. If he gets the chance he will beat the champion every day for a week straight." I could see that he agreed with me, because his lips moved like a moonstruck flapper's reading a movie title. "Is she comin' to the fight with you?" I asked him.

Reginald just nodded his head, but it was enough. Mildred was coming there expecting to see me wade right through this Happy gent. She was all steamed up for it, and sure I would win and then beat the champion. I felt there was no more chance of that than of finding a little sprouting platinum bush out in the back yard. I kind of groaned, and Reginald looked up at me with the expression of a shad calling its roe. There we were. Reginald knew as well as I did that I had a man's job on my hands to beat this Happy Golden.

II

I CLIMBED into the ring with all the speed and enthusiasm of a paralyzed turtle. Across from me, under the big lights, sat this Happy Golden. What a man! His shoulders were as wide as the influence of a policeman, and his smile sort of told everybody what I knew in my heart—he was a winner. The kind of a guy, you know, who knocks you kicking in a very complete manner and then picks you up as tenderly as a mother handling her baby. A kid. Strong, young, confident; all steamed up for a massacre.

Outside the ring was the mob, and the manager whispered to me that we would beat four grand by plenty because our percentage arrangement would run high.

"You would think of that," I told him. "How about castin' a brief an' snappy glance at that bird over on the other seat? How about that, huh?"

"Outguess him," he answered. "He has got youth, you have got experience. Use every trick you know, and if it gets too tough push one of his punches down and win on a foul."

I was feeling strange and not happy, and in the back of my mind was the idea that Mildred was right close at hand ready to see me knocked kicking. I minded that a lot more than being knocked. It would hurt her. I know very little about women, but I should think that girlish dreams are sorry things to be disturbed, and with a guy as emphatic as this Happy Golden ready to smack both me and the dreams ——

The referee called us to ring center and spilled the usual bunk that you nod your head about and right away forget. Happy gave me a hearty handclasp and a wide smile and whirled back to his corner. I looked around, and there, in the first row, was Mildred, with Reginald sitting beside her pulling at his lips. Her face was just as white as the lights over our heads, but her eyes were lit up again and her hands were caught together on her lap just like they were welded there. She saw me look at her, and her shoulders shook and she tried to wave me a good-luck sign. I thought about what she might have coming to her.

Then the bell rang. I slipped out, weaving. In my mind was the thought that I would keep Happy shooting at a moving target all the time and plan to roll the sting out of his punches. I knew that I never had fought as good a fight as I was going to make right then. I was fighting for Mildred.

Sometimes, instead of the grinning Happy, I would see her white face there in the ring. But I knew I might be licked, just the same, and all of a sudden I felt mighty sick of the fight business.

Happy shot a left and it came fast. I slid inside it and tried to counter with a right to the body. He was too good. I slid into a clinch and he cracked me on the ear with his right. I brought my shoulder up under his chin and we wrestled there till the referee pulled us apart. Happy went back grinning. He danced along the ropes, trying to make me come to him. I kept in the clear, trailed him without a lead, and after a few seconds the gallery gods began to stamp their feet and sing out for action.

Happy went into a corner and I caught him there. I hooked a left to the head and a right to the body. I dropped my left elbow against his chin in a trick break, but it just grazed his jaw and did no harm. If I could catch him with a hard elbow ——

He came off the ropes with a shower of punches that was like confetti at a wedding, except that every punch hurt. He was fast and powerful. He hit me to the body four times before I could get the umbrella up at all. He had the speed and the strength and the youth. Anybody could see that. But in that flurry there on the ropes I discovered one thing. He took very long chances on his punching.

He had a wicked uppercut, but he shot it with the thumb of his fist upward from the floor. That left the bone of his forearm exposed to an elbow or a head. He might put his arm out of commission that way. There were things he had to learn, I could see. He should have thrown that punch with the palm of the glove upward, then the muscle would protect the bone. But he had fire and strength and youth.

As we danced around the ring, looking for openings, I would catch a glimpse of Mildred and Reginald. He sat there all hunched up as usual, his elbows on his knees and his fingers twitching at his lips. Mildred had a face of marble. Her mouth was set like concrete, the lips open a little and the lights over the ring casting reflections off her teeth.

Her shoulders were shot forward, her hands still caught together in her lap. In her eyes there was a startled look, a light that seemed to tell me she never suspected fighting would be like this. Once when Happy shot a solid left to my body and it thudded pretty loud and the mob cheered, I saw Mildred cringe back, and one hand shot up to her cheek as though she was trying to catch her breath there and hold it safe.

Poor kid! I could see that she wished it was over. She never spoke to Reginald and he never did to her. Reginald saw that I was headed for an evening that was apt to be long and weary. Maybe he felt sorry for Mildred. I know I did. I kept thinking that if Reginald had any brains he would drag her out of there before the end came along.

Golden hit very hard. When he landed clean to the body or head I felt it first in my knees. That is a sure sign that punches carry weight.

Most people think a sock on the pan hurts on the pan. It never did me. If it was a real wallop that carried sleep, I felt it last where it hit. First, you feel a kind of heavy thump and lots of times it looks as though the lights over the ring had dropped an inch or two and hung there shaking for a second. Then you feel a surge all over your body and it centers in your knees and stomach. After that you feel it where you really were hit. That way—it is queer.

I got several like that from Happy Golden early as the sixth round. I knew they were doing me no good, and I knew that he knew it and would lay his plans right. He was well advised all the way. Dance, he would—dance, dance, dance, and my poor old legs had to trail along or keep stepping back when he came to me like a streak.

I knew he was going to win the decision. I hated that, but hated it less than the thought of being knocked out with Mildred there to see. I began to fight with the sole idea of going the limit. To do that, I figured, I had to rest during the eighth and ninth rounds in order to meet the big finish in the tenth.

Happy had been so well advised all along that I figured he would give me no rest at all, and with that killing sock in his right hand, it looked like I was slated to begin breathing gently through my ears and come to with Mildred gone forever and a large swelling somewhere in the neighborhood of what the boys call the kisser.

I have never lost anything by making friends in or out of the ring, and I saw, just with the naked eye, that this was no time to make an enemy of a bird that had grown onto a right hand like Happy Golden owned. That right uppercut was poison.

Happy was a kid and he looked like a pretty good kid. I figured that he would appreciate it and maybe not show so much enthusiasm if I tipped him off on a few things.

"I've seen guys bust their arm with uppercuts like those," I said to him in a clinch. Once I got him in a clinch I could handle him. "Keep your thumb down, kid. You're flirtin' with a long spell of bad health."

Then I stepped back and gave him a chance to run that over on his ukulele. But he was not as nice a kid as I thought. For giving him a good tip I received, net, a dirty look and a nasty crack.

"You look out fer your own thumbs!" he sneered. "If I pick any teeth with mine, they'll be your teeth!"

You know, even a fighter does not have to be a mean guy. You can knock a guy goofy with a smile on your dial as well as you can with a sneer, and it goes bigger all the way around. I hate to see nasty fighters. Everybody used to think that all fighters were yeggmen and thugs anyway, and now that the profession is sort of changing our best drawing-room habits, I hate to see it get a setback. Well, anyhow, he could never say that I did not tip him off. I suppose all kids have to learn. If only we could get us a fighter that knew as much when he is a kid as I knew that night! By the time you get to know it all you are too old to use it.

Maybe I got to thinking too much about that and let my mind wander from the business of fighting. Anyway, Happy shot through one of those forearm-exposed uppercuts and it took me so clean under the chin that I saw the back of my own tights, bird's-eye view. I went down like a bum stock and felt the little pieces of rosin dust biting at my nostrils.

The wild yell of the mob brought me to. I looked down along myself and my legs looked like bowling alleys. They seemed a mile long. Right at the knees I could see funny little muscles that I never knew I had and they were twitching and twitching. Off in my corner, somewhere between me and the moon, millions of miles away, my manager was shouting something. Over me a scarecrow seemed to be standing and kind of flapping in the wind that roared around my head. I knew that was the referee and that he was counting.

"Stay down! Take the count!" the manager was buzzing. As if I would do anything else! The floor got to waving and I was trying very hard to stay on it. A knock-out is a queer thing. Through the haze came another voice. It was Reginald. He had heard what the manager shouted and he saw me get to one knee and rest there, trying to catch the count.

"Stay down!" the manager boomed again.

"Soit'nly! Soit'nly!" Reginald was squawking. I saw him then through clouds that seemed to hang from the bright lights overhead. His shoulder was up, his hand, fingers stiff, was flat away from his body. The same old kid, the same old world, the same old fight. I came to, shook my head and heard "Seven" from the referee.

I smiled, and knew I was smiling at Mildred. I knew that she saw it, but once I heard her scream. At nine I was up, and Happy was over me like a blanket. I covered. I remember thinking that everything might be jake even yet, if only he would throw one of those wild socks of his and bring it up against my elbows or my head and maybe crumple up a knuckle or two.

(Continued on Page 76)

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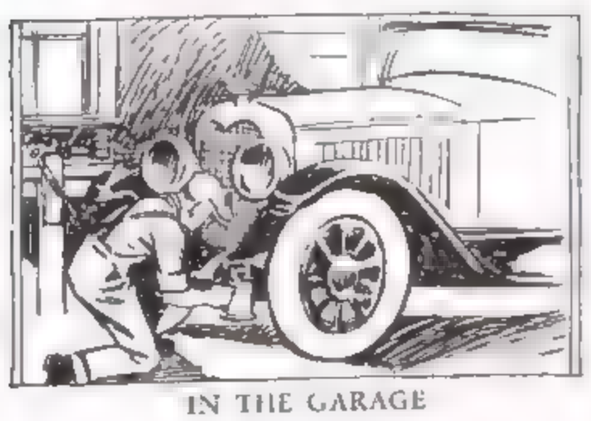

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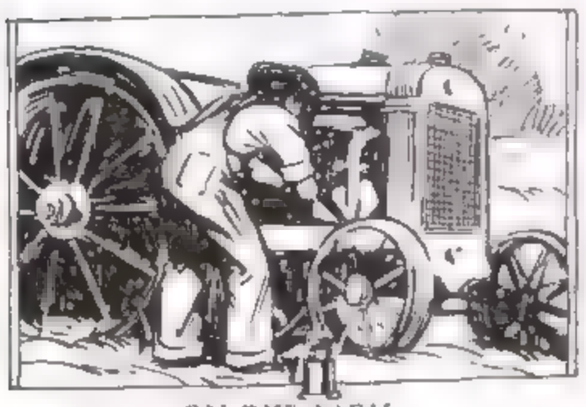

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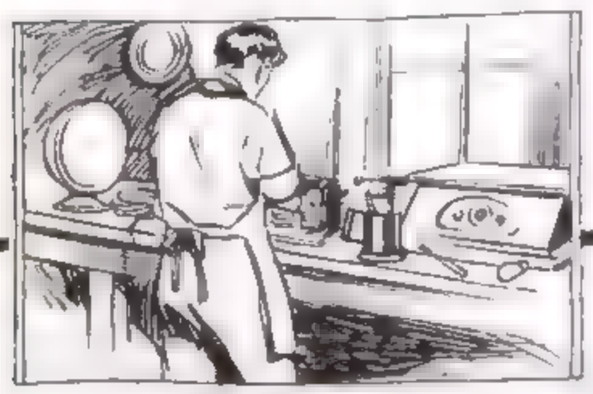

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(Continued from Page 74

He belted me on the shoulders and the back and the head. I felt as though the audience were all expert shots from the Marine Corps and each of them was throwing rocks at me. My knees were like tallow, and once when I shot what we call a picture punch, just to make an impression on the mob, my own glove went so fast I could not stop it. It dragged me across the ring and into the ropes and some half-wit laughed at me.

I covered again, but Happy caught me and landed a couple on my back that almost sunk me. My stomach had gone back on me now. I was sick—just as sick as a man at sea when he is good and sick. I was dizzy. Sometimes I saw Happy and sometimes I did not. But I always felt him.

Then the punches stopped and my manager was in the ring and dragging me toward my corner. The bell had rung. I never heard it.

At the corner they worked on me. Ice water on the head, neck muscles rubbed until the hair pulled out and the blood started up into my brain again and brought me out of the haze.

Ammonia was under my nose and it felt like a two-flame torch shooting right through the flesh. But it cut a path to consciousness and set the old bean to working again. The stinging of the ammonia in my nose made me think of Reginald, and believe it or not, what I thought was that that torch would maybe work good on him and make smoke come out of both his nostrils.

Queer thoughts—funny ones—crazy ideas—fogs that hung low and close, then faded far away; great spaces, queer-looking things that I knew were men—ropes that seemed to dance; in the far-away a steady rumble of voices that said nothing; then Reginald with the ammonia bottle. Somehow he had got into my corner. He had left Mildred alone and come to help me all he could.

"Fight, Whipper!" the manager was shouting at me. "You gotta fight now! Give him all you got!"

"Is Mildred still out there?" I asked Reginald.

"Soit'nly!" he exploded, waving the ammonia under my nose once more.

Then the whistle came. I heard it clearly, but my legs were still shaky. Ten seconds and the bell would come. I knew that Happy would be out to finish me. I knew he had the greatest chance to do it that ever a man had.

I had always been a clean fighter. But there, before men who laughed at me when I staggered around, out on my feet, and gave them still the best I had—before the mob who cheered at seeing me slaughtered—before this kid with his power and his strength and his youth—youth —— Gee! Before Mildred—the woman I wanted and might lose!

Well, I fought to win. That's what Happy was doing. I remembered that forearm with the thumb up. It was a chance. I remembered how Happy had reached me with that first uppercut. It was worth a trial. My last fight anyway—too old—fire gone—knees crumpling—gloves each weighed a ton—bell!

How that lad came out after me! He whirled me into the ropes and whaled me with both hands. The mob stood on their seats like hunters at the kill and they cheered and howled in delight. I knew what they wanted. How long could I stand up? How much could I take?

I wished they were in there taking a few. I will never cheer when a good old horse finds its harness taken away. I hated everything in the world. The crowd—damn 'em and their hollering! This Happy Golden with his grin and his awful wallop and his youth! Mildred was there. I heard her cry out. Happy was beating me bad.

"Go down, Whipper!" a news writer called up to me. "Go down! Just don't take it!"

I wanted to go down. But Mildred was there. Here was my last fight. Nobody knew that but me, but I knew it. Old—all done, but still in there and hating to quit.

I handcuffed Happy, clung to his arms like crab to a bait. The referee pulled and hauled. I hung. He slapped me on the back, warned me to break. I shook my head to clear away the cobwebs and thought of Mildred—poor kid. It was tough on her!

We were apart again, and Happy stepped back to set himself, catch his breath after the fury of that first attack. He was all the winner now. The cheers of the mob fired him. He never saw that some day he would be just where I was then. He was out to kill, to bring down his game and dance again in his corner, and maybe have his picture taken.

Then he came in. I dropped my left aside. Like a flash he shot that uppercut. I was cool then. I could see Mildred and imagined I could hear her talking to me. The crowd did not seem to be there at all—just Mildred and me and Reginald and that wet, soggy glove with the padding all in the heel and the toe, and the knuckles almost bare; that glove that was coming so fast for my chin.

I set myself, timed the whole thing. His bare forearm cracked against the point of my elbow. I heard him grunt, saw the smile fade from his face and his lips go kind of green. There was a grating sound and my left flew high in the air from the force of his blow. But my right was ready.

Right then, when his knees were weak and his stomach kind of crawling and upside down just like mine, my right hand was the pill for that baby! I threw it overhand, threw my shoulder and my hip and my leg after it. I never in my life put so much into one punch. It connected. His head popped back and his arms dropped.

Experience—I knew that end of the fight racket! While he was sagging, his great right arm hanging like a grapevine in winter and his eyes as steady and as glassy as crockery, I caught him again—rosin! I leaned on the top rope. If he got up. Well ——

He never got up. The crowd was hushed while they counted him out and then they went crazy with yelling. But I hated them just the same. They were not sports. They just paid their money to see people slaughtered—especially old people like me who did their best and for doing it got nothing but the raspberries.

Happy Golden never stirred except for his jerky breathing. I watched him there on the floor while the referee counted.

His right forearm was turning blue and swelling. I hoped it was not broken. But I had warned him. And anyway, even if it was, he was young. . . . To hell with the crowd! . . . The yells. . . . Mildred was there. I looked and saw her and she was crying.

Happy's green tights were turning just a little yellow around the top. It was the settling dust of rosin that showered him when he fell into it. I had won. I felt pretty bad too.

III

DOWN the aisle through all the hands that slapped my sore back and grabbed my aching arms, the manager and a cop making way through the crowd, my ears roaring with a million things. Behind me, my bucket and towel in his hands, Reginald.

The dressing room—small, littered with papers, smelling of leather and perspiration. Then the rubbing bench and my forehead on my arms. Alcohol on my tired back, and hands that eased away a thousand pains and hurts and bruises. A rotten game, this fighting. Glad I was through with it.

Reginald rubbed me and talked to me with his lips. Never a sound made, just lips moving and the rubbing, and outside the room the babble of excited voices and newspapermen asking me to say something to them. I said nothing. Managers talk. Mine went out and did his stuff. In a few minutes he was back and told me our end had been better than six thousand dollars. I did not care.

"A return bout with a guaranty of ten grand!" he sang along. "I knew you'd outguess that baby. What a fight! What a finish! Sign up, we will, for a return. You got the old Indian sign on that baby now. Take him in a round next shot."

"Can you shut that guy's mouth?" I asked Reginald.

"Soit'nly!" said Reginald. Then he pasted the manager right on the chest and spun him against the wall. Conversation—threats—loud words—all bunk—all hokum—all just noise. Finally quiet. A shower bath and a rest, then dressing, with only Reginald there with me, and the manager and the mob all gone.

"I beat him, kid," I said to Reginald.

"Soit'nly."

"But I feel like hell. He nearly finished me. What a pastin' I took!"

We were quiet again and I kept scraping at the black marks the tape had left on my hands. After a minute I said, "Is Mildred still here?"

"Soit'nly."

"Waitin'?"

"Soit'nly."

"Happy, is she?"

"Soit'nly."

We went down the hall and my legs still shook under me. I could remember the bruise on Happy's arm and it seemed to grow and I kept hoping the bone was not broken. But he was young, very young.

She was in a taxicab waiting for us. When I opened the door and got in she was crying a little. Very soft and quiet about it, but tears hanging to her cheeks like dew on a florist's roses.

I grinned through swollen lips, reached for her hands. I missed them, because she raised them and wound them around my neck and pulled my head down onto her shoulder. What a spot! What a rest! What a relief! It made the whole thing worth it—all the pasting and all the tired aches—all were worth while just for that.

She kissed me where, a little while before, Happy Golden was socking me with that terrible right. Maybe you get the idea. No crowd, no fight, no lights, no dizziness—just happiness.

"Now," she said after a moment, during which I felt her fingers softly rubbing my neck back of my ear—"now you can fight the champion!"

"Yeah," I told her, "now I can fight the champion—pretty soon, I guess. Happy Golden wants another chance first."

The very worst thing she could have said! I was disgusted with the game; knew I was old and should quit. She said that! Women can be the most terrible things on earth. If she had only known what her talk about more fights meant to me just then! She thought of me, I guess, as a kid. Well, I am—out of the ring.

"And you will," she said slowly, "and beat him too!"

"Yeah," I agreed, looking sidewise at Reginald, who sat there on the little seat facing us. "Yeh-up, I suppose I will—now."

"But it is all terrible, Whipper," she came back at me suddenly—"the worst thing I ever saw. I hate it, hate it, hate it—every bit of it. It frightens me so! But I suppose you've got to be champion. You've a right to it; you've worked so hard for it; you're so sure to win it."

I looked down at her. Something funny was in her voice. Then she cried again and asked, "Would you rather be champion than have me?"

"No," I said, "I'd rather have you than anything else on earth."

"You'll have to prove that to me, Whipper," she sobbed.

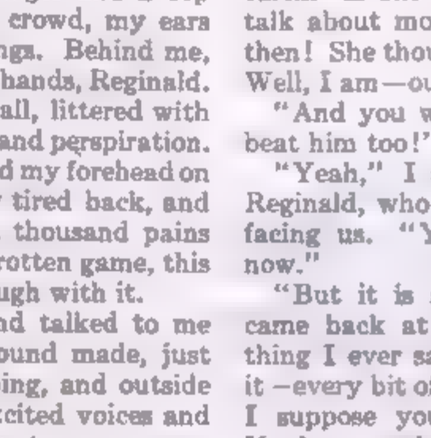
"How?" I asked. "You don't mean—do you mean ——"

"I mean by never fighting another single time!" she said, and it was a minute before the words sank in. All of a sudden I heard Reginald whistling very softly, and his fingers were drumming on the glass of the taxicab door.

"You want me to quit the game!" I cried, happier than a millionaire with a tax-exempt bond. "Honestly, quit right now, Mildred?" I said it, though, like it was going to be a very great sacrifice.

It was Reginald who answered. He had fished out a cigarette and kindled it and filled the cab with smoke from one nostril. Just as soon as I asked that question he cut right in. He was always that way. Bad manners. Mildred hugged me closer and nodded, and he flicked his cigarette and said, "Soit'nly!"

So we all agreed on that.



"Soit'nly"

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Then focus on the interesting big end tuft, which makes the Pro-phy-lac-tic a most inquisitive brush. This tuft can go anywhere in your mouth. And you'll find it especially useful in getting at those molars 'way back in the restricted recesses of your mouth.

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THE SPIRIT OF SEVENTY-SIX

(Continued from Page 11)

you are. I know you better than you know yourself. The thing for you to do is to get to bed and—and relax."

Her surface tone was caressing, but beneath it, like a granite ledge in a sweet-flowing stream, lay a note of resolution which told Mrs. Trescott that further argument would be futile. How like her father Muriel was, she thought—yet how unlike him. Here was the executive capacity, the habit of command, which had made the general so successful. But, unlike her father, Muriel was a martinet.

"And that," said Mrs. Trescott to herself, "is why I've got to go to bed."

She didn't want to go to bed yet, but she realized that were she to remain up on this her first evening in their house they would feel obliged to stay at home. Presently, therefore, she rose and said good night.

Muriel accompanied her to her bedroom. "I want to make sure you have everything you need," she said, linking her arm through her mother's as they moved along.

"I hope you and Alden won't have me on your minds," said Mrs. Trescott. "I hope you'll go out and see a picture."

"Perhaps we will." In the bedroom, Muriel bent and kissed her. "Sweet dreams, dear," she murmured as she closed the door.

Left alone, Mrs. Trescott moved slowly to the window, lifted the silk curtain and gazed out at the park that lay like a dim map far below. She saw areas of velvet blackness and winding drives lined in double rows of lights, between which, like processions of swift-moving beetles with shining eyes, passed streams of motor cars. Halfway across the dark, mysterious terrain she could see lights reflected in water, and far off, at the other side, a wall of lofty buildings, their checkered windows glittering against the night.

For a time she stood motionless, looking out, half dazed by the glorious nocturnal spectacle. Then with a sigh she dropped the curtain and turned from the window.

"Well, anyway," she murmured wistfully as she took her dressing gown from the bed, "New York's a wonderful city—a wonderful, wonderful city."

Next morning, to her own indignation but to Muriel's evident satisfaction, Mrs. Trescott overslept. "You see, mother," said her daughter, smiling at her from the doorway, "you were more tired than you thought. I've looked in at you several times and you were sleeping soundly." Mrs. Trescott did not like to be looked at when she was sleeping soundly, neither did she like to have breakfast in bed, but that was where she had it.

She was dressing when, a little later, Muriel came again to her door. "I have to go downtown and do some shopping this morning," she announced, "but I'll be home for lunch."

"If you don't mind waiting a few minutes, dear," Mrs. Trescott ventured, "I'd like to go with you."

But Muriel shook her head. "No, mother, the shops would simply wear you out. But I'm planning to take you for a nice drive this afternoon."

Throughout the morning Mrs. Trescott looked forward to the drive. Before going to luncheon she put on her hat, but upon reaching the table she learned that rest in the early afternoon was included in the regimen Muriel had scheduled for her, so after luncheon she removed her hat.

It was late afternoon when they descended to the limousine. "Now," Mrs. Trescott announced happily as they took their seats in the car, "there's a number of places I'm eager to see. I want to see Union Square and Madison Square—we used to stop at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, you know. And I want to go down to Broome Street and see if father's house is still there."

"Oh, goodness, mother, the traffic down that way is simply horrible!"

"But ——"

"Besides, you need fresh air," continued Muriel. "You'll enjoy seeing the park and Riverside Drive."

In spite of Mrs. Trescott's disappointment, she was forced to admit to herself as they drove along that Muriel was in a measure right. In her childhood there had been no Central Park. She could remember the early days of its construction; yet now, with its curious effect of metropolitan rusticity, it looked as if it had been there forever; and though the towering apartment buildings of Riverside Drive, like palisades above the sparkling Hudson, were in reality so new, they, too, conveyed a sense of immemorial permanence.

For a week Mrs. Trescott enjoyed that daily drive; for another week she tolerated it; but there came a day in mid-October when the color of autumnal foliage in the park and the tang of autumnal air suggested the abandonment of the automobile. Muriel, however, vetoed the contemplated walk in the park, explaining that it was unsafe for anyone—especially for a person of Mrs. Trescott's age—to cross the Avenue on foot; wherefore Mrs. Trescott found herself once more being driven over the now too familiar circuit.

Always on these drives Muriel had accompanied her, but next morning, while Mrs. Trescott was breakfasting in bed, her daughter entered, hatted and gloved, with the news that she was obliged to spend the day upon Long Island. It was her hospital committee, she explained. "We go out to the Home for Crippled Children on the third Tuesday of each month. But everything's arranged for you. I've spoken to Hewson about your rennet, and Murphy will be around for you at half-past three. Hewson will take you downstairs and see you to the car. There was a frost last night, so take the heavy robe and don't open more than one window."

"I'll be all right," said Mrs. Trescott. "What time will you get home?"

"I'll surely be home for dinner. Don't forget your nap, dear."

But though Mrs. Trescott went as usual to her room after luncheon that day, she did not take her nap, but presently emerged in hat and cloak.

"Anna," she said to the maid who was dusting in the hall, "when you have finished here, please tell Hewson I've gone out, and ask him to let Murphy know that I won't need the limousine this afternoon." Already she had rung for the elevator, and now, stepping into it, she added: "I'll be back before dinner."

As she moved past the saluting doorman and turned down the Avenue she felt a panicky exhilaration like that of a runaway child expecting at any moment to hear from behind the peremptory voice of authority. Rounding the corner, she felt more secure, and while waiting to cross Madison Avenue she reflected that she must be particularly cautious about traffic. It wouldn't do to have anything go wrong now. No, indeed!

At Lexington Avenue she hesitated, scanning the passers-by until there came along a pleasant-faced young woman, of whom she asked directions.

"I'll show you the way," said the girl. "I'm going there myself."

They walked along together, and Mrs. Trescott, looking up at her companion, noticed the deep blue of her eyes and was reminded of a tall delphinium.

"It's much cooler today," she remarked.

"Yes," the girl replied; "there was a frost last night unfortunately for me."

"Your garden?"

The other smiled. "Goodness, no! The frost killed some mosquitoes belonging to a friend of mine and we're both nearly distracted."

"Mosquitoes?"

"Yes. He might have known the weather would change any time now, but he was careless and left the window open."

Mrs. Trescott looked up at her companion's face and found it no less normal in expression than it had seemed to her at first. "You mean you—you *want* mosquitoes?"

"He's a biologist," the girl explained, "and he's been experimenting with mosquitoes, but now he can't go on unless he gets some new ones. He's terribly depressed—says there's no use trying to find any. Probably he's right, but it's so important to us both that I decided to see what I could do. If you hunt hard enough it seems as if you ought to be able to find anything here, no matter what it is—New York's so wonderful."

"It is, indeed!" Mrs. Trescott's heart warmed toward the girl.

"I'm getting discouraged, though," the other went on ruefully. "I've been to the Board of Health and to a lot of zoölogists and entomologists and none of them could help me." On a corner she stopped. "Well, here we are at the Subway. I'm on my way to the Behrens Institute, up in the Bronx. If you're going uptown we can keep on together."

Mrs. Trescott hesitated for an instant, then —— "That will be very nice," she replied. Broome Street could wait. "As a matter of fact," she added as arm in arm they crossed the street, "I'm going just for the ride."

"In the Subway?" The girl glanced down at her with an incredulous smile.

"I've never been in it before."

"You're lucky."

They descended the steps, passed through clattering turnstiles and stood waiting on the long concrete platform.

"You see," Mrs. Trescott began, wishing to make clearer to her new-found friend the reason for her interest in the Subway, "I was born in New York, but I ——" There, however, her voice was lost, even to her own ears, in the deafening roar of an express train, which rushed past like some apocryphal monster through a forest of steel tree trunks; and as a local immediately followed, there was no further opportunity for conversation until they were seated aboard the train, when she asked, "What is it he's been doing with mosquitoes?"

"He's been finding out about their hearing," the girl replied. "Perhaps you know mosquitoes hear through their antennæ—those little feelers that stick out from their heads like horns. There are tiny hairs on the antennæ—you need a strong microscope to see them—that vibrate to certain sounds; and George, the biologist I spoke of, has been localizing the hairs that are affected by different rates of vibration."

"How remarkable!"

"For instance," the girl went on, "a female mosquito, wishing to call the male, makes a humming noise—she does it by breathing—and when her humming sets up a vibration on the antennæ of the male, he turns until he feels the vibration equally on both antennæ and then flies toward her."

"You don't say!"

The girl nodded. "There's a lot we don't understand about vibrations. The hum of the female mosquito makes a rapid vibration—about five hundred and twelve to the second—but there are some vibrations so slow that the human ear can't hear them. George was telling me the other day of a scientist who says that when an elephant slowly swings its trunk—you've seen them do it—it sets up a low vibration that other elephants can hear. Elephants have poor eyesight, you know, but they have wonderful hearing, so it seems as if it might be true. And if so, why shouldn't it be true that people set up vibrations that are felt by other people who are sympathetic to them? Couldn't that account for the way we find ourselves suddenly attracted to one person and not to another?"

"Why, of course! That may be the reason I spoke to you out there on the street instead of asking someone else."

"Yes," agreed the girl; "and instead of just telling you the way, I wanted to go with you."

"So here we are," said Mrs. Trescott happily, "and I don't know when I've been so interested. You must be a biologist yourself."

"No; but I expect to be a biologist's wife. George and I are engaged, and we had planned to marry in November. He's been promised a university professorship as soon as he gets his doctor's degree, and he expected to finish his thesis and get the degree this year, but now we may have to wait—now that his mosquitoes are dead."

"Oh," said Mrs. Trescott, "no wonder you're so anxious to find others." She reached out and patted the girl's hand. "I do hope you'll be successful, my dear—I do hope so! You'll surely let me know how it comes out, won't you?"

"I'll be glad to. Or you can come with me if you'd care to—it's only a step from the Subway—and we could ride back together afterwards."

Mrs. Trescott was delighted with the proposal, and when presently they reached their station she was interested to observe that the Subway had somehow come out from under the ground and become an elevated railroad, from which they descended to the street and made their way toward an imposing building close at hand.

"Mosquitoes?" repeated the girl behind the information desk. "I'll see." After speaking briefly over the telephone, she directed them to another floor, where they were met by a Doctor Hoppner, who, with his thick-lens spectacles, struck Mrs. Trescott as resembling an amiable and efficient beetle.

"Mosquitoes—certainly," he replied.

"Oh," exclaimed the girl, "can you spare me some?"

"But what kind?" he asked. "I have here some thirty-nine species."

Mrs. Trescott had a moment's anxiety for her companion, but was reassured on hearing her reply.

"The *Culex?*"

"Ah," he returned, "but I have six species of the *Culex*. I have the *Culex salinarius*, the *Culex territans*, the ——"

"Have you any of the *Culex pipiens?*"

He nodded. "I could easily spare you several hundred of them."

"Oh," she answered eagerly, "a hundred would be plenty."

The doctor called through an open door, directing an unseen Miss Weffles to gather a hundred of the *Culex pipiens* and pack them in a coldproof box. Then, as they waited, he asked why she required the mosquitoes, and having learned, informed them of his own experiments.

"From a medical point of view," he said, "we have naturally been most interested in the more dangerous species of mosquito, such as those that communicate fevers, with the result that little attention has been given to the comparatively harmless varieties. It is with these that I am now working, my purpose being to develop a serum that will immunize sensitive persons against an ordinary mosquito bite."

He spoke with a curious precision, as though reading from a textbook.

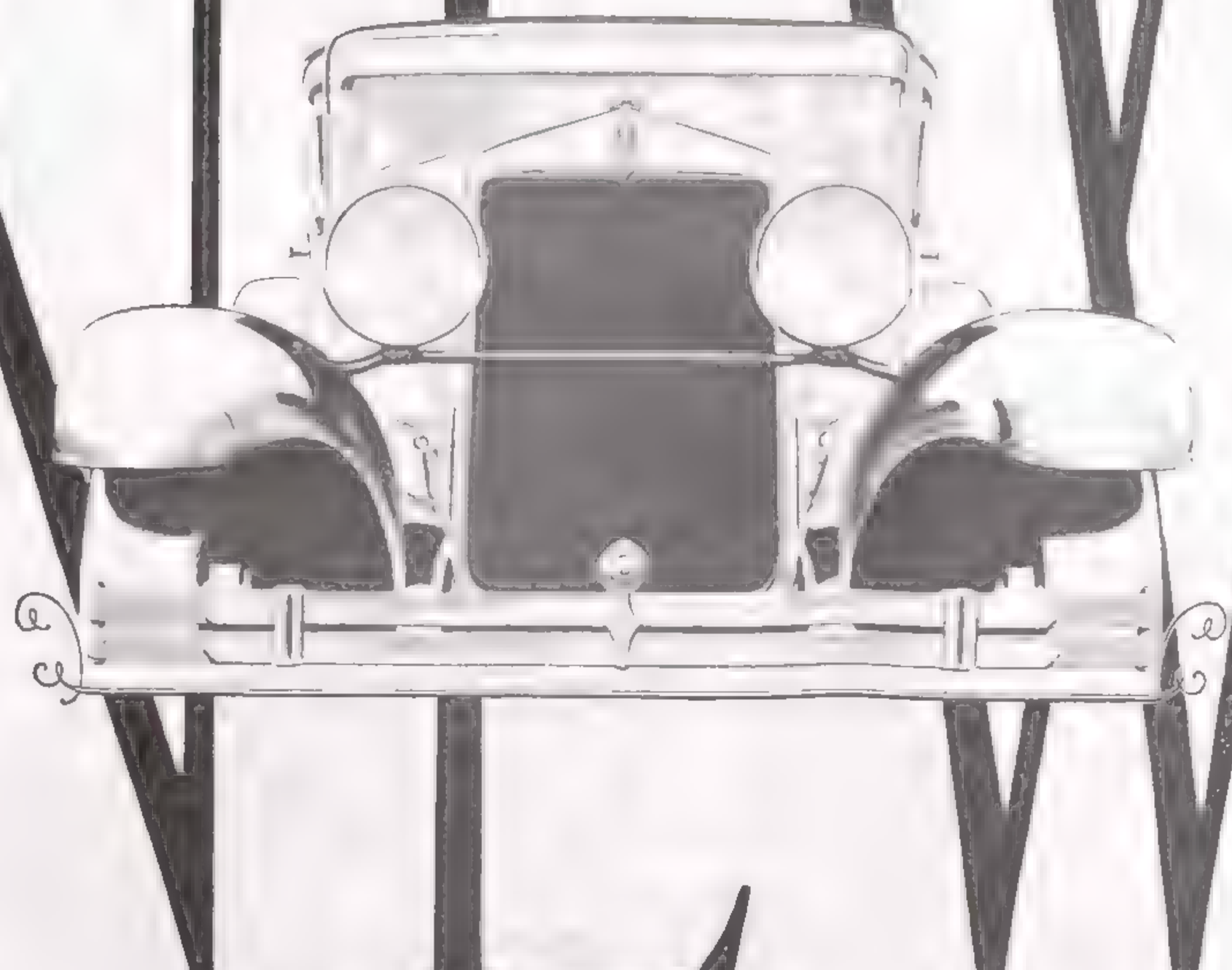
"As you are, of course, aware," he continued, addressing the young girl, "it is only the female mosquito that bites. Blood is not her normal diet, but she requires a meal of blood in order to hatch her eggs, and this makes her ravenous for it." His eyes twinkled behind his spectacles. "You will pardon me, ladies, but here again we may perceive the truth of Kipling's charge that the female of the species is more deadly than the male. But when my serum is perfected ——"

"Oh, that will be a blessing!" exclaimed Mrs. Trescott. "My little granddaughter

Continued on Page 84

Announcing the

NEW



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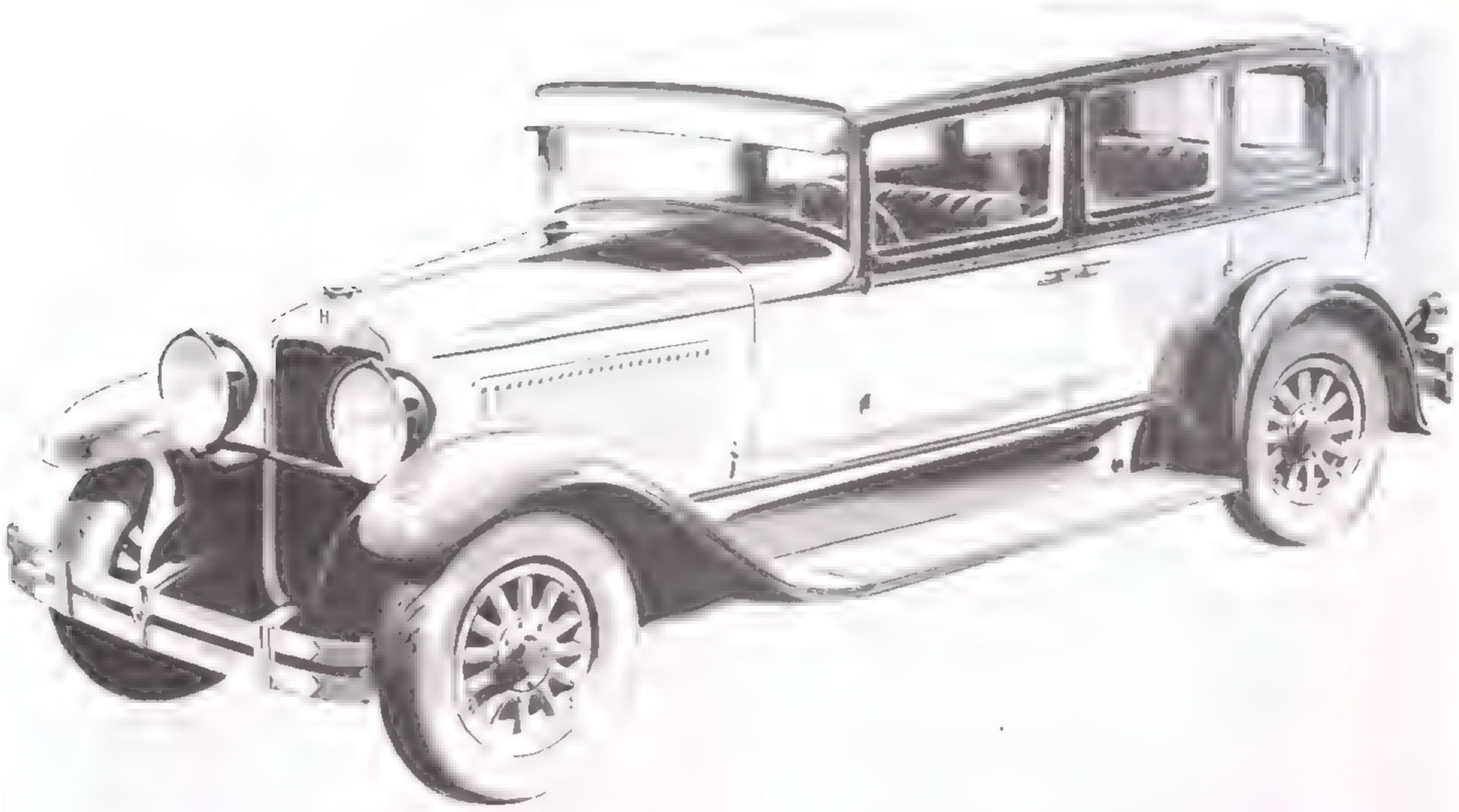

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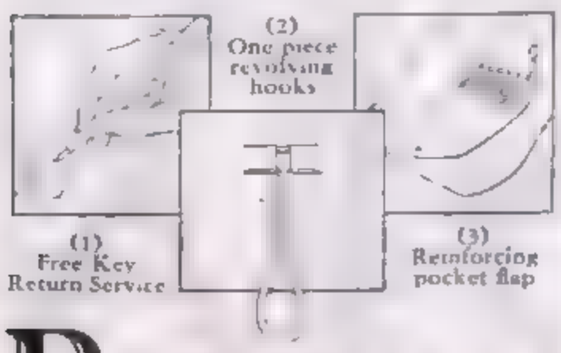

BUXTON

Key-Tainer

(Continued from Page 81)

suffers dreadfully from mosquito bites. Last summer they made her actually ill."

"That suggests an interesting point," replied the doctor. "The mosquito's mouth has sawlike parts with which she cuts the skin. Through the cut she inserts a tubular mouth part, but before beginning to suck blood she injects a small charge of saliva. This saliva, which dilutes the blood sufficiently to permit its passage through so small a tube, contains bacteria and it is these bacteria which infect the bite and cause the irritation."

He continued, speaking of recent discoveries concerning the habits of various species of mosquito, their range of flight, which had been traced as far as sixty miles, and their ability to fly against light winds. When Miss Weffles appeared, bearing a little box, Mrs. Trescott was sorry that their visit here was at an end.

As they ascended the steps of the elevated structure, the girl removed one hand from the precious box and took Mrs. Trescott by the arm. "I think I'm the happiest person in the world!" she declared.

"You deserve to be, my dear. Your George is a very fortunate young man."

"It'll be such fun to see his face when he realizes I've found them!" Her eyes were shining. "And it's been so much nicer, having you with me."

"It's been lovely for me," said Mrs. Trescott warmly. "You can't possibly imagine how I've enjoyed this afternoon."

"Then," said the girl, "you must come back with me. I want you and George to know each other."

"I'd like to meet him, dear, and I hope I can some time, but not today. I've been out quite a while and I must get home before—before my daughter."

"You live with your daughter? How lovely for you both!"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Trescott loyally, but with a little sigh, "it's very nice."

Together they left the Subway, ascended the steps to Lexington Avenue and proceeded northward. Reaching the corner where they had met, the girl offered to walk home with Mrs. Trescott, who, however, gratefully declined to let her do so.

"I'm quite all right," she said, "and you must hurry back to George with those mosquitoes."

They exchanged addresses; the girl bent and embraced her, and Mrs. Trescott stood for a moment watching the lithe figure striding rapidly away; then she turned and moved in the direction of Fifth Avenue. She walked slowly, finding herself a little tired. But her fatigue was merely physical; mentally, she was more exhilarated than she had been in years.

Mosquitoes! She had never dreamed there was so much to know about mosquitoes. And not only mosquitoes—there was a lot to know about all sorts of things. Here she was seventy-six, yet how much there was for her to learn! A person could live countless lifetimes and keep on learning new things every day! She would like to know everything—everything!

The Subway—at last she had ridden in the Subway. . . . And that dear, dear girl! She must see her again. . . . An astonishing day! And where could it all have happened except in New York?

One of the many points upon which Muriel Thomas insisted was that her doorbell always be answered promptly, and never had it been answered more promptly than this afternoon when Mrs. Trescott rang.

Upon seeing her, an expression of infinite relief came over Hewson's face. "Oh, Mrs. Trescott," he exclaimed, "I'm so glad you're back! I was — "

"Thank you, Hewson. Has my daughter telephoned?"

"No, madam. But I've been so anxious about you, and I was just wondering what to do."

"There was no occasion for anxiety."

"But after Mrs. Thomas telling me so particular to take the best of care of you," he went on, "I don't know what she's ever going to say to me, I'm sure."

"Perhaps then," Mrs. Trescott replied, her eyes twinkling, "we'd better say nothing about my having gone out."

"Very good, madam." Clearly he was further relieved. And so, indeed, was she.

Going to her room, she rested, and as this rest was taken at her own volition, she enjoyed it. To be sure, she did not sleep, but one may rest without sleeping when one's mind is filled with pleasant thoughts.

At dinner Muriel was full of talk of her excursion to Long Island. "Did you have a good day, mother?" she asked presently.

"Yes, dear."

"I'd have come right in to see you when I got home, but Hewson said you were resting. I'm delighted that you've learned to rest even when I'm not here to watch you. I've never seen your color better than it is tonight."

"I was just thinking that myself," Alden put in.

"That's because of the way I take care of her," said Muriel, gratified. She turned to her mother. "I must weigh you again, dear. I'm certain that you've put on weight. And I hope you realize that you wouldn't be so well if I had let you go running all over town as you wanted to when you first came—to Broome Street and the Aquarium and the top of the Woolworth Building and down in the Subway. You see now, don't you, that it never would have done?"

"I'm sure I can't say, dear," replied Mrs. Trescott, suddenly interested in the lace edging of her jabot; and she was thankful that, at this juncture, the arrival of dessert gave her an opportunity to change the subject.

"Gracious!" she exclaimed. "Strawberries are out of season. How did you ever find them, Muriel?"

"This is a great town to find things in, Mother Trescott," said Alden.

In the act of conveying a strawberry to her mouth, Mrs. Trescott stopped short, and with the berry poised in mid-air, gazed intently at her son-in-law. "Alden," she declared, "you never spoke a truer word. I don't believe there's anything on earth that you can't get here. Why, if you need them bad enough, you can even get mosquitoes in the wintertime!"

"Mother!" The word came in a gasp from Muriel as she pushed back her chair. "Mother darling!" She hastened to her side. "You don't feel well, dear!"

Mrs. Trescott was aware that the color in her cheeks, of which Muriel had spoken, was increasing.

"But it's true, Muriel," she insisted. "You can find mosquitoes if you ——"

"Never mind, dear," said Muriel soothingly; "we won't talk about it any more." Still with the strawberry in her hand, Mrs. Trescott felt herself lifted from her chair.

"But, Muriel ——"

"Sh-h, mother, you're feverish. That's why you have so much color. I'm going to put you right to bed and Alden will call the doctor."

"That's ridiculous," protested Mrs. Trescott. "I don't need the doctor."

"Yes, you do, dear." Encircling her with a protective arm, Muriel led her to her room. "Now just sit quietly in this nice comfortable chair until I fix your bed," she directed in a breathless tone, and Mrs. Trescott, perceiving, as she so often had before, the futility of argument, obeyed.

Now, for the first time since she had picked it from the dish, she became aware of the strawberry in her hand. It was a luscious berry, patched enticingly with powdered sugar. She bit into it and thought she had never tasted one so good.

"And it's almost November! Strawberries at this time of year—and mosquitoes!" She was not conscious that she had spoken aloud, instead of merely thinking, until Muriel's troubled eyes enlightened her. The thought behind that look was transmitted telepathically to Mrs. Trescott; she seemed to hear it expressed in Muriel's voice—that voice always so sure of itself: "Second childhood!"

She chuckled softly and finished the strawberry. Second childhood could mean such absurd things—the things it meant to Muriel and the things it had come to mean to her. It really was like childhood again, this all but forgotten freedom from duties and responsibilities, that made you aware once more of adventures, strange and wonderful, beckoning from just around the corner.

She was on the point of sharing the discovery with Muriel, but her daughter's countenance forewarned her. Submitting with amused docility to the process of being put to bed, she found an adjective to describe that practical, preoccupied concern.

"Grown-up!" That was the trouble with Muriel—she was so terribly grown-up! If she knew, she'd make a fuss. And she'd scold poor Hewson for not having tattled. Well, Hewson couldn't tattle next time, either, Mrs. Trescott reflected happily. Today's guilty silence made him forever her accomplice.

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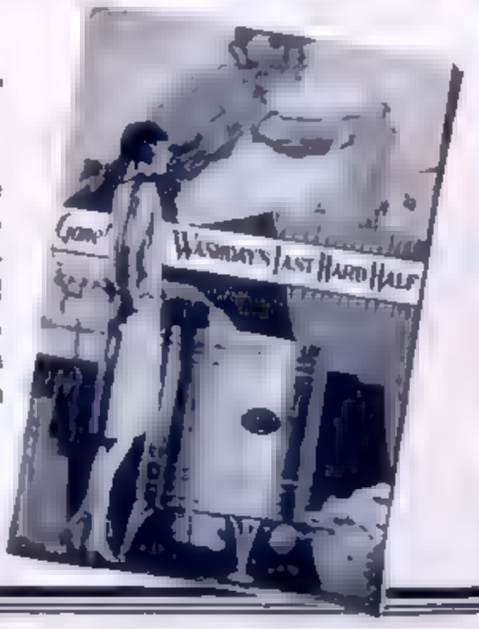

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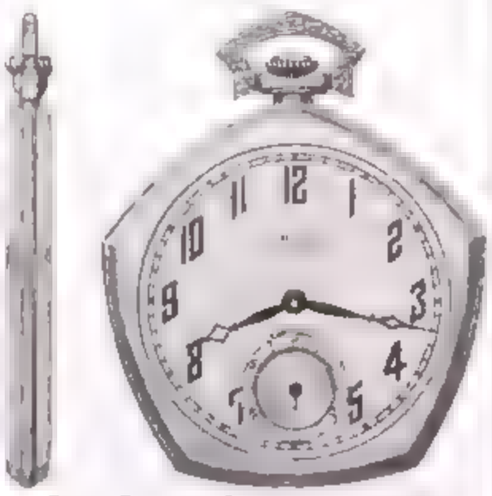

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ITALY STANDS PAT

(Continued from Page 13)

In order to consolidate Fascism, Mussolini was compelled to resort to terrorism. The castor-oil cure soon gave way to more drastic treatment. A desperate disease—and there is no doubt that national existence was imperiled when the communists seized the factories in 1920 - had to be met with that well-known desperate remedy.

The point to be emphasized here is that Fascist terror has ceased because there is no further need of it. It is one of the many fresh evidences of the intrenchment of the Mussolini power. Italy does not know the meaning of organized opposition to his régime.

The only terror that remains is terror of failure. So keen is the desire to win the great man's approval that the people will go to any extreme to merit it. It applies to big industry in the same way that it applies to the humblest wage earner in the ranks. In this state of mind, let me repeat, you have the psychological antidote for the economic ills that arose this year. I doubt if any modern head of a nation has so completely captured the imagination of a people as has Mussolini.

To round out this approach to the cycle of events now to be unfolded, there must be a summary of the factors, economic and otherwise, that are peculiarly Italian. To begin with, Italy has no coal and few other natural resources except water power. She must import practically all her raw materials, which means that she faces a chronic adverse trade balance. Another problem grows out of the fecundity of the race. Each year adds not less than 500,000 new mouths to the population to be fed. Not only is the geographical area restricted but a considerable portion of it is rocky and therefore not tillable. There must be an outlet for this growing human surplus. Mussolini once told me he is not animated by the impulse for territorial conquest, but by the desire to find elbowroom for his congested masses. These two factors combine to make big industrial production one of the first essentials of the nation.

The economic crisis which has made such a test of Italian resources really dates from the beginning of the Fascist era in 1922. Despite the steady progress in trade and industry during the succeeding three years, when budget deficits were wiped out, unemployment reduced, transportation facilities reorganized and national economy enforced, the lira continued more or less unstable. This was partly due to the general weakness of all Continental moneys, as well as to the existence of the huge war debts to the United States and Great Britain, which were still in the air. With the settlement of these obligations on a favorable basis, together with a $100,000,000 Morgan loan to the government, the currency improved. An unfavorable trade balance still interfered with traffic, but it was expected to be largely overcome by tourist expenditures, private loans from America and increased shipping revenue.

The Duce's Battles

For a time the situation mended. When I visited Italy early in 1926 a definite boom was on. Expansion had reached the point where it was out of proportion to the country's financial resources. As soon as the French franc began to slide, the lira again wabbled, because there is a close affinity between these two currencies. The British coal strike and widespread European economic uncertainty further complicated matters. With the collapse of the French franc in July, the lira dropped to thirty to the dollar—the low reached in the dark days of 1920, when communism was inside the gate. The par value of the lira is, roughly, five to the dollar.

At this juncture the new nationalism rose up to meet the emergency. While France lay almost prostrate financially because of lost confidence in her bickering leaders, Italy resolutely attacked the problem of fiscal recovery. She got away with it, because, unlike France, she had no overhead burden of partisan politics that places selfish interests above the public welfare. Italy had another asset that French national administration also lacked in that almost absolute power was concentrated in Mussolini. Under his stimulation it was ruthlessly employed. Just as Poincaré became field marshal of the struggle to restore the franc, so did the Duce take over command of the offensive to recapture lira value.

First of all, he imposed such a drastic penalty on gambling in exchange that speculation in it was immediately checked. Transactions were limited to the large banks, subject to rigid control. The workday was increased from eight to nine hours. Italy went back to war bread to reduce importations of white flour. What Mussolini called the Battle of Exports was launched to increase production. He also stimulated intensive agricultural output, designating the increased activity as the Battle of the Grain.

Three Factors in Money Value

The crusade for deflation and revalorization needed a battle cry. Mussolini, the master phrase maker, supplied it. In a speech at Pesaro he said: "I will defend the lira to my last breath and with my last drop of blood. I will never inflict upon the Italian people the moral shame and economic catastrophe of the bankruptcy of the lira."

When all is said and done, the stability of a currency is based upon popular confidence. It supplies the psychological element. The majority of the Italian people take Mussolini at his face and uttered value. With the dramatic pronunciamento that I have just quoted he kindled faith, which was half the victory. It was a characteristic and grandiloquent gesture that brought results.

But reinspired faith alone could not turn the trick. The government initiated more practical agencies. The proceeds of the $100,000,000 American loan were transferred by the treasury to the Bank of Italy, greatly reducing the national indebtedness to that institution. A legal limit was placed on circulation and the Bank of Italy became the sole bank of issue. Formerly the Bank of Naples and the Bank of Sicily had also issued money. Credit was rigidly restricted to the legitimate needs of commerce. As in France, the troublesome floating short-term debt was consolidated into long-term issues.

Short selling at home had helped to depress the lira. Speculation abroad now shoved it up. The world took Mussolini's Pesaro speech seriously and began to buy Italian currency on a big scale. It immediately responded to the demand and hardened.

Back of the exchange value of any money must stand three equities. They are the confidence that exists elsewhere in the political stability of the country involved, the intrinsic value as determined by the ratio between circulation and reserve, and the status of the country's balance of international payments.

It so happened that all three of these factors were favorable to Italy. Mussolini's régime was securely intrenched. There were adequate metallic and foreign currency holdings to bulwark circulation. Emigrant remittances, tourist expenditures, shipping revenue and other items helped to offset the adverse balance of trade. Installments on the foreign debts had been provided for.

The inevitable consequence was that the lira began to soar. From the low of 30.54 to the dollar in August, 1926, it went to 23 by the beginning of this year. On July first last it registered 17.40. The high was 16.50. At the time I write, which is mid-September, it is around 18. During the space of twelve months it appreciated more than 65 per cent in value. Here was revalorization with a bang and achieved in real Mussolini fashion.

The rapid rise of the lira at once developed a distinct interest for us. The moment the tide turned a grand scramble to place loans began. During last winter not less than fifty American banking representatives were camped in Rome or Milan hotfoot after business. Within the space of five months we had placed more than $150,000,000 in Italian municipals, industrial and public-utility enterprises. Most of the latter were for water-power development. Our dollars were immediately converted into lire, which helped the currency on its upward journey.

All this appreciation was immensely flattering to Italian pride, but it was a good wind that blew ill, as you will now see. The vagaries of currency movement embody the elements of both good and evil. It is sometimes as disastrous for a country to have its money soar as to have it slump. Havoc is not wrought by depreciation, as is the common idea, but by constant fluctuation, whether up or down. When the German mark was so low that it took a bale of it to buy a meal, there would have been no hardship if it had remained at that rate. Every drastic change in money values means readjustment of prices and wages. The cost of living is necessarily involved and the whole economic life of a nation, especially the production end, is affected. In order to prevent dislocation a medium of exchange must stay put.

It followed that there was a morning after to the intoxication created by the rapid lira advance. Italy discovered that the currency had risen too fast and was too high. Exaltation was succeeded by anxiety. An economic crisis developed which has taken toll of every asset.

Summed up, the most important effects of appreciation were shrinkage in security values, contraction of internal trade, shortage of liquid money, reduction in wages, wider unemployment, increase in the cost of living and a decline in exports. The underlying reason for all this was the dislocation brought about by the advance in the price of raw materials and other necessities due to high money. Every class was touched.

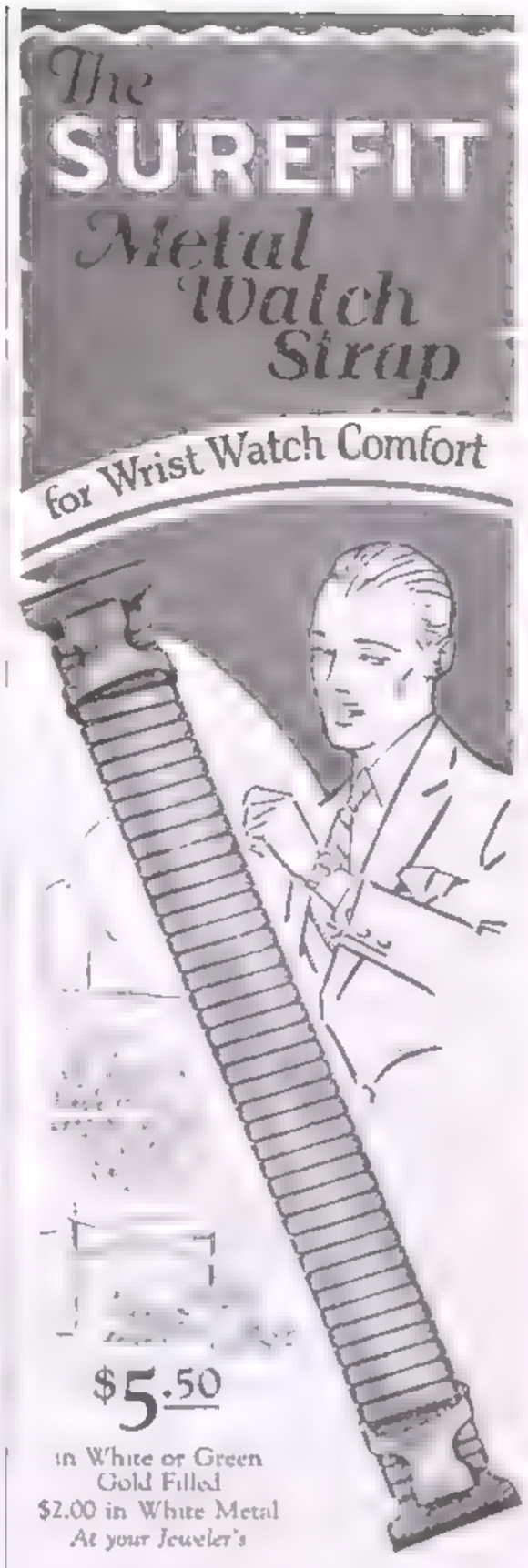
The Open-Door Policy

Industry has been hit hardest. The difference in prices on the home and foreign markets, which had favored Italian export trade prior to revalorization, reacted so as to benefit foreign competition.

Putting it another way, what amounted to a practical doubling of the currency value had the effect of increasing the price of Italian exports abroad almost twofold. At the same time it permitted foreign products to enter the country at less than the home prices.

Automobile production will illustrate. It was peculiarly susceptible to the currency rise, because 75 per cent of the cars made in Italy are exported, a larger ratio than obtains in any other country. Since the backbone of Italian automobile sale is the foreign market, obviously the manufacturers could not compete in the outside world under the prevailing conditions. Output had to be reduced drastically. In order to hold position in alien markets some manufacturers have made heavy sacrifices, even to the extent of selling below cost. The one exception has been in the manufacture of artificial silk, where output has increased. Italy ranks second in the production of this all-important new fabric.

Throughout the travail Mussolini insisted that factories remain open. When a committee of automobile manufacturers approached him with the suggestion that they close down temporarily, he is reported



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to have said, "If you close your factories I will open up my jails."

As always happens, the average man in Italy became the ultimate victim of currency eccentricities. The wage earner found himself facing a rise in rent, food and clothing. Hotels had to follow, with the result that during my visit to Italy last summer prices and railroad fares were higher than in any other country in Europe. This, let me add, is going some, as any traveler in Europe during the past six months can well attest. New York had nothing on Rome.

What concerns us, however, is not so much the consequences of appreciation as the way the crisis was overcome. Italy bucked up with the same courage and capacity with which she fought inflation. Though she still has a considerable way to go—unemployment sticks at the 200,000 mark—there is every indication that the corner is turned. She has been able to make costly readjustment because of the aggressive nationalism that helped her through the other ordeals.

The initial step was to cut down production cost. It necessitated a 10 per cent reduction in wages in nearly every factory in Italy. That this hardship was met with equanimity shows how disciplined the nation has become. In almost any other country strikes and worse would have been the answer.

As in Germany, the fetish of big production as a thing to brag about was banished. A better selling technic has been born of trouble. Distribution is becoming a science. As production adjusts itself to a stationary lira quotation—this objective has been attained—the whole industrial structure will be on a sounder basis.

One of the big lessons that the appreciation crisis has taught is greater dependence upon home resources. Italy has set out to lessen her poverty in raw materials. An effort is being made to develop lignite, iron and similar materials within the confines of the kingdom. Linked with this is a campaign for home consumption of home products, from food to frocks. This is one of Mussolini's pet ideas.

That Italy is able to readjust herself is indicated by the improvement in her trade. During the first six months of 1927 imports showed a decrease of 2,000,000,000 lire. This reduced the unfavorable trade balance considerably and showed most of all that the country was heeding the exhortation for a larger self-sufficiency. The appreciable rise in securities is another favorable symptom. Money is easier.

Paternalism in Government

Adaptability to altered conditions was not achieved without sacrifice. Just as the workers cheerfully accepted wage reductions, so did they shoulder the price burdens. Every governmental effort was made to lighten the load. Profiteers were jailed, railroad and telegraph rates lowered and the hotels ordered to cut rates by one-tenth. Under Mussolini's direction a campaign against the high cost of living was organized. In a concrete episode I will show how personally he sponsored the movement.

One of the greatest hardships of the Italian city dweller is high rent. As in nearly every other European country, urban housing has not kept pace with the population. Currency dislocation gave the avaricious landlords a heaven-born opportunity to mulct their tenants. Mussolini therefore "asked"—his requests are commands—the National Federation of Landlords to call a meeting to discuss rent reduction. You may be sure that they lost no time in getting together. As a result of their deliberations, a new schedule was framed. Rents were lowered from 10 to 20 per cent in all the cities. It was stipulated that the changes would not apply to new structures.

When these revisions were communicated to Mussolini he said: "They are not sufficient. In the crisis which faces Italy everyone must do his share." The landlords thereupon made all buildings eligible under the reduction, which was further increased to 25 per cent. This kind of paternalism helps to give Mussolini his remarkable hold on the people.

That industry is doing its share in promoting good will in circumstances calculated to provoke antagonism is evidenced by the plan to sell essential commodities to workers at cost.

Fully stocked canteens have been established in every big factory. Here the employes can buy flour, macaroni, salt and sugar at prices lower than those obtaining in the shops. This tends to offset some of the hardships of wage reduction.

The biggest factor for complete readjustment, however, is the determination by the government to keep the lira at its present level of about eighteen to the dollar, or ninety to the pound sterling. Since mid-July this quotation has remained firm. Once Italy and the rest of the world realized that the lira would remain fixed, the worst was over.

The Revalorization

Directly the energetic measures taken by the government to keep the lira at eighteen to the dollar had shown fruit, the question of stabilization on a gold basis of twenty or twenty-five to the dollar arose. Many business men and industrialists favored this procedure because they believed it would involve a minimum of readjustment. Others supported continued revalorization.

When the proposition was put up to Mussolini he pounded the table and said vehemently: "Only a defeated nation stabilizes its currency. Italy must stick to revalorization." It did.

Italy's determination to see complete readjustment through was voiced to me by Count Volpi, the Minister of Finance. In view of the fiscal turmoil that I have summarized you can well believe that his job these past months has not been altogether an easy one. Luckily for the country, he brought to his post a long and successful experience in practical banking. For years he was a conspicuous figure in the Banca Commerciale Italiana, the greatest of Italian financial institutions.

When I talked with Count Volpi last year the industrial boom was on and he radiated optimism. Despite the crisis brought about by appreciation, he was no less confident on our second meeting last July. He said:

"I shall first remind you that Fascism has reorganized and balanced the budget, wisely reformed the whole fiscal system, drastically reduced expenditures without impairing the national structure, brought about the economic equilibrium of the nation, kept paper circulation within bounds, concentrated issuing power within one bank, and last but not least achieved control of the exchange situation.

"As a result, the important matter of monetary revaluation, which is our most pressing problem, has been satisfactorily solved, because the conditions which constitute the basic factors have been realized and adjusted. The discipline existing in Italy has permitted a complete adjustment of all economic factors to the new and what will remain the prevailing level of the revaluated lira.

"In this connection I should like to emphasize the statement made by Signor Mussolini, in full agreement with the Finance Minister—namely, that the quotation of ninety Italian lire to the pound sterling, which corresponds to eighteen lire to the dollar, will be firmly maintained until the price level and the cost of living are adjusted to this rate. The international speculators who hoped to take advantage of the Italian crisis have been confuted.

"The battle of prices is now being fought on the basis that I have just indicated. The same is true of the reorganization of our production as well as the renting and development of our land. This readjustment is not being made without sacrifice. The spirit of the Italian people is such, however, that they have met every hardship without complaint. In the end a newer and more powerful economic Italy will emerge.

"The Italian Government has reaffirmed its freedom of action and will adjust its financial position in the international situation when and how it deems most opportune. I have organized a fund for the amortization of the public debt so as to bring about a gradual reduction of this obligation. I have temporarily put a stop to new loans abroad in order to strengthen Italian securities now in the foreign markets.

"The results of the governmental policy of economy and coördination to meet the crisis brought about by appreciation have been immediate and far-reaching. They show that the Italian people have confidence in their government and feel fortified for the future. They have unbounded faith in their Duce, faith in Fascism and faith in themselves."

Before we take our leave of the appreciation crisis it may be well to point a parallel between Italy and France. Within the space of twelve months both countries have passed through currency ordeals. One was begot of inflation, the other was due to deflation. At the moment each one is trying to keep its exchange down. Each possesses the resources for stabilization on a gold basis.

There is also this difference, which is more to the point: Poincaré brought about financial rehabilitation because selfish partisanship was temporarily subordinated to the national good. The precariousness of French politics, however, makes his tenure uncertain.

Italy, on the other hand, is exposed to no such hazard unless Mussolini is physically eliminated from the stage. She can count on permanency, once a reform is initiated. There is something to be said for the dictator business.

The achievement of currency security is only a phase of Italy's evolution toward complete national consolidation. With this detail out of the way, we can approach her most significant undertaking, embodied in the creation of a Corporative State. It is the most daring, audacious and revolutionary of the Mussolini experiments. While the rest of Europe, notably Britain, gropes for a solution of the age-old conflict between capital and labor, Italy strikes at the heart of the problem with a virile formula peculiarly characteristic of her present government. If it proves successful, it is likely to be Fascism's outstanding bequest to posterity.

Private Interests Submerged

To understand just what is going on you must first be told that in Italy the word "corporation" is not employed in the sense that we know it. All organized bodies of workers, capitalists and industrialists are called corporations. Hence the Corporative State is one in which the corporations are in authority. A new cabinet post called the Ministry of Corporations has been established. Essentially a Mussolini creation, it follows that he has the portfolio.

A second preliminary also is necessary to comprehension of the movement. Under the Fascist doctrine the interests of all classes must be subordinated to the supreme interest of the state. Furthermore, the interests of both employer and employe are subservient to the larger responsibilities of production. The state has the right and the duty to intervene and to regulate every Italian activity. Thus, while the individual is absorbed in the corporation, the corporation in turn must bow to the state. This concentration of power has enabled Mussolini to get away so far with practically every undertaking he has launched.

The provocation for the Corporative State was labor tyranny. Until the Fascist régime, there were more strikes in Italy than in any other European country, with the possible exception of Britain. In 1919, for example, 18,387,000 workdays were lost to industry and 3,346,000 workdays lost to agriculture because of strike dislocation. In 1920 the figures were 16,398,000 and 14,000,000 respectively. Italy has agricultural as well as industrial unions.

Though control of labor unions provided the major reason for the projection of the Corporative State, Mussolini did not lose sight of the fact that a national entity so constituted would fortify Fascism. Stripped down, it is really just another manifestation of his amazing political astuteness.

Before the advent of Mussolini all Italian unions were part of the so-called Socialist Confederation of Labor, which was primarily a political agency, as in France. After the close of the World War this body became strongly communized. Moscow had sent agitators and poured money into Italy. The ringleaders were responsible for the seizure of the factories in 1920, when sovietization of the country impended. It was this particular menace that inspired Mussolini to organize his Black Shirt army and fight radicalism at every turn, even to the point of physical conflict. By 1922 he had purged the country of the Bolshevik poison and become dictator. Fascism was supreme.

The Old Guilds Revived

The Duce realized that so long as the Socialist Confederation of Labor existed, if only as a framework, industrial production would be jeopardized. A realist in politics—and no living leader approaches him in shrewdness of strategy—he set about to erect a labor machine that would serve his political purposes as well. He originated the idea of the Syndicati Fascisti, which are Fascist trade-unions. In scope and purpose they are revivals of the old guild idea, in that they embrace all vocational or occupational pursuits, including intellectual.

With these syndicates Mussolini had a weapon with which to combat the old unions. Membership in the general Fascist body is not essential to affiliation with the Syndicati Fascisti, but every worker who is able to qualify for the Black Shirt brigade gets in under the umbrella. He knows that it is to his interest, financial and physical, to do so. The membership has reached 2,600,000. All the Syndicati are leagued in a national body similar to the American Federation of Labor.

Mussolini also brought about a corresponding amalgamation of the employer interests. All the industrialists were linked in the General Fascist Confederation of Italian Industries and the stock companies merged in the Association of Italian Corporations. These two bodies, together with the Federation of Syndicati Fascisti, comprise the organs which now function as the Corporative State.

Mussolini could not arbitrarily put the old Socialist Confederation out of business. He therefore did a characteristically clever thing. He gave the Syndicati the sole legal right to engage in collective bargaining. Deprived of this fundamental privilege, the socialist units became completely sterilized. In consequence they have practically ceased to exist.

But this was only the first step in what has now become the most interesting labor experiment in the world. To give the Syndicati Fascisti full powers Mussolini framed his famous Fascist Trade-Union Bill. The idea animating it is that a strike is just as much a crime against production as is the murder of a human being an outrage on society. Hence strikes are outlawed. The most drastic punishment, both in fine and imprisonment, is held over the instigators of industrial disturbances. Lockouts are also banned. The net result is that since this bill became a law late last year there has not been a single strike in Italy.

The second important feature of the bill is the establishment of compulsory arbitration tribunals. If the employer and the employe are unable to settle a difference, the issue is then brought before a Magistracy of Labor, which constitutes the

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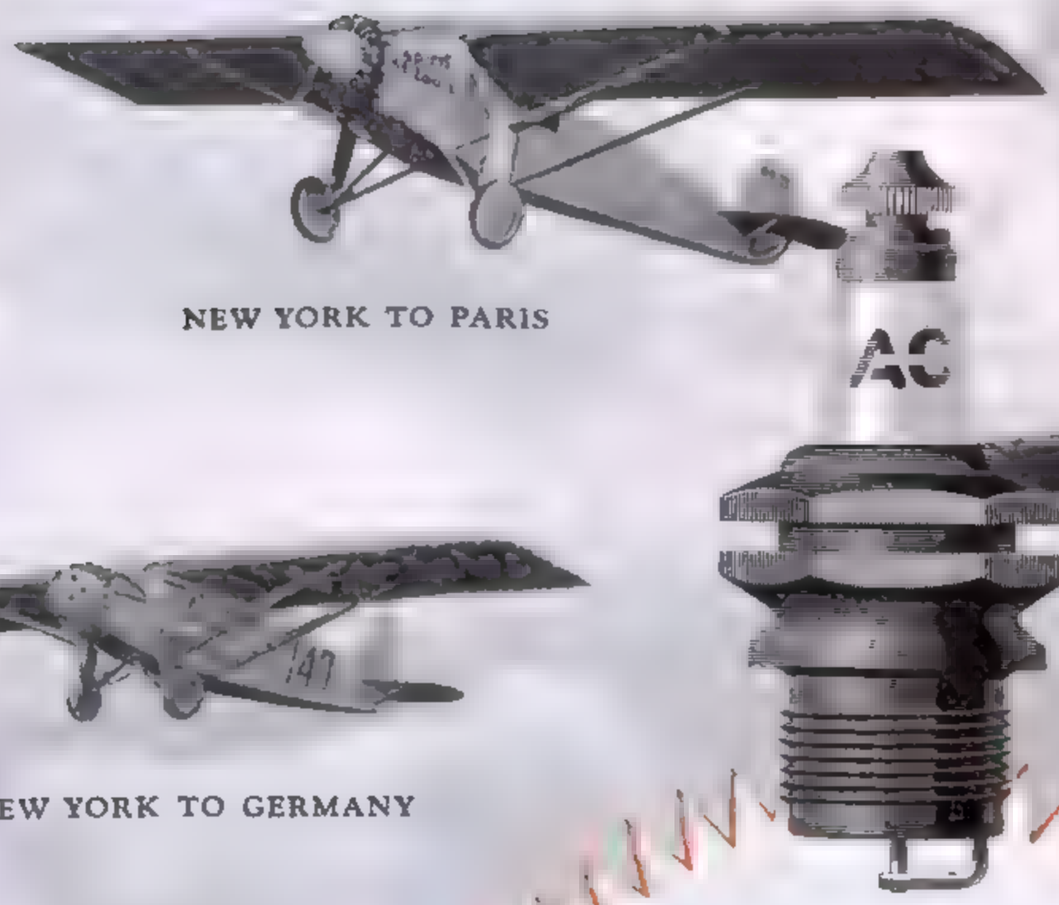

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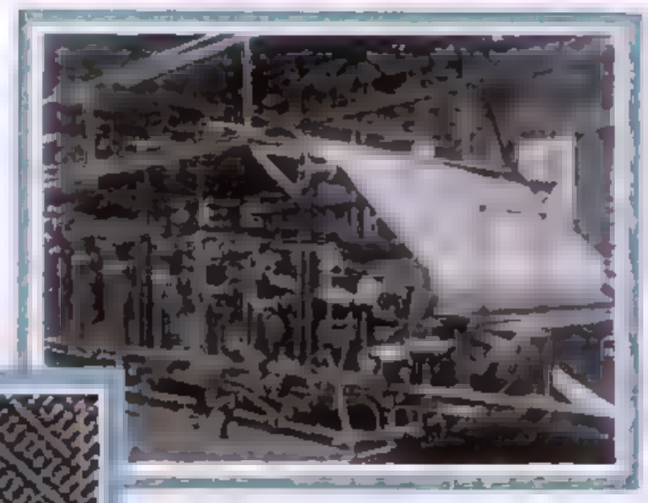

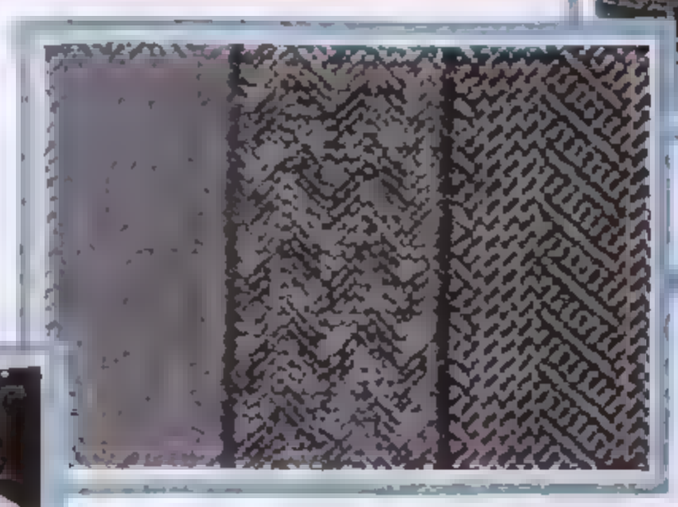

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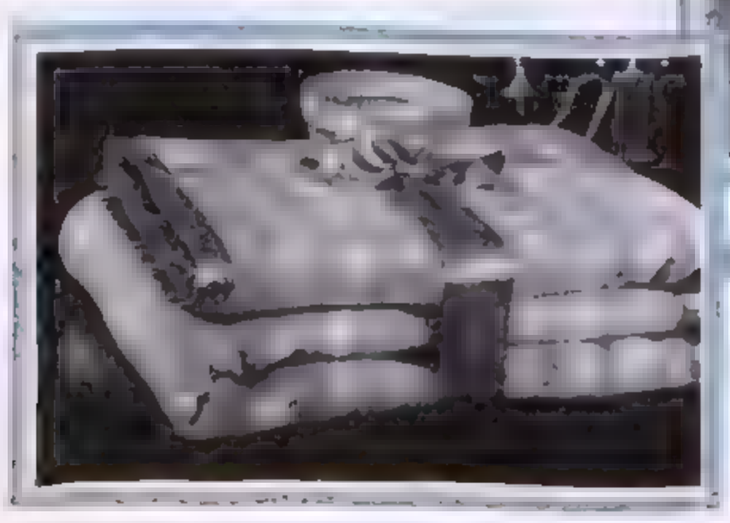

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(Continued from Page 38

final court of appeal. One of these tribunals, headed by the leading local jurist, is located in every important Italian community.

It is expressive of the labor tranquillity in Italy that so far only two cases have been tried before a Magistracy of Labor. One involved a lockout at Vicenza. Two industrialists in the cotton trade were accused of breaking Article 18 of the labor law, their object being to lower salaries and modify labor contracts. The industrialists contended that they had only called a lockout because of the scarcity of raw materials and got a verdict in their favor. The second case developed from a reduction of pay of laborers in the rice fields. Here the workers obtained a victory.

The Fascist Trade-Union Bill set up the machinery of the new labor system. In April last Mussolini enforced his now equally famous Charter of Labor. It affirms the provisions of the bill and has become the code of the new industrial freedom.

The charter is not a group of laws but a general declaration of principles upon which the whole Fascist labor and social structure is based. It will serve as the guide for all future legislation.

The underlying idea is the state's undisputed right to control directly all forces of output, acting as the guardian of both capital and labor and establishing equality of right and duties between them. It compels both sides to carry out their tasks for the common good. Furthermore, it reenforces the Corporative State and its organization and specifically sets forth various phases of the labor problem, such as collective labor contracts, minimum guaranties of wages, employment offices, health insurance, holidays and education for the workers.

The charter, which has thirty clauses, was written by Mussolini himself and reads like one of his fervent utterances. At the outset it says:

"The Italian nation is an organism having ends, life and means of action superior in power to those of the single individuals occupying and forming it. It is a moral, political and economic unity which has its integral realization in the Fascist state."

The second article is no less characteristic of the creed of the framer. It reads:

"Labor in all forms, whether intellectual, technical or manual, is a social duty. In this sense, and only in this sense, is it under the guardianship of the state. The whole body of production is a single unit from the national point of view. Its objects are unitarian and are summed up on the well-being of the producers and the development of the national strength."

Reciprocal Rights and Duties

In view of a widespread belief that the tendency of the new labor structure is toward the larger socialism, the charter is illuminating. It states that "intervention by the state in economic production occurs only when private initiative is lacking or is insufficient, or when the political interests of the state are involved. Such intervention can assume the form of control, assistance or direct management."

The stipulation with regard to private initiative is equally reassuring. The seventh clause is as follows:

"The Corporative State considers private initiative in the field of production as the most efficacious and most useful instrument in the interests of the nation. Private organization of production being, like private property and capital, a function of national interest, the organizer of a company or undertaking is responsible toward the state for direction of production. Collaboration between the productive forces entails reciprocal rights and duties between them. The assistant technician, employe or workman is an active collaborator in the economic undertaking, the direction of which lies in the hands of the employer, who has the responsibility for it."

Such, in substance, is the Mussolini method for harmonizing capital and labor. If it means permanent elimination of strikes, then the value to the nation is inestimable. You have only to turn to Britain's roster of labor dislocation to find out the havoc that industrial conflict wreaks. The memorable coal shortage of 1926, which lasted from May until November, lost industry 146,000,000 working days. All factors considered, it represented a cost to the kingdom of approximately £300,000,000, or about $1,500,000,000.

It is too early, of course, to take a full measure of the workability of the Fascist labor program. In any other country the project would be subject to innumerable vicissitudes born of economic and political emergency. From these hazards Italy is immune so long as Mussolini remains on the job. He has brought about a discipline, as well as a freedom from political disturbance, that will give the Charter of Labor every opportunity to function. His will is as much a law as the labor law itself.

Title Insurance for Heiresses

The corporative idea is likely to have a significant development in the near future. A movement is under way to establish a Corporative Parliament. The Italian Chamber of Deputies, modeled after the English and French assemblies, is doomed. Since 1922 it has been little more than a forum for the Mussolini orations. The lower house has had no real voice in the conduct of affairs, and only a moderate degree of free speech has been tolerated in the senate. Mussolini is the whole works. His orders find instant legislative obedience.

The exact procedure in establishing the proposed Corporative Parliament has not been worked out. It is tentatively suggested that the body be recruited solely from the corporations by a process of selection. This would scrap the present electoral system, which has been something of a joke, following the rise of Fascism. As a matter of fact, one wonders why Italy has any parliament at all in view of the absolute concentration of all authority in Mussolini.

There remain the personality and point of view of the man who has stimulated so much of what I have enumerated. Once upon a time all roads led to Rome. Then conquest and culture made the Eternal City the center of the known world. Today she is also the hub, but of a diverting human interest. What Mussolini says and does has become part of the fabric of international comment and affairs. It is indicative of his grip on power that no other political leader has even threatened his persistent monopoly of the front page. He remains the prize salesman of his era.

During the present year he has continued his well-nigh incredible supervision of every activity. The drive for more babies, the imposition of a tax on bachelors and the possibility of a penalty on childless marriages are only part of a varied program. His new legal code makes Italians who live abroad subject to punishment at home. If they abuse the state at long distance, their holdings in Italy are forfeit. He has abolished juries in the courts and planned a radio empire of which he is to be czar.

One of the Mussolini innovations is a definite blow to the fortune hunter. So many Italian titles rest on doubtful connection with extinct families, or no family at all, that the great man believes their commercialization is a detriment to the nation. He has accordingly ordered a drastic survey to be made of all Italian titles with a view of putting the social adventurer out of business. Once this housecleaning is achieved, gold-digging counts and bogus princes will be obliged to go to work. It means that henceforth the American heiress who wants to make an aristocratic alliance can get a clear title to her title so far as Italy is concerned.

Mussolini's interest operates in other and kindlier directions, as this incident shows: Last spring a workman in the province of Ferrara uttered what was construed as an insulting remark about the Duce in public. Under the law this constitutes a punishable offense. The man was sentenced to three months' imprisonment and fined 300 lire. At the expiration of the term he found himself unable to pay the fine. Meanwhile he had lost his job and had the support of a large family on his hands. The parish priest wrote Mussolini the full facts of the case, whereupon the Premier sent the money for the fine out of his own pocket. Mussolini has displayed the same large generosity toward all his would-be assassins.

No one need be told that vanity is an outstanding Mussolini trait, but he has something to be vain about. Here is an incident which shows how it works. Last year the King bestowed upon him the Collare dell' Annunziata, which is the highest of Italian orders. Among other things, it enables the wearer to call the King cousin. Precedent dictates that the holder walk after the royal princes on formal occasions. This did not please Mussolini. He had the order changed so that the Premier follows directly behind the monarch.

Not only does Mussolini find time for active concern in a multitude of outside operations but at the moment he holds exactly seven cabinet posts. In addition to being Premier and therefore president of the Council of Ministers, he is Minister of Foreign Affairs, Aviation, War, Navy, Internal Affairs and Corporations. Each of these would occupy an ordinary man's entire energy and attention. He finds time for all. Incidentally, he receives salary for only one office. He is at his desk at eight o'clock every morning, having risen at six and ridden horseback or fenced for exercise in the meantime. Only the late Theodore Roosevelt approached him in prodigality of mental and physical vigor.

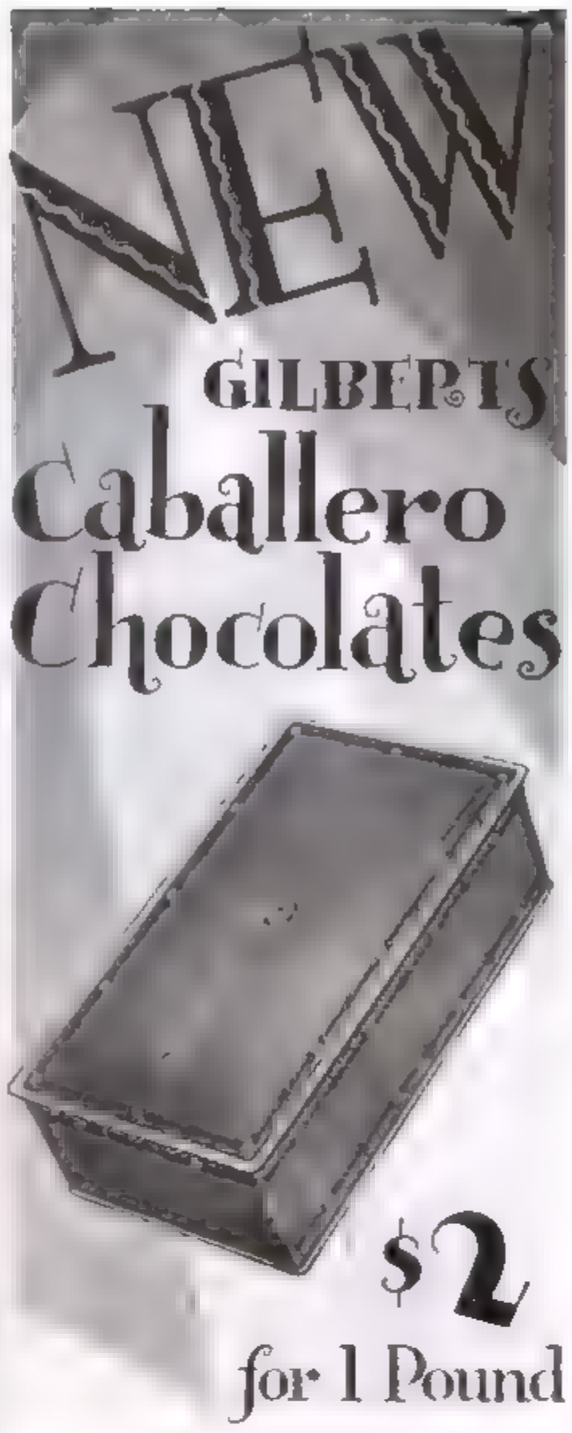
Now for Mussolini himself. I looked forward with keen anticipation to another meeting with him. It afforded one phase of a dramatic and unforgettable contrast. The day after I talked with him I had audience with the Pope. In scope, temperament and environment no two human beings could be wider apart. The dynamic phraseology of the Duce was still echoing in my ears when I stood amid the serene setting of the Vatican and listened to another ruler, whose mandate was of the spirit.

The Magic Words

The appointment with Mussolini was fixed for five o'clock on a Monday afternoon. Rome drowsed under a grilling July sun, but the Palazzo Chigi, as the Foreign Office is known, seethed with its accustomed movement. I found the usual number of secret-service men on guard at the entrance. The magic words "appointment with Mussolini" cleared the way, however. When I had my previous interview I was accompanied by an embassy secretary who remained throughout the audience. This time I went alone.

After a short wait I was ushered into what Mussolini calls the Hall of Victory, an imposing high-ceiled chamber with tapestry-hung galleries. Its spaciousness seemed to provide the proper setting for big vision. As I entered, Mussolini was engaged with a secretary, who left immediately. I was halfway across the floor when the Premier walked forward briskly and extended his hand in greeting. In good English he said: "I am delighted to see you again. I want to tell you right away that I heard from your article about me from every part of the world. Your magazine certainly has a wide circulation."

The improvement in his English, let me interpolate, was due to a characteristic procedure. He is visited by so many Anglo-Saxons that he decided to make a definite study of their language. Beginning last November, he took lessons every day from an Englishwoman then resident in Rome. He has proved to be an apt pupil, for he has now made considerable headway. When he gets to an important stage of a conversation with a foreigner, however, he swings into French or German.



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It was a different Mussolini both in manner and appearance whom I again met. Last year he was inclined to pose and posture behind his desk. He submitted, rather than acquiesced, to cross-examination. Moreover, he showed the effects of strain and illness, although his vitality seemed unimpaired.

Now he emerged from his corner retreat and sat down beside me. He was frank, buoyant, and for the first time I discovered the real charm that lurks within him. As I have already indicated, he is physically more fit. His face is fuller, his body more rounded; he remains the same dynamo of energy. There seems to be a little more softness in that grim mask of a face with its piercing eyes and ruthless mouth.

In some respects Mussolini is the easiest of contemporary subjects for the interviewer, because he is swift on the uptake and talks with forceful freedom and fluency. On the other hand—here he strongly resembles Lloyd George—he is something of an interviewer himself. He hurls questions right and left. Like all men of his type, he is incessantly athirst for information. One of his first queries was, "Where have you been and what have you been doing?"

Awaiting the Day

When I informed him, among other things, that Doctor Stresemann, German Minister of Foreign Affairs, had talked pessimistically about the Locarno Pact, he flashed forth in this fashion:

"He is right. As I see it, the Locarno idea is about finished. By the original arrangement France and Germany pledged themselves not to be mutually aggressive, having on their side a couple of policemen—namely, England and Italy—who would see that the pledge is not violated. It was important for Italy at that moment to join England to guarantee peace on the Rhine, which means the peace of Europe. But something else was done at Locarno. Through an operation of pure chemistry the spirit of Locarno was distilled. Today, two years later, that spirit is extraordinarily discolored. It means that the Locarno nations are now arming themselves furiously by land and sea. Indeed, some of them have even dared to speak of a war of doctrine which their democracy should have waged against Fascist Italy.

"Hence Italy must at a given moment be able to mobilize 5,000,000 thoroughly armed men. We must strengthen our army, while aviation, in which I believe more than ever, must be on such a large scale and so powerful that the noise of its motors must surpass every other noise and the area of the wings of our airplanes obscure the sun from the land. Then, between 1935 and 1940 when we reach the critical point in European history, we will make our voice heard and see our rights acknowledged."

"Why do you designate 1935 as the beginning of the critical time?" I asked.

Mussolini's reply was: "Because Allied occupation of Germany ends at that time under the Versailles Treaty. France will then have increased her population and the cockpit of Europe will be ripe for trouble again."

We now got onto one of Mussolini's pet subjects, which is a big increase of population. This is all the more remarkable when you consider that he is already up against the problem of finding an outlet for congested masses. A little thing like this cuts no ice with Mussolini. He said:

"I would like to repeat to you what I said in my speech of May twenty-sixth, when I discussed the whole Italian social, economic and political situation. The world believes that the Italian population grows too fast. With this I disagree. The fate of nations is intimately bound up with their powers of reproduction. All nations and all empires first felt decadence gnawing at them when their birth rate fell off. Throughout Roman history there was ever the fear of a decimated people. It was impossible to keep the empire together because it was obliged to intrust its defense to mercenaries. When was it that France dominated the world? When a few families of Norman barons were sufficiently numerous to make up an army.

"Population, properly disciplined, is the bulwark of power. What are 40,000,000 Italians compared to 65,000,000 Germans and 200,000,000 Slavs? What are 40,000,000 Italians compared to 40,000,000 Frenchmen plus the 90,000,000 inhabitants of the French colonies, or compared to 46,000,000 Englishmen plus 450,000,000 who live in Britain's colonies? If Italy is to fulfill her destiny she must enter into the second half of this century with a population of at least 60,000,000."

"How are you going to provide elbow-room for all these people?" I queried.

Without the slightest hesitancy the Duce retorted: "The argument that Italy was congested was probably made in 1815, when she had only 16,000,000 inhabitants. Perhaps it seemed most absurd then that in the same territory it was possible to find, with an infinitely higher standard of life, the food and homes for the 40,000,000 Italians of the present time. I propose to terrace our mountainsides with farms. When all this area is occupied I will send our farmers to the Italian colonies. Nothing is impossible when there is a dominant will to achieve it.

"Italy's big drive for the future is for more babies. It is because of this that I have imposed the tax on bachelors, which may be followed in the not very distant future with a tax on barren marriages. The birth rate of Italy must be increased.

"This will partly be achieved through the ruralization of Italy. Industrial urbanism always leads to sterility of population. Small rural property possession leads to the same result. Add to these two factors the infinite moral cowardice of the so-called upper classes of society and you have a complete picture. If we decrease in numbers, we shall never create an empire, but become a colony. This is why I do everything to help agriculture and why I proclaim myself a confirmed ruralist."

At this point I said, "Evidently you are not very strong on race suicide." Instantly his ears pricked up, for he had never heard the expression. I therefore translated it as best I could in both French and German, adding at the same time that it was one of Roosevelt's choice phrases.

"Fine!" said the Duce. "A great man like Roosevelt would naturally project such an idea."

"What of the future of Fascism?" I now asked.

Mussolini's response was: "Fascism has erected an Italian unitarian state. Since the fall of the Roman Empire, Italy has never been one united state. Our doctrine may be summed up in the sentence: 'Everything inside the state, nothing against the state, nothing outside the state.'"

No Room for Anti-Fascists

"Fascism has so fortified itself that we live without opposition. Many people believe that opposition is essential, but this is not true. Opposition is not necessary for the proper working of a healthy political régime. Opposition is stupid. We Fascists carry out opposition inside ourselves. We are not broken-down horses that need to be spurred to action spasmodically. Instead of political antagonism we find our opposition in circumstances, in the objective difficulties of life. Therefore we shall never permit anti-Fascist groups to form again. Let me repeat that in Italy there is room only for the Fascisti and non-Fascists, provided they are upright and exemplary citizens. There is no room for anti-Fascists.

"The Fascist Party has improved the quality of its members lately. Meanwhile it has shut its doors to all newcomers. You naturally wonder how we will feed our party with the vital lymph. It will be done with youth, because Fascism is the organ and expression of young manhood. Hence it will renew itself every ten years and be fresh and strong.

"The moment will arrive when it will be possible for the head of the Italian Government to be under thirty years of age. There have been ministers in England, such as the younger Pitt, who governed brilliantly in their early twenties what was then and still is the most powerful empire in the world.

"The Fascist legions are being equipped for use in case of war. When our Fascist militia reach the age of forty they will be intrusted with antiaircraft and coast defense. Above all, the militia is intrusted with the premilitary instruction of our youth. It is thus that we form Fascist armies and prepare a generation of warriors. Armies which have won wars always have been armies which carried an idea on their banners. The Fascist host of 1,000,000 persons carries the idea of order, obedience and discipline against the suicidal idea of disorder, indiscipline and irresponsibility.

"Five years ago I believed that in ten years I would have accomplished a great part of my work. I am convinced that although a directing class is in formation, and despite the ever-growing discipline of the people, I must take upon myself the task of governing the Italian nation from ten to fifteen years longer. My successor is not yet born."

The Tasks Ahead

"Contrary to general belief, it is not lust of power that keeps me here. A profound sense of duty makes me want to remain at my post. We still have three fundamental tasks to accomplish. They are: To harmonize all armed forces of the state; to continue the economic and financial battle; to carry out constitutional reform."

Mussolini seemed to be interested in what I told him about the radical movement in Mexico and especially the perversion of the agrarian scheme. This led to the subject of the menace of Bolshevism. Following the British break with Moscow and the imminence of a rupture between France and Russia, a suggestion for a united Anglo-French-German-Italian front was being discussed in various European capitals.

When I asked the Premier if he would join such a coalition to the extent of armed operations he snapped: "Certainly not. Armed opposition to Bolshevism is absurd. The best weapon is the economic weapon. Under the present system, Bolshevism is doomed, because it is uneconomic and therefore unsound. I do think, however, that for some time to come the Bolsheviks will continue to cause trouble, as they have already done in China. Eventually the cause is doomed."

My final question was: "Is the lira too high?"

For the first time during the interview Mussolini hesitated for a reply. He wrinkled his brow. Then he said: "It is difficult to make an adequate answer. I am giving this subject much meditation. Italy's big problem just now is to adjust herself to the revalorized currency. This is being achieved, but it will take time. I am convinced that a bigger and greater Italy, both economically and industrially, will develop out of the currency crisis. Just as we defended the lira in the crisis of inflation, so will we battle to maintain the present revaluated level."

Just before I left I remarked to Mussolini that only a man supremely conscious of his destiny could have made the great speech of last May, which he had reaffirmed and supplemented so vividly in the course of our talk.

His characteristic retort was: "If I were not certain of my destiny I would not be here. Italy has need of me."

From an ordinary man this would sound like vainglory, but not from Mussolini. He represents the extraordinary. He believes himself ordained to perform a great task. Moreover he has accomplished a considerable part of it. The reborn Italy, emerged from new trials, is proof of his galvanic leadership.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth and last of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with Europe.

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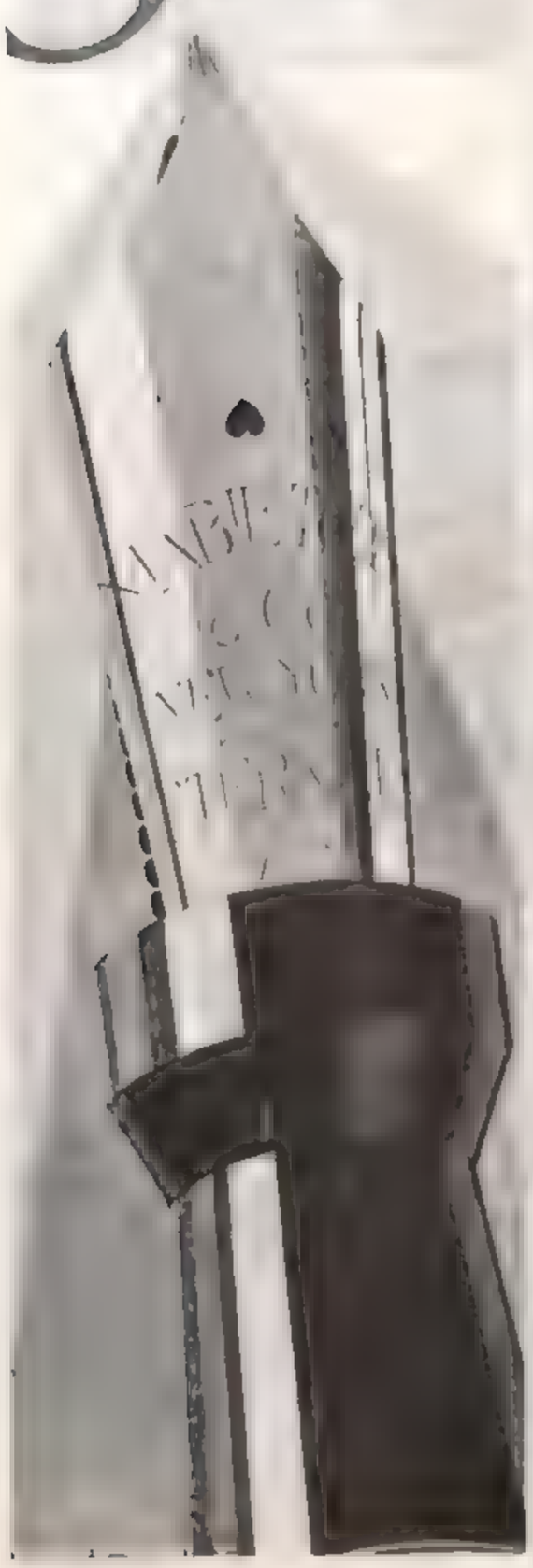

THE BELLAMY TRIAL

(Continued from Page 33)

"You were with him on his first visit to the cottage?"

"I was with him every minute of the evening."

"You saw no car near the cottage?"

"There wasn't any car there," said Miss Dunne.

"You saw Mr. Bellamy and Mrs. Ives on your second visit to the cottage, some time after ten o'clock?"

"Just when they came out," said Miss Dunne conscientiously. "I didn't see their faces when they went in."

"Did you hear them speak?"

"I heard Mr. Bellamy say, 'Sue, no matter how innocent we are, we'll never get one person to believe that we aren't guilty if they know that we were in that room, much less twelve. I've got to get you home.'"

"Yes. Are you engaged to be married, Miss Dunne?"

"I don't know," said Miss Dunne simply. "I was engaged, but my—my fiancé didn't want me to testify in this case. You see, he's studying for the ministry. I think perhaps that he doesn't consider that he's engaged any longer."

"Were you yourself anxious to testify?"

"I was anxious to do what Mr. Phipps thought was right for us to do," said Miss Dunne. "But I am afraid that I was not very brave about wanting to testify."

"Were you in the habit of going on these—these picnic expeditions with Mr. Phipps?"

"Oh, no, sir. We had taken only two or three quite short little walks—after school, you know. He was helping me with my English literature because I wanted to be a writer. The party that night was a farewell party."

"A farewell party?"

"Yes. School had closed on Friday, and we—Mr. Phipps thought that perhaps it would be better if we didn't see each other any more. It was my fault that we went to the Orchards that night. It was all my fault," explained Miss Dunne carefully in her small, clear voice.

"Your fault?"

"Yes. You see, Mr. Phipps thought that I was very romantic indeed, and that I was getting too fond of him, so that we had better stop seeing each other. I am very romantic," said Sally Dunne gravely. "And I was getting too fond of him."

"How often have you seen Mr. Phipps since that evening, Miss Dunne?"

"Twice; once on the Tuesday following the—the murder—only for about five minutes in the park. I begged him not to say anything about our having been there unless it was absolutely necessary. And again last night when he said that it was necessary."

"Yes, exactly. Thank you, Miss Dunne; that will be all. Cross-examine."

"It was not the state that is responsible for the pitiless publicity to which this unfortunate young girl has been exposed," said Mr. Farr, looking so virtuous that one sought apprehensively for the halo. "And it is not the state that proposes to prolong it. I ask no question."

Judge Carver said, in answer to the look of blank bewilderment in the clear eyes, "That will be all. You may step down, Miss Dunne."

The red-headed girl, who thought that nothing in the world could surprise her any more, felt herself engulfed in amazement.

"Well, but what did he let her go for?"

"He let her go," explained the reporter judicially, "because he's the wiliest old fox in Bellechester County. He knows perfectly well that while he has a fair sporting chance of instilling the suspicion in the twelve essential heads that Mr. Phipps is a libertine and a bribe-taker and a perjurer, he hasn't the chance of the proverbial snowball to make them believe that Sally Dunne could speak anything but the truth to save her life or her soul. That child could make the tales of Munchausen sound like the eternal verities. The quicker he can get her off the stand, the more chance he has of saving his case."

"Save it? How can he save it?"

"Well, that's probably what he'd like to know. As the prosecutor is supposed to be a seeker after truth, rather than a bloodhound after blood, he has rather a tough row to hoe. And here's where he starts hoeing it."

"The state has no comment to make on the testimony that you have just heard," Mr. Farr was saying to the twelve jurors with an expression of truly exalted detachment, "other than to ask you to remember that, after all, these two last witnesses are no more than human beings, subject to the errors, the frailties and the weaknesses of other human beings. If you will bear that in mind in weighing their evidence I do not feel that it will be necessary to add one other word."

Judge Carver eyed him thoughtfully for a moment over the glasses that he had adjusted to his fine nose. Then, with a perfunctory rap of his gavel, he turned to the papers in his hand.

"Gentlemen of the jury, the long and anxious inquiry in which we have been engaged is drawing to a close, and it now becomes my duty to address you. It has been, however painful, of a most absorbing interest, and it has undoubtedly engaged the closest attention of every one of you. You will not regret the strain that that attention has placed upon you when it shortly becomes your task to weigh the evidence that has been put before you.

"At the very outset of my charge I desire to make several things quite clear. You and you alone are the sole judges of fact. Any comment that the court may make as to the weight or value of any features of the evidence is merely his way of suggestion, and is in no possible way binding on the jury. Nor do statements made by counsel as to the innocence or guilt of the defendants, or as to any other conclusions or inferences drawn by them, prove anything whatever or have any effect as evidence.

"It is not necessary for any person accused in a court in this country to prove that he is not guilty. It devolves on the state to prove that he is. If you have a reasonable doubt as to whether the state has proved his guilt, it is your duty to return a verdict of not guilty. That is the law of the land.

"Now having a reasonable doubt does not mean that by some far-fetched and fantastic hypothesis you can arrive at the conclusion of not guilty because any other conclusion is painful and distasteful and abhorrent to you. There is hardly anything that an ingenious mind cannot bring itself to doubt, granted sufficient industry and application. A reasonable doubt is not one that you would conjure up in the middle of a dark, sleepless and troubled night, but one that would lead you to say naturally when you went about your business in clear daylight, 'Well, I can't quite make up my mind about the real facts behind that proposition.' Not beyond any possible doubt—beyond a reasonable doubt—bear that in mind.

"To convict either of the defendants under this indictment, the state must prove to your satisfaction beyond reasonable doubt:

"First, that Madeleine Bellamy is dead and was murdered.

"Second, that this murder took place in Bellechester County.

"And third, that such defendant either committed that murder by actually perpetrating the killing or by participating therein as a principal.

"That Madeleine Bellamy is dead is perfectly clear. That she was murdered has not been controverted by either the state or the defense. That the murder took place in Bellechester County is not in dispute. The only actual problem that confronts you is the third one: Did Mrs. Ives and Mr. Bellamy participate in the murder of this unfortunate girl?

"The state tells you that they did, and in support of that statement they advance the following facts:

"They claim that on Saturday the nineteenth of June, 1926, at about five o'clock in the afternoon, Mrs. Ives received information from Mr. Elliot Farwell as to relations between Mr. Ives and Mrs. Bellamy that affected her so violently and painfully that she thereupon ——"

"I can't stand hearing it all over again," remarked the red-headed girl in a small, ominous whisper. "I can't stand it, I tell you! If he starts telling us again that Sue Ives went home and called up Stephen Bellamy, I'll stand up and scream so that they'll hear me in Philadelphia. I'll ——"

"Look here, you'd better get out of here," said the reporter in tones of unfeigned alarm. "Tell you what you do. You crawl out very quietly to that side door where the fat officer with the sandy mustache is standing. He's a good guy, and you tell him that I told you that he'd let you out before you fainted all over the place. You can sit on the stairs leading to the third floor; I'll get word to you when he's through with the evidence, and you can crawl back the same way."

"All right," said the red-headed girl feebly.

The reporter glanced cautiously about. "It'll help if you can go both ways on four paws; the judge doesn't like to think that he's boring any member of the press, and if he sees one of us escaping he's liable to call out the machine guns. Take long deep breaths and pretend that it's day after tomorrow."

The red-headed girl gave him a look of dazed scorn and moved toward the left-hand door at a gait that came as close to being on four paws as was compatible with the dignity of the press. The fat officer gave one alarmed look at her small, wan face and hastily opened the door. She crawled through it, discovered the stairs, mounted them obediently and sank somewhat precipitately to rest on the sixth one from the top.

Down below, she could hear the mob outside of the great center doors, shuffling and grunting and yapping —— Ugh! Ugh! She shuddered and propped up her elbows on her knees and her head on her hands, and closed her eyes and closed her ears and breathed deeply and fervently.

"If ever I go to a murder trial again —— What happens to you when you don't sleep for a week? . . . If ever—I—go ——"

Someone was saying "Hey!" It was a small, freckled boy in a messenger's cap, and he had evidently been saying it for some time, as his voice had a distinctly crescendo quality.

He extended one of the familiar telegraph blanks and vanished. The red-headed girl read it solemnly, trying to look very wide-awake and intelligent, as is the wont of those abruptly wakened.

The telegram said: "Come home. All is forgiven, and he's through with the evidence. It's going to the jury in a split second. Hurry!"

She hurried. Quite suddenly she felt extraordinarily wide-awake and amazingly alert and frantically excited. She was a reporter—she was at a murder trial—they were going to consider the verdict. She flew down the white marble stairs and around the first corner and through the crack of the door proffered by the startled guard. There were wings at her heels and vine leaves in her hair. She felt like a giant refreshed—that was it, a giant.

The reporter eyed her with his mouth open. "Well, for heaven's sake, what's happened to you?"

(Continued on Page 98)

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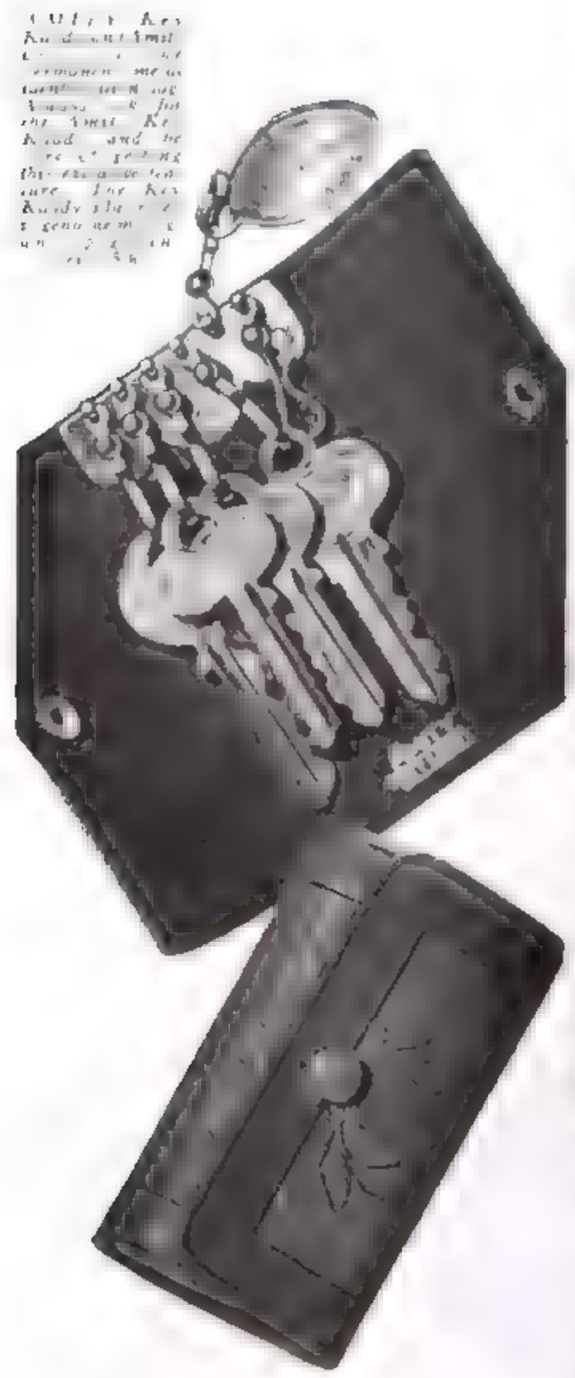

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(Continued from Page 98)

"Everything's all right, isn't it?" she demanded feverishly. "They won't be out long, will they? There's nothing ——" A familiar voice fell ominously on her ears and she jerked incredulous eyes toward the throne of justice. "Oh, he's still talking! You said he was through—you did! You said ——"

"I said through with the evidence, and so he is. This is just a back fire. If you'll keep quiet a minute you'll see."

"I wish simply, therefore, to remind you," the weary voice was saying, "that however unusual, arresting and dramatic the circumstances surrounding the testimony of these last two witnesses may have been, you should approach this evidence in precisely the same spirit that you approach all the other evidence that has been placed before you. It should be submitted to exactly the same tests of credibility that you apply to every word that has been uttered before you—no more and no less.

"One more word and I have done. The degrees of murder I have defined for you You will govern your verdict accordingly. The sentence is not your concern; that lies with the court. It is your duty, and your sole duty, to decide whether Susan Ives and Stephen Bellamy are either or both of them guilty of the murder of Madeleine Bellamy. I am convinced that you will perform that duty faithfully. Gentlemen, you may consider your verdict."

Slowly and stiffly the twelve men rose to their feet and stood staring about them uncertainly, as though loath to be about their business.

"If you desire further instruction as to any point that is not quite clear to you," said Judge Carver gravely, "I may be reached in my room here. Any of the exhibits that you desire to see will be put at your disposal. You may retire, gentlemen."

They shuffled solemnly out through the little door to the right of the witness box, the small, beady-eyed bailiff with the mutton-chop whiskers and the anxious frown trotting close at their heels. The door closed behind them with a gentle, ominous finality, and someone in the court room sighed—loudly, uncontrollably—a prophecy of the coming intolerable suspense.

The red-headed girl wrung her hands together in a despairing effort to warm them. Twelve men—twelve ordinary, everyday men, whose faces looked heavy and stupid with strain and fatigue. She pressed her hands together harder and turned a pale face toward the other door.

Susan Ives and Stephen Bellamy had just reached it; they lingered there for a moment to smile gravely and reassuringly at the hovering Lambert, and then were gone, as quietly as though they were about to walk down the steps to waiting cars instead of to a black hell of uncertainty and suspense.

The court room still sat breathlessly silent, held in check by Judge Carver's stern eye. After a moment he, too, rose; for a moment it seemed that all the room was filled with the rustle of his black silk robes, and then he, too, was gone, with decorum following hard on his heels.

In less than thirty seconds the quiet, orderly room was transformed into something rather less sedate than the careless excitement of a Saturday-afternoon crowd at a ball park—psychologically they were reduced to shirt sleeves and straw hats tilted well back on their heads. The red-headed girl stared at them with round, appalled eyes.

Just behind her they were forming a pool. Someone with a squeaky voice was betting that they would be back in twenty minutes; someone with an Oxford accent was betting that they'd take two hours; a girl's pleasant tones offered five to one that it would be a hung jury. Large red apples were materializing, the smoke of a hundred cigarettes filled the air, and rumor's voice was loud in the land:

"Listen, did you hear about Melanie Cordier? Someone telephoned that she'd collapsed at the inn in Rosemont and confessed that Platz had done it, and about one o'clock this morning every taxicab in Redfield was skidding around corners to get there first. And she hadn't been there since last Friday, let alone collapsed!"

"Well, you wouldn't get me out of my bed at one in the morning to hear Cal Coolidge say he'd done it."

"Did you hear the row that Irish landlady was setting up about a state witness taking her seat? Oh, boy, what an eye that lady's got! It sure would tame a wildcat!"

"Anyone want to bet ten to one that they'll be out all night?"

The voice of an officer of the court said loudly and authoritatively, "No smoking in here! No smoking, please!"

There was a temporary lull, and a perfunctory and irritable tapping of cigarettes against chair arms. The clock over the court-room door said four.

"Have some chocolate?" inquired the reporter solicitously. The red-headed girl shuddered. "Well, but my good child, you haven't had a mouthful of lunch, and if you aren't careful you won't have a mouthful of dinner either. Lord knows how long that crew will be in there."

"How long?" inquired the red-headed girl fiercely. "Why, for heaven's sake, should they be long? Why, for heaven's sake, can't they come out of there now and say, 'Not guilty'?"

"Well, there's a good old-fashioned custom that they're supposed to weigh the evidence; they may be celebrating that."

"What have they to weigh? They heard Mr. Phipps, didn't they?"

"They did indeed. And what they may well spend the next twenty-four hours debating is whether they consider Mr. Phipps a long-suffering martyr or a well-paid liar."

"Oh, go away—go away! I can't bear you!"

"You can't bear me?" inquired the reporter incredulously. "Me?"

"No—yes—never mind. Go away; you say perfectly horrible things."

"Not as horrible as you do," said the reporter, "Can't bear me, indeed! I didn't say that I thought that Phipps was a liar. As a matter of fact, I thought he was as nice a guy as I ever saw in my life, poor devil, even if he did read the Idylls of the King aloud. . . . Can't bear me!"

"I can't bear anything," said the red-headed girl despairingly. "Go away!"

After he had gone she had a sudden overwhelming impulse to dash after him and beg him to take her with him, anywhere he went—everywhere—always. She was still contemplating the impulse with horrified amazement when the girl from the Louisville paper who sat three seats down from her leaned forward. She was a nice, cynical, sensible-looking girl, but for the moment she was a little pale.

"There's not a possibility that they could return a verdict of guilty, is there?" she inquired in a carefully detached voice.

"Oh, juries!" said the red-headed girl drearily. "They can do anything. They're just plain, average, everyday, walking-around people; and average, everyday people can do anything in the world. That's why we have murders and murder trials."

The girl from the Louisville paper stood up abruptly. "I think I'll get a little air," she said, and added in a somewhat apologetic voice, "It's my first murder trial."

"It's my last," said the red-headed girl grimly.

The officer of the court had disappeared and all about her there were rising once more the little blue coils of smoke—incense on the altars of relaxation. Why didn't he come back? . . . The clock over the court-room door said five.

On the court-room floor there was a mounting tide of newspapers, telegraph blanks, leaves from notebooks and ruled pads—many nervous hands had made light work, tearing, crumpling and crushing their destructive way through the implements of their trade. There was an empty pop bottle just by the rail, apple cores and banana skins were everywhere, clouds of smoke, fragments of buns, a high, nervous murmur of voices; a picnic ground on the fifth of July would have presented a more appetizing appearance. Over all was a steady roar of voices, and one higher than the rest, lamenting: "Over two hours—that's a hung jury as sure as shooting! I might just as well kiss that ten dollars good-by here and now. Got a light, Larry?"

The door to the left of the witness box opened abruptly, and for a moment Judge Carver stood framed in it, tall and stern in his black robes. Under his accusing eye apples and cigarettes were suddenly as unobtrusive as the skin on a chameleon, and voices fell to silence. He stood staring at them fixedly for a moment and then withdrew as abruptly as he had come. While you could have counted ten, silence hung heavy; then once more the smoke and the voices rose and fell. . . . The clock over the court-room door said six.

The red-headed girl moved an aimless pencil across an empty pad with unsteady fingers. There were quite a lot of empty seats.

What were those twelve men doing now? Weighing the evidence? Well, but how did you weigh evidence? What was important and what wasn't? . . . And suddenly she was back in the only court room that she could remember clearly—the one in Alice in Wonderland, and the King was saying proudly, "Well, that's very important." "Unimportant, Your Majesty means." And she could hear the poor little King trying it over to himself to see which sounded the best. "Important—unimportant—important ——" There was the lamp—and the date on the letters—and the note that nobody had found—unimportant—important. . . . There was a juryman called Bill the Lizard. She remembered that he had dipped his tail in ink and had written down all the hours and dates in the case on his slate, industriously adding them up and reducing the grand total to pounds, shillings and pence. Perhaps that was the safest way, after all.

June 19, 1926, and May 8, 1916. . . . A boy came running down the aisle with a basketful of sandwiches and chewing gum; there was another one with pink editions of the evening papers; it was exactly like a ball game or a circus. . . . Where was he? Wasn't he coming back at all? . . . Outside it was quite dark, and all the lights in the court room were blazing. . . . Well, but where was he?

A voice from somewhere just behind her said ominously, "Can't bear me, can't she? I'll learn her!"

The red-headed girl screwed around in her seat. He was leaning over the back of the chair next to her with a curious expression on his not unagreeable countenance.

The red-headed girl said in a small, abject voice that shocked her profoundly, "Don't go away—don't go away again."

The reporter, looking startlingly pale under the glaring lights, remarked casually, "I don't believe that I'll marry you after all."

The red-headed girl could feel herself go first very white and then very red and then very white again. She could hear her heart pounding just behind her ears. In a voice even more casual than the reporter's she inquired, "After all what?"

"After all your nonsense," said the reporter severely.

The red-headed girl said in a voice so small and abject that it was practically inaudible, "Please do!"

"What are we doing in here?" inquired the reporter in a loud clear voice. "What are we doing in a court room at a murder trial, with two hundred and fifty-four people watching us? Where's a beach? Where's an apple orchard? Where's a moonlit garden with a nightingale? You get up and put your things on and come out of this place."

The red-headed girl rose docilely to her feet. After all, what were they doing there? What was a murder trial or verdict

(Continued on Page 100)

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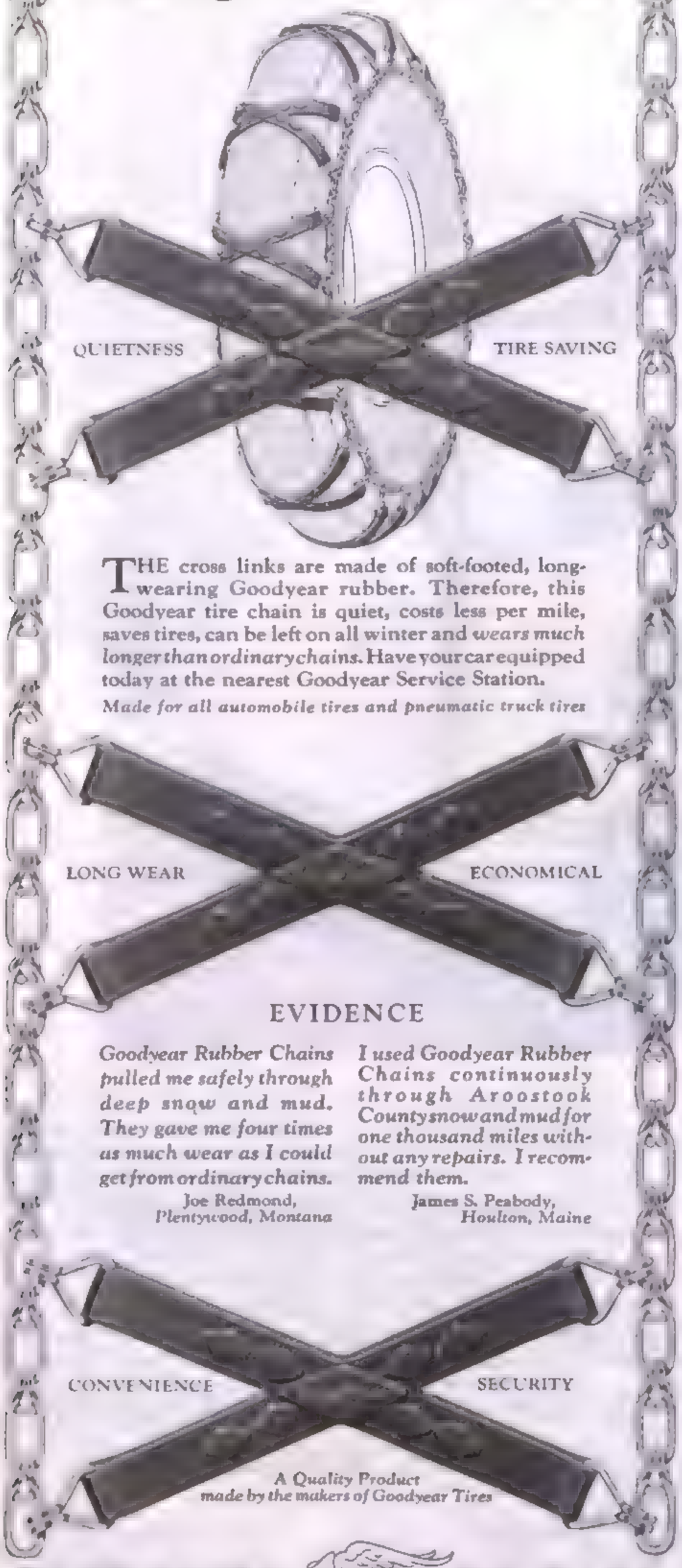
Here it is—a quiet, long-wearing *rubber* tire chain



THE cross links are made of soft-footed, long-wearing Goodyear rubber. Therefore, this Goodyear tire chain is quiet, costs less per mile, saves tires, can be left on all winter and *wears much longer than ordinary chains.* Have your car equipped today at the nearest Goodyear Service Station.

Made for all automobile tires and pneumatic truck tires

EVIDENCE

Goodyear Rubber Chains pulled me safely through deep snow and mud. They gave me four times as much wear as I could get from ordinary chains.

Joe Redmond,
Plentywood, Montana

I used Goodyear Rubber Chains continuously through Aroostook County snow and mud for one thousand miles without any repairs. I recommend them.

James S. Peabody,
Houlton, Maine

A Quality Product
made by the makers of Goodyear Tires

GOODYEAR
TIRE CHAINS

(Continued from Page 98)

or a newspaper story compared to —— She halted, riveted with amazement.

Suddenly, mysteriously, incredibly, the court room was all in motion. No one had crossed a threshold, no one had raised a voice; but as surely as though they had been tossed out of their seats by some gigantic hand, the crowd was in flight. One stampede toward the door from the occupants of the seats, another stampede from the occupants of the seats toward the door, a hundred voices calling, regardless of law and order.

"Keep that phone line open!"

"They're coming!"

"Dorothy! Dorothy!"

"Have Stan take the board!"

"Where's Larry? Larry!"

"Get Red—get Red!"

"That's my chair—snap out of it, will you?"

"Watch for that flash—Bill's going to signal."

"Dorothy!"

"Get to that door!"

And silence as sudden as the tumult. Through the left-hand door were coming two quiet, familiar figures, and through the right-hand door one robed in black. The clock over the courthouse door stood at a quarter to seven.

"Is there an officer at that door?" Judge Carver's voice was harsh with anger. "Officer, take that door. No one out of it or in it until the verdict has been delivered."

Despairing eyes exchanged frantic glances. Well, but what about the last edition? They're holding the presses until seven. What about the last edition? Hurry, hurry!

But the ambassador of the majestic law was quite unhurried. "I have a few words to say to the occupants of this court room. If at the conclusion of the verdict there is a demonstration of any kind whatsoever the offenders will be brought before me and promptly dealt with as being in contempt of court. Officers, hold the doors."

And through another door—the little one behind the seat of justice—twelve tired men were filing, gaunt, solemn-eyed, awkward—the farmers, merchants and salesmen who held in their awkward hands the terrible power of life and death. The red-headed girl clutched the solid, tweed-covered arm beside her as though she were drowning.

There they stood in a neat semicircle under the merciless glare of the lights, their upturned faces white and spent.

"Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed on a verdict?"

A deep-voiced chorus answered solemnly, "We have."

"Prisoner, look upon the jury. Jury, look upon the prisoner." Unflinching and inscrutable, the white faces obeyed the grave voice.

"Foreman, how do you find as to Stephen Bellamy, guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty."

A tremor went through the court and was stilled.

"How do you find as to Susan Ives?"

"Not guilty."

For a moment no one moved, no one stirred, no one breathed. And then, abruptly, the members of the fourth estate forgot the majesty of law and remembered the majesty of the press. Three minutes to seven—three minutes to make the last edition! The mad rush for the doors was stoutly halted by the zealous guardians, who clung devoutly to their posts and the air was rent with stentorian shouts: "Sit down there!" "Keep quiet!" "Order! Order!" "Take your hands off of me!" and the thunder of Judge Carver's gavel.

And, caught once more between the thunder of the press and the law, two stood oblivious of it. Stephen Bellamy's haunted face was turned steadfastly toward the little door beyond which lay freedom, but Susan Ives had turned away from it. Her eyes were on a black head bent low in the corner by the window, and at the look in them, so fearless, so valiant and so eager, the red-headed girl found suddenly that she was weeping, shamelessly and desperately, into something that smelt of tweed—and tobacco—and heaven. . . . The clock over the door said seven. The Bellamy trial was over.

The judge came into the little room that served him as office in the courthouse with a step lighter than had crossed its threshold for many days. It was a good room; the dark paneling went straight up to the ceiling; there were two wide windows and two deep chairs and a great shining desk piled high with books and papers. Against the walls rose row upon row of warm, pleasant-colored books, and over the door hung a great engraving of Justice in her flowing robes of white, smiling gravely down at the bandage in her hands that man has seen fit to place over her eyes. Across the room from her, between the two windows, his robes flowing black, sat John Marshall, that great gentleman, his dark eyes eternally fixed on hers, as though they shared some secret understanding.

Judge Carver looked from one to the other a little anxiously as he came in, and they smiled back at him reassuringly. For thirty years the three of them had been old friends.

He crossed to the desk with a suddenly quickened step. The lamps were lighted, and reflected in its top as in a mirror he could see the short, stubby, nut-colored pipe, the huge brass bowl into which a giant might have spilled his ashes, the capacious box of matches yawning agreeably in his tired face. The black robes were heavy on his shoulders, and he lifted an impatient hand to them, when he paused, arrested by the sight of the central stack of papers.

"Gentlemen of the jury, the long and anxious inquiry in which we have been engaged ——"

Now just what was it that he'd said to them about a principal and an accessory before the fact being one and the same in a murder case? Of course, as a practical matter, that was quite accurate. Still —— He ran through the papers with skilled fingers—there! "An accessory after the fact is one who ——"

There was a knock on the door and he lifted an irritated voice: "Come in!"

The door opened cautiously, and under the smiling Justice in her flowing robes a little boy was standing, freckle-faced, blue-eyed, black-haired, in the rusty green of the messenger's uniform. Behind him the judge could see the worried face of old Oliver, the clerk of the court.

"I couldn't do anything with him at all, Your Honor. I told him you were busy, and I told him you were engaged, and I told him you'd given positive orders not to be disturbed, and all he'd say was, 'I swore I'd give it into his hands, and into his hands it goes, if I stay in this place until the moon goes down and the sun comes up.'"

"And that's what I promised," said the small creature at the door in a squeak of terrified obstinacy. "And that's what I'll do. No matter what ——"

"All right, all right; put it down there and be off." The judge's voice was not too long-suffering.

"Into his hands is what I said, and into his hands ——"

The judge stretched out one fine lean hand with a smile that warmed his cold face like a fire. The other hand went to his pocket. "Here, if you keep on being an honorable nuisance you may have a career ahead of you. Good night, Oliver; show the young gentleman to the door. If anyone else disturbs me tonight, he's fired."

"Oh, by all means, Your Honor. Good night, Your Honor."

The door closed reverently and His Honor stood staring absently down at the letter in his hand, the smile still in his eyes. A fat, a plethoric, an apoplectic letter; three red seals on the flap of the envelope flaunted themselves at him importantly. He turned it over carelessly. The clear,

(Continued on Page 103)

In the Measuring Eyes of Men

THE SUCCESSFUL man's ability to do the right thing in the right way is reflected in his actions and manner of dress. Few men can afford to ignore accepted standards. Unconventional clothing like unconventional behavior is a handicap to the wearer. In the daily marts of men, there are certain colors and weaves which are recognized standards of good taste for business wear. They are *Blue Serge*, *Blue Cheviot*, *Blue Unfinished Worsted* and *Merchants' Gray*, and a selected line of pencil stripes and fancy worsteds. These fabrics are now trade-marked by the American Woolen Company for your protection. The trade-mark certifies every yard to be strictly *all-wool* cloth that will wear well and hold the style that is tailored into it. The smart shops are now featuring these fabrics in custom-made and ready-to-wear suits of quality. Insist upon seeing the trade-mark which appears on the reverse side of every yard.

American Woolen Company's 'Blue Serge—the best of our many popular lines of serges—a year-round fabric that one never tires of. A blue serge suit becomes the average man because of its adaptability to most occasions. Made in seasonable weights

American Woolen Company's Unfinished Worsteds come in dark blue and black. When tailored it makes a suit distinctive in character. Wears well and holds its shape. The black is particularly adapted, in lighter weight, for Tuxedo or evening dress purposes

AMERICAN · WOOLEN · COMPANY
TRADE MARK REGISTERED U.S. PAT. OFFICE

American Woolen Company's Merchants' Gray—a superior worsted of desired gray shade—one of our best staples for year-round wear. Well favored by business and professional men, and popular with undergraduates.

American Woolen Company's Cheviot—another popular fabric in a dark, rich blue of basket-weave pattern—makes possible a well-styled suit at an economical price—a desirable fabric possessing a firm, wear-resisting finish Made in seasonable weights.

Insist upon having American Woolen Company's trade-marked, certified, all-wool fabrics
They are dependable and more economical

The American Woolen Company's All-Wool Outdoor Blankets also are trade-marked for your protection . These blankets in plain colors are displayed at the better stores in the weights you prefer. Look for the label.

American Woolen Company

Samples and description of the cloth will be sent to readers of "The Saturday Evening Post" on request

Selling Agency, American Woolen Company of New York, *Dept. H*, 225 Fourth Ave., New York City

After school days—

Keep that schoolgirl complexion, by following this simple rule in skin care—night and morning

IT'S not only in the thirties and the forties that Youth Preservation presents itself as a problem. It starts in the late *teens* and the early twenties, with the admonition of experts that the time to safeguard youth is *in* youth.

The rule for so doing, according to the day's most eminent specialists, is the most simple of all rules in modern beauty culture—the skin cleansed thoroughly of beauty-destroying accumulations *every* morning and *every* night.

That means soap and water; but NOT just "any" good soap. A true complexion soap is meant. Others may prove too harsh. So, largely on expert advice, thousands use gentle Palmolive in this way:

In the morning and at bedtime—this:

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all.

Do this regularly, and especially in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

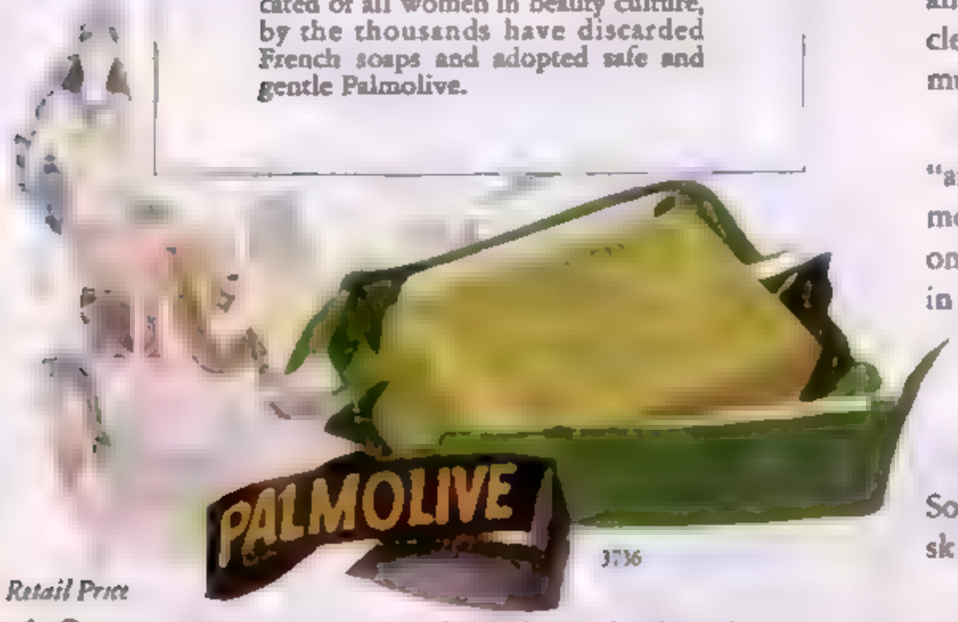
Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake—then note the difference one week makes. The Palmolive-Peet Co., Chicago, Ill.

In Paris, too,
It's now Palmolive

Today in France, home of cosmetics, Palmolive is one of the two largest selling toilet soaps, having supplanted French soaps by the score. French women, the most sophisticated of all women in beauty culture, by the thousands have discarded French soaps and adopted safe and gentle Palmolive.



Retail Price
10c

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION

(Continued from Page 100)

delicate, vigorous writing greeted him like a challenge:

"Judge Carver.

"To be delivered to him personally without fail."

Very impressive! He tore open the sealed flap with irreverent fingers and shook the contents out onto the desk. Good Lord, it was a three-volume novel! Page after page of that fine writing, precise and accurate as print. He lifted it curiously and something fluttered out and lay staring up at him from the table. A piece of blue paper, flimsy, creased and soiled, the round childish writing sprawled recklessly across its battered surface:

"10 A.M., June 19th.

"Pat, I'll catch either the eight or eight-thirty bus ——"

Very slowly, very carefully, he picked it up, the smile dying in his incredulous eyes.

"Pat, I'll catch either the eight or eight-thirty bus. That will get me to the cottage before nine, at the latest. I'll wait there until half past. You can make any excuse that you want to to Sue, but get there—and be sure that you bring what you promised. I think you realize as well as I do that there's no use talking any more. We're a long way beyond words, and from now on we'll confine ourselves to deeds. It's absurd to think that Steve will suspect anything. I can fool him absolutely, and once we settle the details tonight, we can get off any moment that we decide on. California! Oh, Pat, I can't wait! And when you realize how happy we're going to be, you won't have any regrets either. You always did say that you wanted me to be happy—remember? "MIMI."

Judge Carver pushed the deep chair closer to the lamp and sat down in it heavily, pulling the closely written pages toward him. He looked old and tired.

"Midnight.

"*My dear Judge Carver:* I am fully aware of the fact that I am doing a cowardly thing in writing you this letter. It is simply an attempt on my part to shift my own burden to another's shoulders, and my shoulders should surely be sufficiently used to burdens by this time. But this one is of so strange, awkward and terrible a shape that I must get rid of it at any cost to my pride or sense of fair play—or to your peace of mind. If the verdict tomorrow is guilty, of course I'll not send the letter, but simply turn the facts over to the prosecutor. I am spending tonight writing you this in case it is not guilty.

"It was I who killed Madeleine Bellamy. It seems simply incredible to me that everyone should not have guessed it long before now.

"Kathleen Page, Melanie Cordier, Laura Roberts, Patrick, Sue, I myself—we told you so over and over again. That singularly obnoxious and alert Mr. Farr—is it possible that he has never suspected, not even when I explained to him that at ten o'clock I was in the flower room, washing off my hands? And yet a few minutes later he was asking me if there wasn't a sink in the pantry where my poor Sue might have cleansed her own hands of Mimi Bellamy's blood—and every face in the court was sick with the horror of that thought.

"We told you everything and no one even listened.

"Who knew about the path across the meadow to the summer house? I, not Sue. Who could see the study window clearly from the rose garden? I, not Sue. Who had that hour and a half between 8:30 and ten absolutely alone and unobserved? I, not Sue. Who had every motive that was ascribed to Sue multiplied ten times over? I, who had known poverty beside which Sue's years in New York were a gay adventure; who had not only a child to fight for, but that child's children; who, after a lifetime of grim nightmare, had found paradise; and who saw coming to thrust me out from that paradise not an angel with a flaming sword, but a little empty-headed, empty-hearted chit, cheap, mercenary and implacable, as only the empty-headed and empty-hearted can be.

"I know, Judge Carver, that the burden that I am trying to shift to your shoulders should be heaviest of all with the weight of remorse; and there is in it, I can swear to you, enough remorse to bow stronger shoulders than either yours or mine—but none, none of that remorse is for the death of Mimi Bellamy.

"Remorse for these past weeks has eaten me to the bone—for the shame and terror and peril that I have brought to my children, for the sorrow and menace that I have brought to that gentle soul, Stephen Bellamy—even for the death of poor Elliot Farwell; that was my doing, too, I think. I do not shirk it.

"I am rather an old-fashioned person. I believe in hell, and I believe that I shall probably go there because I killed Mimi Bellamy and because I'm not sorry for it; but the hell that I've been living through every day and every night since she died is not one shadow darker because it was I who gave her the little push that sped her from one world to another.

"When that unpleasant Mr. Farr was invoking the vengeance of heaven and earth on the fiend who had stopped forever the silver music of the dead girl's laughter, I remembered that the last time that she laughed it had been at an old woman on her knees begging for the happiness and safety of two babies—and the world did not seem to me to have lost much when that laughter ceased. That is frightful, isn't it? But that is true.

"I'll try to go back so that you can understand exactly what happened; then you can tell better, perhaps, what I should do and what you should do with me. First of all, I must go very far back, indeed—back thirty years, to a manufacturing town in Northern New York.

"Thirty-one years ago last June my husband left me for the nineteen-year-old daughter of my Norwegian landlady. You couldn't exactly blame him, of course. Trudie was as pretty as the girl on the cover of the most expensive candy box you ever saw, and as unscrupulous as Messalina—and I wasn't either.

"I was much too busy being sick and miserable and cross and sorry for myself to be anything else at all, so he walked off with Trudie and nineteen dollars and fifty cents out of the teapot and left me with a six weeks old baby and a gold wedding ring that wasn't exactly gold. And my landlady wouldn't give me even one day's grace rent free, because she was naturally a little put out by her daughter's unceremonious departure, and quite frankly held me to blame for it, as she said a girl who couldn't hold her own man wasn't likely worth her board and keep.

"So, just like the lady in the bad melodramas, I wrapped my baby up in a shawl and started out to find work at the factory. Of course I didn't find it. It was a slack season at the factories, and I looked like a sick little scarecrow, and I hadn't even money for car fare. I spent the first evening of my career as a bread winner begging for pennies on the more prominent street corners. It's one way to get bread.

"In the next twenty years I tried a great many other ways of getting it, including, on two occasions, stealing it. But that was only the first year; after that we always had bread, though often there wasn't enough of it, and generally it was stale, and frequently there wasn't anything to put on it.

"When people talk about the fear of poverty I wonder whether they have the remotest idea of what they're talking about. I wasn't rich when I married Dan; I was the daughter of a not oversuccessful lawyer, and I thought that we were quite poor, because often we went through periods where pot roast instead of chicken played a prominent part in the family diet, and my best dress had to be of tarlatan instead of taffeta, and I possessed only two pairs of kid gloves that reached to my elbow, and one that reached to my shoulder.

"I was very very sorry for myself during those periods, and used to go around with faintly pink eyes and a strong sense of martyrdom. I wasn't at all a noble character. I liked going to cotillions at night and staying in bed in the morning, and wringing terrified proposals from callow young men who were completely undone by the combination of moonlight and mandolin playing. Besides playing the mandolin, I could make two kinds of candy and feather-stitch quite well and dance the lancers better than anyone in town—and I knew most of Lucile by heart. Thus lavishly equipped for the exigencies of holy matrimony, I proceeded to elope with Mr. Daniel Ives.

"I won't bother you much with Dan. He was the leading man in a stock company that came to our town, and three weeks after he saw me sitting worshiping in the front row we decided that life without each other would be an empty farce and shook the dust of that town from our heels forever. It was very, very romantic, indeed, for the first six days—and after that it wasn't so romantic.

"Because I, who could feather-stitch so nicely, was a bad cook and a bad manager and a bad housewife and a bad sport—a bad wife, in short. I wasn't precisely happy, and I thought that it was perfectly safe to be all those things, because it simply never entered my head that one human being could get so tired of another human being that he could quietly walk out and leave her to starve to death. And I was as wrong about that as I'd been about everything else.

"I'm telling you all this not to excuse myself, but simply to explain, so that you will understand a little, perhaps, what sent my feet hurrying across the meadow path, what brought them back to the flower room at ten o'clock that night. I think that two people went to meet Madeleine Bellamy in the cottage that night a nice, well-behaved little white-headed lady and the willful, spoiled, terrified girl that the nice old lady thought that she had killed thirty years ago. It's only fair to you that I should explain that, because of what I'm going to ask you to decide. And it is only fair to myself that I should say this.

"For twenty years I was too cold, too hot, too tired and sick and faint ever to be really comfortable for one moment. And I won't pretend that I looked forward with equanimity to surrendering one single comfort or luxury that had finally come to make life beautiful and gracious. But that wasn't why I killed Madeleine Bellamy. I ask you to believe that.

"The real terror of poverty isn't that we ourselves suffer. It is that we are absolutely and utterly powerless to lift one finger to protect and defend those who are dearest to us in the world. Judge Carver, when Pat was sick when he was a baby I didn't have enough money to get a doctor for him; I didn't have enough money to get medicine. When I went to work I had to leave him with people who were vile and filthy and debased in body and soul, because they were the only people that I could afford to leave him with.

"Once when I came home I couldn't wake him up, and the woman who was with him was terrified into telling me that he'd been crying so dreadfully that she'd given him some stuff that a Hungarian woman on the next floor said was fine for crying babies. I carried him and the bottle with the stuff in it ten blocks to a drug store—and they told me that it had opium in it. She'd given him half the bottle. To my Pat. And another time the woman with him got drunk and —— But I can't talk about that, not even to make you understand. He never had any toys in his life but some tin cans and empty spools and pieces of string. He never had anything but me.

"And I swore to myself that as long as he had me he should have everything. I would

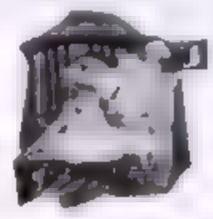
(Continued on Page 105)

They'll all say: "Just what I needed!"

Light where you want it!

Adjusto-Lite
A FARBERWARE PRODUCT
"It Clamps Everywhere"

The lamp of a thousand uses—the lamp for everybody. Convenient and practical; useful the year round. Positively protects the eyes. Adjustable to any angle.



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Good light makes reading more enjoyable. *Adjusto-Lite* is easy on the eyes—there is no glare.

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Studying is easier with *Adjusto-Lite*—it shades the light from the eyes. More comfort—no eyestrain.

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Bronze, nickel and ivory finish: $4.45. West of the Mississippi, Rockies and Maritime Provinces, 50c additional

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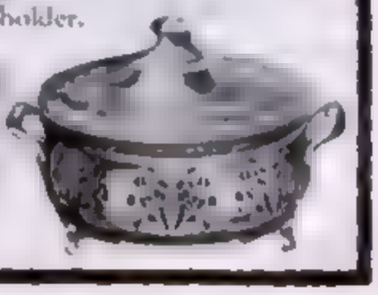
A *Farberware Casserole*
Beautifully nickel-plated, with a guaranteed heat-proof glass inner. Cook in the oven—serve in this beautiful holder.



A casserole you will be proud to put on your table.

Spur Tie

Put June 11, 22 Jan. 19 24 Aug. 26, 24 Aug. 1 5, Put Oct

all tied for you

50¢ - 75¢ - $1.00

"Oh, what a good looker!"

"Who?"

"Not 'who,' silly—that snappy-looking tie you're wearing."

TALK about tie style! Spur Tie *is* tie style. Spur Tie is the tie that first established what correct style really is in bow ties.

Dainty feminine fingers tie and fashion every Spur Tie in the making. That's why they are correctly styled when you buy them, correctly styled as long as you wear them.

Haberdashery counters everywhere are showing the newest Spur Ties for sport and business, as well as blacks and whites for formal evening wear. Styles for men and styles for boys.

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At the Yale Bowl, and every other assembly of leading dressers, Spur Tie sets bow-tie style.

The style fashioned into every Spur Tie is there to stay. The invisible patented H-shaped Innerform gives Spur Tie just enough "body" to keep it shapely, just enough freedom for your individual style-touch.

Look for this red label tucked under the knot in the back of every genuine Spur Tie. It is your guarantee of getting the only tie that "looks more like a band-tied tie than a band-tied tie."

BULL DOG SUSPENDERS, GARTERS, BELTS AND BUCKLES ~ LEADERS FOR 38 YEARS

(Continued from Page 103)

be beauty to him, and peace and gentleness and graciousness and gayety and strength. I wasn't beautiful or peaceful or gentle or gracious or gay or strong, but I made myself all those things for him. That isn't vanity—that's the truth. I swore that he should never see me shed one tear, that he should never hear me lift my voice in anger, that he should never see me tremble before anything that fate should hold in store for either of us. He never did—no, truly, he never did. That was all that I could give him, but I did give him that.

"It took me seventeen years to save up enough railway fare to get out of that town. Then I came to Rosemont. A nice woman that I did some sewing for in the town had a sister in Rosemont. She told me that it was a lovely place and that she thought that there was a good opening there for some work, and that her sister was looking for boarders. So I took the few dollars that I'd saved and went, and you know the rest.

"Of course there are some things that you don't know—you don't know how brave and gay and gentle Pat has always been to me; you don't know how happy we all were in the flat in New York, after he married Sue and the babies came. Sue helped me with the housekeeping, and Sue did some secretarial work at the university, and Pat did anything that turned up, and did it splendidly. We always had plenty to eat, and it was really clean and sunny, and we were all perfectly healthy and happy. Only, Sue never did talk about it much, because she is a very reserved child in any case, and in this case she was afraid that it might seem a reflection on the Thornes that she had to live in a little walk-up flat in the Bronx, with no servants and pretty plain living.

"And Mr. Lambert was nervous about bringing out anything about it in direct examination for fear that in cross-examination Mr. Farr would twist things around to make it look as though Sue had undergone the tortures of the damned. Of course we didn't have much, but we had enough to make it seem a luxurious and carefree existence in comparison to the one that Pat and I had lived for over fifteen years.

"Those things you don't know—and one other. You don't know Polly and Pete, do you, Judge Carver?

"They are very wonderful children. I suppose that every grandmother thinks that her grandchildren are rather wonderful; but I don't just think it about them; they are. Anyone would tell you that—anyone who had ever seen them. They're the bravest, happiest, strongest little things. You could be with them for weeks and never once hear them cry. Of course once in a very long while—if you have to scold them, for instance—because Pete is quite sensitive; but then you almost never have to scold them, and when Pete broke his leg last winter and Doctor Chilton set it he said that he had never seen such courage in a child. And when Polly was only two years old she walked straight out into the ocean up to her chin, and she'd have gone farther still if her father hadn't caught her up. She rides a pony better than any seven-year-old child in Rosemont, too, and she isn't five yet—not until January—and the only time that she ever fell off the pony she never even whimpered—not once.

"They are very beautiful children too. Pete is quite fair and Polly is very dark, but they both have blue eyes and very dark eyelashes. They are so brown, too, and tall. It doesn't seem possible that either of them could ever be sick or unhappy; but still, you have to be careful. Polly has been threatened twice with mastoiditis, and Pete has to have his leg massaged three times a week, because he still limps a little.

"That's why I killed Madeleine Bellamy.

"The first time I realized that there was anything between her and Pat was a month before the murder, sometime early in May, I think. Sue had been having quite a dinner party, and I'd slipped out to the garden as usual as soon as I could get away. I decided to gather some lilacs, and I came back to the house to get the scissors from the flower room. As I passed the study I saw Pat and Mimi silhouetted against the study window; she was bending over, pretending to look at the ship he was making, but she wasn't looking at it—she was looking at Pat.

"I'd always thought that she was a scatterbrained little goose and I had never liked her particularly; even in the old days in the village I used to worry about her sometimes. She used too much perfume and too much pink powder, and she had an empty little voice and a horrid, excited little laugh. But I thought that she was good-natured and harmless enough, when I thought about her at all, and I was about to pass on, when she said something that riveted me in my footsteps.

"She said, 'Pat, listen, did you get my note?' He said, 'Yes.' She asked, 'Are you coming?' And he said, 'I don't know. I'm not sure that I can make it.' She said, 'Of course you can make it. We can't talk here. It doesn't take ten minutes to get to the cottage. You've got to make it.' He said, 'All right, I'll be there. Look out; someone's coming.' They both of them turned around, and I could hear him calling to someone in the hall to come in and look at the ship.

"I stood there, leaning my head against the side of the house and feeling icy cold and deathly—deathly sick. It was as though I had heard Dan calling to me across thirty years.

"From that moment until this one I have never known one happy hour, one happy moment, one happy second. I spent my life spying on him—on my Pat—trying to discover how far he had gone, how far he was prepared to go. I never caught them together again, in spite of the fact that I fairly haunted the terrace under the study window, thinking that some afternoon or evening they might return. They never did. Mimi didn't come very often to the house, as a matter of fact.

"But on the evening of the nineteenth of June, at a little after half-past six, someone did come to the study window, who gave me the clew that I had been seeking so long. It was Melanie Cordier, of course. I was just coming back from the garden, where I had been tying up some climbing roses, when I saw her there by the corner near the bookcase. She had a book in her hands—quite a large, thick book in a light tan cover, and she was looking back over her shoulder with a queer, furtive look while she put something in it. She shoved it back onto the shelf and was starting toward the hall, when she drew back suddenly and stood quiet. I thought: 'There is someone in the hall. When Melanie goes out it will mean that the coast is clear.'

"It wasn't more than a minute later that she left, and I started around to the front of the house to get to the study and see what she had put in that book. I was hurrying so that I almost ran into Elliot Farwell, who was coming down the front steps and not looking any more where he was going than if he had been stone-blind. He said 'Beg pardon' and brushed by me without even lowering his eyes to see who it was, and I went on across the hall into the study, thinking that never in my life had I seen a man look so wretchedly and recklessly unhappy.

"No one was in the hall; they were all in the living room, and I could hear them all laughing and talking—and I decided that if I were to find what Melanie had put in the book I'd better do it quickly, as the party might break up at any minute. I had noticed just where the book was—on the third shelf close to the wall—but there were three volumes just alike, and that halted me for a minute.

"The note was in the second volume that I opened. It was addressed to 'Mr. Patrick Ives. Urgent—Very Urgent.' I stood looking at that 'Urgent—Very Urgent' for a minute, and then I put it in the straw bag that I carry for gardening and went out through the dining room to the pantry to get myself a drink of water, because I felt a little faint.

"No one was in the pantry. I let the water run for a minute so that it would get cold, and then I drank three glasses of it, quite slowly, until my hand stopped shaking and that queer dizzy feeling went away. Then I started back for the hall. I got as far as the dining room, when I saw Pat standing by the desk in the corner.

"There's a screen between the dining-room door and the study, but it doesn't quite cut off the bit near the study window. I could see him perfectly clearly. He had quite a thick little pile of white papers in his hand, and he was counting them. They were long, narrow papers, folded just like the bond that he'd given me for Christmas, a year ago—just exactly like it. And while I was standing there staring at them, Sue called to him from the hall to come out on the porch and see his guests off, and he gave a little start and shoved the papers into the left-hand drawer and went out toward the hall.

"I gave him a few seconds to get to the porch, before I crossed through the study. I was terrified that if he came back and found me there he'd know I had the note and accuse me of it—and I knew that when he did that all the life that I'd died twenty lives to build for us would crumble to pieces at the first word he spoke. I couldn't bear to have Pat know that I knew how base he was—that I knew that he was Dan all over again—a baser, viler Dan, since Dan had only had me to keep him straight, and Pat had Sue. I felt strong enough and desperate enough to face almost anything in the world except that Pat should know that I had found him out. So I went through the study and the hall and up the stairs to my room in the left wing without one backward look.

"Once in my room, I locked the door and bolted it—and pushed a chair against it, too, to make assurance triply sure. That's the only thing that I did that entire evening that makes me think I must have been a little mad. Still, even a biased observer could hardly regard that as homicidal madness.

"I went over to the chintz wing chair by the window and read the note. The chair was placed so that even in my room I could see the roses in the garden, and a little beyond the garden, the sand pile under the copper beech where the children played. They weren't there now; I'd said good night to them outside just a minute or so before I finished tying up the roses. I read the note through three times.

"Of course I completely misread it. I thought that what she was proposing was an elopement with Pat to California. It never once entered my head that she was referring to money that would enable Steve and herself to live a pleasanter life in a pleasanter place, and that her talk of hoodwinking Steve simply meant that she could conceal the source of the money from him.

"If I had realized that, I'd never have lifted my finger to prevent her getting it. I thought she wanted Pat. I'd have given her two hundred thousand dollars to go away and leave him alone. The most ghastly and ironical thing about this whole ironical and ghastly business is that if Mimi Bellamy hadn't been as careless and slipshod with her use of the word 'we,' as she was with everything else in her life, she would be alive this day under blue skies.

"Of course it was stupid of me, too, and the first time that I read it I was bewildered by the lack of endearments in it. But there was all that about her hardly being able to wait, and how happy they would be; and the note was obviously hastily written—and I had always thought she had no depth of feeling. I suppose that all of us read into a letter much what we expect to find there, and what I expected to find was a twice-told tale. I expected to

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find that Pat was so mad about this girl that he was willing to wreck not only his own life for her but mine and Sue's and Polly's and Pete's. And I couldn't to save my soul think of a way to stop him.

"I was reading it for the third time when Melanie knocked at the door and announced dinner, and I put it back in my bag and pushed back the chair and unlocked the door and went down.

"When I heard Pat and Melanie and Sue all tell you that dinner was quite as usual that night, I wondered what strange stuff we weak mortals are made of. When I think what Sue was thinking and what Pat was thinking and what I was thinking, and that we could laugh and chat and breathe as usual -no, that doesn't seem humanly possible. Yet that's exactly what we did.

"Afterward, when they went into the study to look at the ship, I decided that I might just as well go into the rose garden and finish the work that I'd started out there. I'd noticed some dead wood on two of the plants, so I went to the flower room and got out the little knife that I kept with some other small tools in a drawer there. It's a very good one for either budding or pruning, but I keep it carefully put away for fear that the children might cut their fingers. Then I went out to the garden.

"For a while I didn't try to think at all; I just worked. I saw Miss Page coming back from the sand pile, and a minute or so later Sue came by, running toward the back gate. She called to me that she was going to the movies and that Pat was going to play poker. I was glad that they were not going to be there; that made it easier to think—and to breathe.

"As you know, she returned to the house. I don't believe she was there more than five minutes before she came running by again and disappeared through the back gate. I sat down on the little bench at the end of the rose garden and tried to think.

"I was desperately anxious to keep my head and remain cool and collected, because one thing was perfectly clear. If something wasn't done immediately it would be too late to do anything. The question was what to do.

"I didn't dare to go to Pat. At bottom, I must be a miserable coward; that was the simple, straightforward and natural thing to do, and I simply didn't dare to do it. Because I thought that he would refuse me, and that fact I couldn't face. I was the person in all the world who should have had most trust in him, and I didn't trust him at all. I remember that when I lie awake in the night. I didn't trust him.

"I didn't dare to go to Sue, either, because I was afraid that if she knew the truth—or what I was pleased to consider the truth—she would leave him, at any cost to Polly and Peter or herself. I knew that she was possessed of high pride and fine courage; I didn't know that they would be chains to bind her to Pat. I didn't trust her either.

"It wasn't Pat and Sue and Mimi Bellamy that I was looking at, you see. It was Dan and I and the boarding-house keeper's Trudie.

"I sat on the bench in the rose garden and watched the sunlight turning into shadow and felt panic rising about me like a cold wind. I knew that Sue hadn't a cent; her father had left her nothing at all, and she had refused to let Pat settle a cent on her, because she said that she loved to ask him for money. And I remembered . . . I remembered that Dan had taken the nineteen dollars and fifty cents out of the teapot. I remembered that I had learned only a few weeks before that I could only hope at best for months instead of years to live. I remembered that Sue couldn't cook at all, and that it was I who had done up all the children's little dresses in those New York days, because she couldn't iron, and made them, because she couldn't sew—and I wouldn't be there. I remembered that the only relation that she had in the world was Douglas Thorne, and that he had four children and a wife who liked jewelry and who didn't like Sue. I remembered that the massage for Pete's knee cost twenty dollars a week and that when Polly had had trouble with her ear last winter the bill for the nurses and the doctors and the operation had come to seven hundred and fifty dollars. I remembered the way Polly looked on the black pony and Pete's voice singing in the sand pile. . . .

"And then suddenly everything was perfectly clear. Mimi, of course—I'd forgotten her entirely. She was waiting in the gardener's cottage now, probably, and if I went to her there and explained to her all about Polly and Pete, and how frightfully important it was that they should be taken care of until they could take care of themselves, she would realize what she was doing. She was so young and pretty and careless that she probably hadn't ever given them a thought. It wasn't cruelty—it was just a reckless desire to be happy. But once she knew —— I'd tell her all about Pat's ghastly childhood and the nightmare that my own life had been, and I'd implore her to stop and think what she was doing. Once she had stopped—once she had thought—she wouldn't do it, of course. I felt fifty years younger, and absolutely light-headed with relief.

"I looked at my little wrist watch; it said ten minutes to nine. If I waited until nine it would be almost dark, and would still give me plenty of time to catch her before she left. It wouldn't take me more than fifteen minutes to get to the cottage, and I much preferred not to have anyone know what I was planning to do. No one would miss me if I got back by ten; I often sat in the garden until then, and I had a little flash light in the straw bag that I used at such times, and that would serve my purpose excellently coming home across the meadows.

"I decided not to go back to the house at all, but simply to slip out by the little gate near the sand pile and strike out on the path that cut diagonally across the fields to the Thorne place. There were no houses between us and Orchards, so I would be perfectly safe from observation. By the time I had gathered up my gardening things and looked again at my watch it was a little after nine, and I decided that it wouldn't be safe to wait any longer.

"It was a very pleasant walk across the fields; it was still just light enough to see, and the clover smelled very sweet, and the tree toads were making a comforting little noise, and I walked quite fast, planning just what I would say to Mimi—planning just how reasonable and gentle and persuasive and convincing I was going to be.

"The path comes out at an opening in the hedge to the left of the gardener's cottage. I pushed through it and came up to the front steps; there was a light in the right-hand window. I went straight up the steps. The front door was open a little, and I pushed it open farther and went in. There was a key on the inside of the door. I hesitated for a moment, and then I closed it and turned the key and dropped it into my bag. I was afraid that she might try to leave before I'd finished explaining to her; I didn't want her to do that.

"She heard me then, and called out from the other room, 'For heaven's sake, what's been the matter? I didn't think that you were ever coming.'

"She had her back turned as I came into the room; she was looking into the mirror over the piano and fluffing out her hair. There was a lamp lit on the piano and it made her hair look like flames—she really was extraordinarily beautiful, if that red-and-white-and-gold-and-blue type appeals to you. Trudie had a mouth that curled just that way, and those same ridiculous eyelashes. And then she saw me in the mirror and in three seconds that radiant face turned into a mask of suspicion and cruelty and malice. She whirled around and stood there looking me over from head to foot.

"After a moment she said, 'What are you doing here?'

"I said, 'I came about Pat, Madeleine.'

"She said, 'Oh, you did, did you? So that's his game—hiding behind a woman's skirts! Well, you can go home and tell him to come out.'

"I said, 'He doesn't know that I'm here. I found the note.'

"Mimi said, 'They can send you to jail for taking other people's letters. Spying and stealing from your own son! I should think you'd be ashamed. And what good do you think it's going to do you?'

"I came closer to her and said, 'Never mind me. Madeleine, I came here tonight to implore you to leave my son alone.'

"And she laughed at me—she laughed! 'Well, you could have saved yourself the walk. When he gets here I'll tell him what I think of the two of you.'

"I said, 'He's not coming. He's playing poker at the Dallases'.'

"She went scarlet to her throat with anger and she called out, 'That's a lie! He's coming and you know it. Will you get out of here?'

"I said, 'Madeleine, listen to me. I swear to you that any happiness you purchase at the price that you're willing to pay for it will rot in your hands, no matter how much you love him.'

"And she laughed, 'Love him? Pat? I don't care two snaps of my fingers for him! But I'm going to get every cent of his that I can put my hands on, and the quicker both of you get that straight, the better it will be for all of us.'

"I said, 'I believe that is the truth, but I never believed that you would dare to say so. You can't—you can't realize what you are doing. You can't purchase your pleasure with the comfort and security and health and joy of two little babies who have never harmed you once in all their lives. You can't!'

"She laughed that wicked, excited little laugh of hers again, and said through her teeth, 'Oh, can't I, though? Now get this straight too: I don't care whether your precious little babies die in a gutter. Now will you get out?'

"I couldn't breathe. I felt exactly as though I were suffocating, but I said, 'No. I am an old woman, Madeleine, but I will go on my knees to you to beg you not to ruin the lives of those two babies.'

"She said, 'Oh, I'm sick to death of you and your babies and your melodramatics. For the last time, are you going to get out of this house or am I going to have to put you out?'

"She came so close to me that I could smell the horrid perfume she wore—gardenia, I think it was—something close and sweet and hateful. I took a step back and said, 'You wouldn't dare to touch me—you wouldn't dare!'

"And then she did—she gave that dreadful, excited little laugh of hers and put both hands on my shoulders and pushed me, quite hard—so hard that I stumbled and went forward on my knees. I tried to catch myself, and dropped the bag, and all the things in it fell out on the carpet. I knelt there staring down at them, with the blood roaring in my head and singing in my ears.

"Judge Carver, what is it in our blood and bones and flesh that rises shrieking its outrage in the weakest and meekest of us at the touch of hands laid violently on our rebellious flesh? I could hear it—I could hear it crying in my ears -and there on the flowered carpet just in reach of my hand something was shining. It was the little knife that I'd been using to cut the dead wood out so that the live roses would grow better. I knelt there staring at it. That story of how all their lives flash by drowning eyes -I always thought that was an old wives' tale no, that's true, I think. I could see the rose garden with all the green leaves glossy on the big Silver Moon. . . . I could see Pat and Sue laughing on the terrace, with his arm across her shoulders and the sun in their eyes and the wind in their hair. . . . I could see the children's blue smocks through the branches of the copper beech. . . . I stood up with the knife in my hand. . . .

"She screamed only once—not a very loud scream, either, but she caught at the table as she fell, and it made a dreadful crash. I heard someone laugh outside, quite loudly, and I leaned forward and blew out the lamp on the piano. There was someone coming up the front steps; I stood very still. A bell rang far back in the house, and then someone tried the door.

"I thought: 'This is the end—they have known what has happened. If no one answers, they will batter down the door. But not till they batter down the door will I move one hairbreadth from where I stand—and not then.'

"After a moment I heard the feet going down the steps, then again on the gravel of the main drive, getting fainter and fainter. I waited for a moment longer, because I thought that I heard something moving in the bushes outside the window, but after a minute everything was perfectly still, and I went over to the window and shut it and pulled down the shade.

"I knew that I was in great danger, and that I must think very quickly—and act quickly too. I found the little flash light almost immediately, and lit it, and pushed down the catch and put it beside me on the floor. I wanted to have both hands free, and I didn't dare to take the time to light the lamp. I was afraid that the person who tried the door would come back. I had realized at once, of course, that if I took the jewels the murder would look like robbery—and I had to make sure that she was dead.

"That took only a minute; the rings came off quite easily, but the catch of the necklace caught and I had to break the string. I knotted the things into my handkerchief and put them into the bag, and the trowel and a ball of string that had fallen out, too, and the note, and a little silver box of candy that I kept for the children. There was the key to the front door too. I remembered that I must leave it in the lock as I went out. I used the flash light to make sure that I wasn't leaving anything, and I was—the knife was still lying there beside her.

"It's curious—of all the things that happened that night, that's the only one that I can't account for. I don't remember how it got there at all—whether I placed it there or whether I dropped it or whether it fell—that's curious, don't you think? Anyhow, I picked it up and wiped it off very carefully on one of her white lace frills and put it back in the bag. And then I tried to get up, but I couldn't. I couldn't move. I knelt there, leaning forward against the cold steel of the little Franklin stove, feeling so mortally, so desperately, sick that for a moment I thought I should never move again. It wasn't the blood; it was that perfume, like dead flowers—horribly sweet and strong. . . . After a minute I got up and went out of the room and out of the house and back across the meadow to the garden gate.

"I stopped only once. I followed the hedge a little way before I came to the path, and I stooped down and dug out two or three trowelfuls of earth close in to the roots and shook the pearls and the rings out of my handkerchief into the hole and covered it up and went on. At first I thought of putting the knife there, too, and then I decided that someone might have noticed it in the drawer and that it would be safer to be put back where it had come from.

"How are they ever able to trace people by the weapons they have used? It seems to me that it should be so simple to hide a little thing no longer than your hand, with all the earth and the waters under the earth to hide it in.

"It was the knife that I was washing in the flower room; it still had one or two little stains near the handle, but there wasn't any blood on my hands at all. I'd been very careful.

"After I'd put everything away I took the note and went upstairs. At first I thought that I'd tear it up, but then I decided that someone might find the scraps,

(Continued on Page 111)

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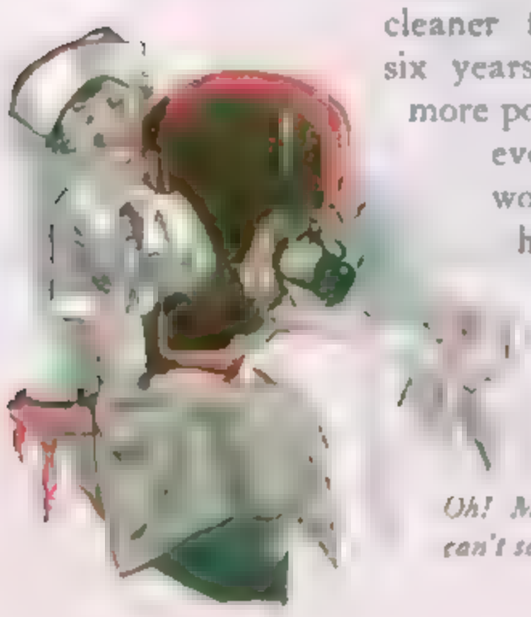

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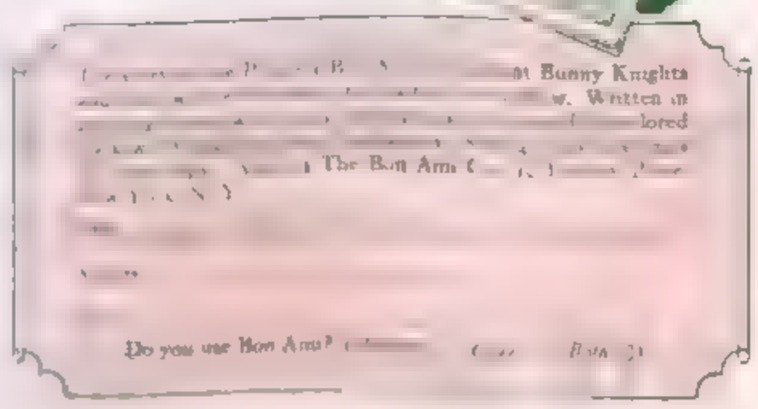

(Continued from Page 106)

and that the safest thing to do would be to keep it until the next day and burn it. And before the next day I knew that Sue and Stephen had no actual alibi for that night, and so I never burned the note.

"That's all. While I lay there in the dark that night—and every night since—I've tried saying it over and over to myself: 'Murderess—murderess.' A black and bloody and dreadful word; does it sound as alien to the ears of all the others whose title it is as it does to mine? Murderess! We should feel differently from the rest of the world once we have earned that dreadful title, should we not? Something sinister, something monstrous and dark should invest us, surely. It seems strange that still we who bear that name should rise to the old familiar sunlight and sleep by the old familiar starlight; that bread should still be good to us, and flowers sweet; that we should say good morning and good night in voices that no man shudders to hear. The strangest thing of all is to feel so little strange.

"Judge Carver, I have written to you because I do not know whether any taint of suspicion still clings to any of those who have taken part in this trial. If in your mind there does, I will promptly give myself up to the proper authorities and tell them the essential facts that I have told you.

"But if, in your opinion, suspicion rests on no man or woman, living or dead, I would say only this. I am not afraid to die—indeed, indeed, I am rather anxious to die. Life is no longer very dear to me. Two physicians have told me this last year that I will not live to see another. I can obtain from them a certificate to that effect, if you desire. And I have already sent to my lawyers a sealed envelope containing a full confession, marked, 'To be sent to the authorities in case anyone should be accused of the death of Mrs. Stephen Bellamy, either before or after my death.' I would not have any human being live through such days as these have been—no, not to save my life, or what is dearer to me than my life.

"But, Judge Carver, will the ends of justice be better served if that boy who believes that my only creed is gentleness and kindness and mercy, and who has learned therefore to be merciful and gentle and kind—if that boy learns that now he must call me murderess? If those happy, happy little children who bring every bumped head and cut finger to me to kiss it and make it whole must live to learn to call me murderess?

"I don't want Polly and Pete to know—I don't want them to know—I don't want them to know.

"If you could reach me without touching them I would not ask you to show me mercy. But if no one else need suffer for my silence, I beg of you—I beg you—forget that you are only justice, and remember to be merciful. MARGARET IVES."

For a long time the judge sat silent and motionless, staring down at that small mountain of white pages. In his tired face his dark eyes burned, piercing and tireless. Finally they moved, with a curious deliberation, to that other pile of white pages that he had been studying when the messenger boy had come knocking at the door. Yes, there it was:

"An accessory after the fact is one who while not actually participating in the crime, yet in any way helps the murderer to escape trial or conviction, either by concealing him or by assisting him to escape or by destroying material evidence or by any other means whatever. It is a serious crime in itself, but does not make him a principal ——"

He sat motionless, his unwavering eyes fixed on the words before him as though he would get them by heart. . . . After a long moment he stirred, lifted his head and drew toward him the little pile of papers that held the life of Patrick Ives' mother.

The blue paper first; the torn scraps settled down on the shining surface as lightly and inconsequently as butterflies. Then the white ones—a little mound of snowflakes that grew under the quick, sure fingers to a little mountain—higher—higher—blue and white, they were swept into that great brass bowl that had been so conveniently designed for ashes. A match spurted, little flames leaped gayly and a small spiral of smoke twisted up toward the white-robed lady above the door. Across the room, between the windows beyond which shone the stars, John Marshall was smiling above the dancing flames—and she smiled back at him, gravely and wisely, as though they shared some secret understanding.

(THE END)

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Bates

THE PICKER

(Continued from Page 17)

Old Man Cook didn't pay no attention to him, but Harry Kelly says: "Why, get a chair, brother, and come on in. It's public, and any poor unfortunate at all can set right down here free and watch his fondest hopes decay. It's kept special for that purpose."

"All right, Amos," says Silleck, pulling up a chair. "As long as you ain't noisy you can stay too."

That sort of jolted Harry, and nothing was said for a minute or two; but I had a feeling the book and lyrics might be good, so I hung around. After a while Kelly started: "Excuse me being personal, brother, but was it pleasure or pain when you done that lovely yodel just now?"

Old Man Cook jerked his eyes away from the tape for a second and says, "Imitation of a rodeo, wasn't it? I didn't think it was so good either."

"I guess you mean the few notes I chirped," says Silleck, very solemn. "Should I of made them louder?"

"The volume was just right to me," Kelly told him, "but I couldn't get the sense. What was it all about?"

"Well," says Silleck, "as long as it ain't nobody's business but yours, Amos, I'll tell you. I was letting the wide world know I got a bet down on Beth S."

"On what?" asks Cook. "What is it—a horse?"

"How do I know?" Silleck says. "Ask Gus."

I told Cook he meant Bethlehem Steel, and the old man was interested right away, like he always is when it looks like somebody might have some information. "Beth Steel, eh?" he says to Silleck. "What did you do—buy it?"

"I think that's what I done," the boob told him. "Anyhow, I got on it for five hundred of these shares."

"Bought five hundred Beth, eh?" says the old man. "Why?"

"I did know why," says Silleck, looking thoughtful, "but now I forget."

"Forget what?" asks Cook, trying to get him. "You mean you forget why you just bought it?"

"I think that's it, but it might be something else. I forget what it is."

"You forget what what is?" yaps the old man, looking a little wild.

"I forget what it is I forget," Silleck explained, serious as a Swede janitor. "If I ain't around when you remember it, you might give me a ring."

Old Cook was red in the face by that time, and he barks, "Do you know what you're talking about?"

"Not now," says Silleck, "but I was talking about Beth S before I got rudely interrupted. I was telling Amos why I picked it and got on five hundred."

"Sure you was," says Kelly, giving me the wink. "I'm all feverish waiting to hear it."

"I can't go on with it now, Amos," Silleck told him. "This other gentleman don't want to hear no more."

"Jumping Christopher!" yelps Cook, excited-like. "You ain't said anything yet. What do you think you know anyhow?"

"Maybe I better go back and start at the beginning, where the poor little boy got hurt over in Brooklyn," says Silleck; and I don't know what he would of stuffed them with if Benny Powell hadn't come up just then with one of our customers' cards for him to sign.

Like in any Stock Exchange house, we make every customer sign up to let the firm use his stocks in loans and sell him out if his margin gets wiped, and all that. So Benny handed him one of the cards with the agreement on it and said, "Put your yours truly on that, will you, old man? We got to have it for the files."

"Nix," says Silleck, handing it back without looking. "I never sign nothing without reading it."

"I don't expect you to," says Benny. "Go ahead and read it first."

"I would, only I can't without my glasses," declares the nut, and he went on looking at the tape. Harry Kelly took his off and said, "Try mine. They're universal focus."

"They'd ruin my eyes, Amos," Silleck told him. "I ain't allowed to use nobody's but my own, and I busted mine yesterday by throwing them at a cat I don't like."

"When will they be fixed?" Benny asked him, looking a little sore at being strung.

"I ain't going to get them fixed," says Silleck. "Why would I spend money that way when I can see just as good without them?"

Old Man Cook's mouth opened and shut a couple of times on that, and he twisted his neck all the way round to get a good look at the simp. "Didn't you say you had to have them to read with?" he asked him, as if he didn't hear right before.

"My exact words," says Silleck, "but I done a lot of reading ahead, so now I won't need to do no more for a couple of years."

Benny tried to explain he had to get the card signed, but he didn't get nowheres, till finally Mr. Wilson come out of his office again and stopped by the ticker on his way across the room. "You got your Bethlehem Steel just in time," he said to Silleck. "I see it's up above 47 already."

"I told you how it is when I pick 'em," says Silleck modest-like. "They all run as soon as I get on 'em, and this game's as easy for me as any."

Benny must of thought he seen a chance to pass the buck then, and he says to the boss, "I've been telling Mr. Silleck we'd like to have him sign this card. Maybe you can explain about it to him better than I can."

"What card, Aleck?" asks Silleck, looking like he never heard about it before. "Something you want me to sign?"

"If you don't mind," says Mr. Wilson.

And Silleck said, "Why, sure! I'll sign anything any time. Gimme a pen."

You can't blame Benny for getting red hot, of course, and after the boss went away he asked Silleck, "Well, and what was the idea of standing me up that way before the firm?"

"You didn't explain it as good as him, Aleck," says the bug. "You should of made it plainer to me, like he done."

Old Cook couldn't pass that, and he butts in, "Hell's bells! Why, Wilson didn't explain nothing to you!"

"Oh, yes, he did, Oswald," says Silleck. "He looked at me a certain way and I could just tell what he meant."

"Yah!" Cook yelps, and he jumps up and shakes both his fists. "I can just tell

(Continued on Page 113)

"Oh, what a soft towel!"

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Keep the mouth glands young. If the six mouth glands are kept young and active, the teeth and gums are protected by healthful fluids that neutralize the acids of decay, keep the gums firm, the breath sweet.

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PEBECO
keeps the Mouth Glands young

(Continued from Page 111)

you you're a fool, and I want you to know my name ain't Oswald."

"Why ain't it Oswald?" Silleck asks him, looking surprised; and the old man begin to rave.

"Why—why, just because it ain't!" he yaps. "Simply because—because it ain't!"

"You got to get a better reason than that, Oswald," says Silleck. "It don't really sound logical." And then he gets up and gives another war whoop and streaks out of the office.

Everybody around the place was sure he was plumb crazy, of course, and Old Man Cook went running around swearing he wouldn't keep on doing business in a lunatic asylum. Benny Powell was kind of fussed, too, but Yerger come in later and argued we oughtn't to mind how playful Silleck got; and he bought a hundred Bethlehem himself to trail his lucky brother-in-law, like he said he was going to. He had to pay up to 48½ for it, though, and that was what started me thinking maybe the simp knew more than we guessed, after all. Bethlehem got to be stronger and more active that afternoon than any time in a couple of months, and it closed around 49, where Silleck had over a thousand profit in it already.

Then the next morning in comes an order to me to buy twenty-five hundred Beth Steel for Number 21 Account, and that was something else to think about. Number 21 in our office was Paul M. Vincent, the congressman. He was nuts on keeping the blanket over the trading he was always doing in the stock market, and only a few of us in Reilly & Wilson's was supposed to know who Number 21 was. But besides being in Congress, Paul M. Vincent was also a great buddy of Johnny Henderson, and I don't have to tell you he's one of the biggest operators we got in Wall Street.

It was a sure thing, and I knew it, that any time Number 21 jumped into a stock like Beth Steel that way, it was on Johnny Henderson's say-so. More than that, it was ten to one that Henderson himself was making a move in the stock, whatever it was. So in this case I naturally got to wondering if Silleck really did get in so right on Bethlehem just by accident, or if he might of had a line on what Johnny Henderson or somebody like that was doing

We executed Number 21's Bethlehem order right after the market opened, and we had to pay up over 50 for some part of the twenty-five hundred shares. I wasn't any more than through reporting it to the boss, either, than my phone rung again and it was the same bird that left the lawsuit message for Silleck the day before. This time he wanted Joe told to stay where he was, because things in court was just the same, and going along all O. K. Somehow it sounded phony to me, and so when our friend the bug come in right afterwards and sprinted up to my window again, I said to him: "Your lawyer says that suit you don't understand about won't need your attention today, and the last sale is 50."

I thought maybe putting the two things together that way might jolt him, but he never even blinked. Right off the bat he says: "I found out about that lawsuit, Gus, but it ain't about no sale. It was brought against me by some hick that cashed my check for a hundred for me one night, and then I lost the jack out of my pocket inside of ten minutes."

"How could he sue you for that?" I asked him.

"Why," he says, "the crazy hick claims my losing the dough didn't give me no right to stop the bank paying on the check I give him." And then he digs right out again without seeing Benny or anybody.

The trouble with Joe Silleck was he said things so serious you didn't get on to how loony they was till afterwards. Finally, though, I got it figured how this check story and the lawsuit could be pure bunk, and the phooey message that day might of meant for Silleck not to do anything more in Beth Steel, only sit tight where he was. That would be why he didn't stay around the office; but I was only guessing, and I couldn't be sure.

The next four or five days Beth kept active and working a little higher all the time, and you begun to hear plenty of bull talk on it in the newspapers and all around, but Silleck didn't show up in the office at all. He would call me now and then to get the price and spring something goofy over the phone, but we didn't see him again until the morning another message come in for him from the lawsuit party. This time the guy seemed to think Joe ought to be there himself, and he was kind of sore about leaving the word with me again. What he had to say was that Silleck should be sure to follow instructions, because the suit was certain to be decided the right way by the jury the day after that.

Like before, Joe wan't long coming in, and I give him the message. He was just as bughouse as ever. "Don't tell me no more," he says after I give it all to him. "It makes me think how that goat looks when he's talking to you over the phone. You ought to see him."

"Why ought I?" I asked, like a yap.

"He keeps moving his ears all the time he's doing it," he says; and then he asks me, "What numbers come up on Beth S this morning?"

I told him the last was 54, the highest it had been yet, and he said: "I got to hand it to myself again for being the champ picker, and I want five hundred more of that doll, unless you boys feel nervous about going that far with me."

"I guess you can buy five hundred more if you want to," I told him. "Your girl must of moved upstairs."

"No," he says, "her folks has now got a better flat down on the third floor."

"How do you figure that to give you five hundred more Beth?" I asked him. "I thought you went by the floor she lived on."

"So I do," he comes back. "She moved down two flights from the fifth, so I'm making the bet two times five. A smart kid like you ought to be able to do that in your head."

Honest, the way he said it I couldn't be sure if he was just dippy or stringing me. Anyhow I shot his buying order over to the exchange, and in a little while they reported five hundred Beth Steel bought at 54½. Almost the same minute the phone from Mr. Wilson's room rung and the boss give me an order to buy a thousand Beth for Number 21. So that started me guessing again.

We paid different prices up to 55 for Number 21's thousand, and when I went in to report it to Mr. Wilson I found Mr. Vincent was there in his office with him. As usual, there was some little grouching about our man on the floor paying up too high for the stock, and for an excuse I explained how we had paid nearly that high on Silleck's order that went in several minutes before.

"Is Silleck buying again?" says Mr. Wilson. "That's odd, Larry." Then he told Mr. Vincent: "Paul, a brand-new customer of ours got into Bethlehem just ahead of you when you bought your first lot last week, and now he's increased his line just when you're doing the same."

"I can't quarrel with his judgment, can I?" says Mr. Vincent. "If it's a fair question, is he anybody I know?"

"His name's Silleck," the boss told him; but Number 21 said he never heard it. "He's a queer duck," Mr. Wilson went on. "He talks like a taxi driver and says his long suit is picking winners. He certainly did well picking Bethlehem around 46."

"That's about where I should of bought my twenty-five hundred," says Mr. Vincent. "I waited two or three weeks to be told when the activity would begin, but by bad luck I was out of reach when the word came. By the next day I had to pay three or four points higher."

I had to be on my way then, so I didn't hear any more, but I was more suspicious than ever that Silleck was playing Beth on information instead of just picking it. Besides that, it looked like the information was the same as Number 21 was probably getting off of Johnny Henderson.

When I got out in the customers' room the bug had just broke away from Benny Powell and was heading for the ticker where Old Man Cook and Harry Kelly was bunched as usual. "'Lo, Amos!" he says to Kelly as he come up. "You and Oswald been good boys since I been away?"

Old Man Cook let that one pass, because he had something else on his mind. He says: "Look here, you! Why couldn't you of told us the other day how good that Beth Steel was? We would of had nine points in it by now. You knew something on it, didn't you?"

"Sure I did, Oswald," Silleck says. "Didn't I tell you about it?"

"All you done around here was talk like you let your batteries run down," Cook told him. "What's the stock been going up on? How high do you hear it's going?"

"If you won't let it leak I'll show you how it is," Silleck says; and he give me a dead-eyed look that I could tell something good was coming. "You see, Oswald," he says, "this pal of mine I told you about before is one of these here senators."

"You didn't tell me about nobody before," snaps Cook. "What kind of a senator? Where's he from?"

"Wait and you'll see how that comes in later on," says Silleck, starting to talk fast. "You might know a senator would hear about this thing, and when he come here we got together and went out to dinner to a swell place over in Eighth Avenue. So I asked him, and he told me how they couldn't go any sooner and pick up the rest of the party and then slip back into how nobody knew about it being Tuesday or Wednesday that this long-distance call had come in so that Bethlehem Steel stock ought to be worth more in the stock market and go up right away ——"

"Wait a minute!" yelps old Cook. "Wait a minute! I don't get that. Go back and say it slower."

Silleck looked surprised and asked Harry Kelly, "You get me, didn't you, Amos?"

"All but the first part," says Kelly. "I had some fog and sleet there."

"The first part don't count," declares Silleck. "I'll go on from the place I left off."

"But about the phone call—I don't understand that," Cook told him. "How was it again?"

"You couldn't of been listening, Oswald," says Silleck. "I said the long-distance was the way this senator got wise to what was likely to come off. He got busy, of course, as soon as he read the letter, because it said the Government was satisfied to let him know it looked like the Army would get wet ——"

"All right! All right!" Cook barks. "That's enough!"

"There's a lot more to it," says Silleck. "I was just getting into the good part, Oswald."

"I don't want to hear it," Cook yapped at him. "You might say something sane and I could understand it. Anyhow your Bethlehem tip come from this senator. I heard that much. Where's the senator from?"

"Porto Rico," says Silleck.

"Jumping Christopher!" yowls the old man, bouncing out of his chair. "Don't you think I know Porto Rico don't have no senators?"

"The one you mean don't have none, Oswald," says Silleck. "I'm talking about the other Porto Rico to the southeast of it."

Old Man Cook tried to say something back to him, but he couldn't. He just waved his arms around and scooted over to the cotton ticker and stayed there till Silleck went out.

Before the nut got away, though, Mr. Wilson come out and says to him, "I want to compliment you, Mr. Silleck, on the way you picked your Bethlehem Steel last week. Come into my office and tell me how you managed to do it."

"Oh, it come natural," Silleck told him. "It's a gift I got."

But the boss steered him into his room anyway; and Benny Powell says to me, "I hope the sap don't spill the real reason why he bought Beth. It sounds so crazy."

"What was the real reason?" I asked him. "I could listen to it myself."

"He give it to me confidential, so don't let him know I told you," Benny says. "The real reason was because the name of Bethlehem was so familiar to him from hearing it in a song every thirty seconds over the radio last Christmas. Ain't that a nut reason if they ever was one? But that's what he told me, and look at the money he's making on it."

"He might be able to think up another one to give the boss," I said; and I found out afterwards he did. What he told Mr. Wilson was he picked Bethlehem's name out of a hat.

Anyhow Silleck faded out after Mr. Wilson got through with him, but he was on hand good and early the next day for the big show. That was the morning the papers come out in big headlines where the Bethlehem Steel had landed a lot of prize contracts for battleships and armor and all like that, on account of what they called a navy program, or something. People that read it didn't understand half what it meant, of course, but just the same it went for big bull news on Beth Steel. The stock had closed at 57 the night before, and it opened with a whoop, up near four points to around 61. And Silleck was there to see it do it.

I remember he wasn't so noisy that morning, but I was too busy to see what he done until I begin to hear him talking in the phone booth right outside the order room. It seemed somebody had called him up, and he didn't shut the booth door, so I could get what he was saying. And all it was was just "I don't hear you." He would yell that into the phone about every ten seconds.

I could guess what he was doing was stalling with whoever it was on the other end, and I got the idea it was the lawsuit bird begging for something. But all he was getting out of Silleck was "I don't hear you," and that kept up for it seemed like ten minutes. Then I guess the nut got tired of saying it, so he changed.

"Listen!" he says to whoever it was. "Go jump in the river." And then he hung up, and come around to my window.

"'Lo, Gus," he says to me. "How's tricks?"

"You're doing a pretty good one," I told him. "Beth's up above 61 right now."

"I don't care no more what it is," he tells me. "I'm off that dame for life, Gus, and I'm going to cash in pronto. Fix it up for me quick, will you?"

"Does that mean to sell out your whole thousand shares?" I asked him.

And he says, "I couldn't of said it better myself." So I put the selling order in over the board phone.

Then I thought I would see what I could get out of him, so I says, "I suppose it was the skirt you was signing off on just now when you was so polite over the phone."

"That was the quince, Gus," he says. "She had the chest to try and bawl me out in the restaurant last night, and only 'cause I shot a little chicken gravy on her new suit that I didn't like the color of. So I naturally walked out on her, like I always do. . . . How much do I get cashed in for, Gus?"

I told him I couldn't tell till we would know what the stock was sold for, and he says, "Whatever it is, I would win more if I had been on more shares, wouldn't I?"

"Yes," I said; "ain't it tough luck you didn't pick out a dame that lives on the top floor of the Woolworth Building?"

"I would of picked one there," says the simp, "only riding in elevators makes me seasick."

We got an average of around 60½ for the thousand shares, but I was so busy I didn't have time to figure up the profit for Silleck, so I shooed him over to Benny Powell. Soon after that Bethlehem took a new lease

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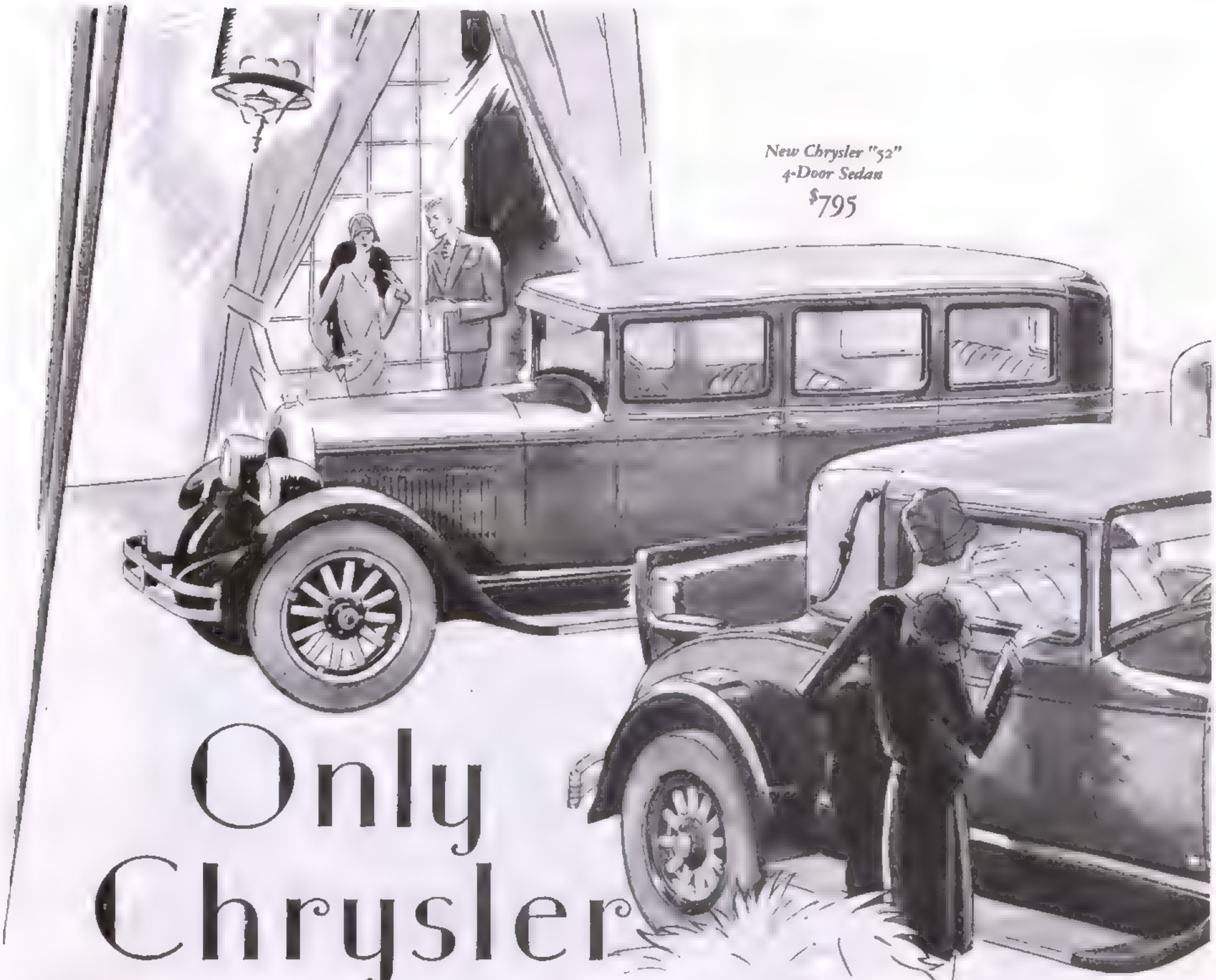

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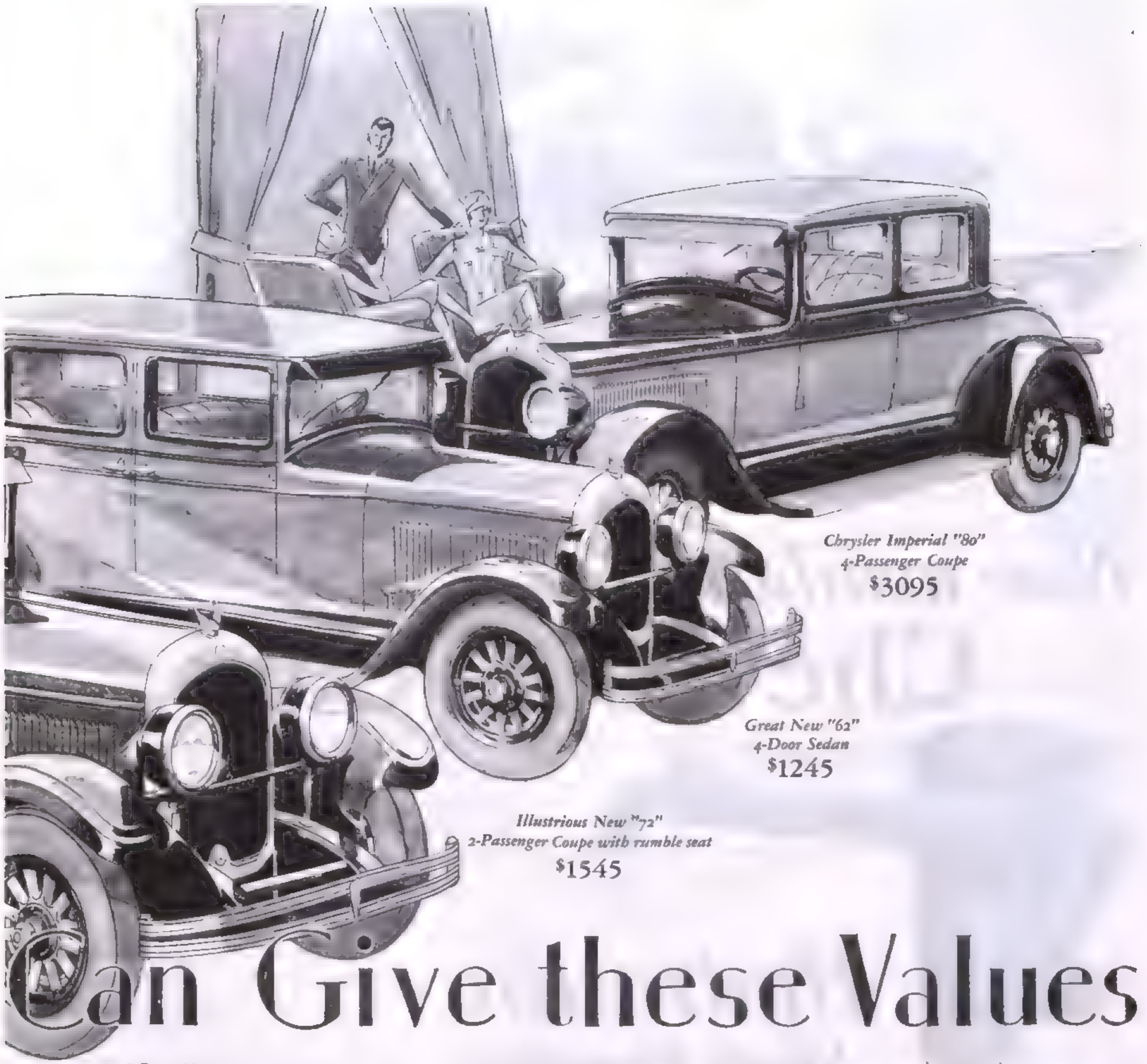

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(Continued from Page 113)

on life and shot up to 63, and on the run-up Mr. Wilson phoned in a thirty-five share sell order for Number 21, who was there with him in his private office again. That took up more of my time, and it wasn't till after I took the reports in to the boss and come out in the customers' room that I noticed a tall shiny-looking sheik talking to Silleck. He was arguing like he needed money for the rent and jerking his hands around, and as I come along Silleck says to him, "I told you already I'm washed up and gone for the day, so I can't hear you."

The other one got more excited still, and said something I couldn't get, and Silleck says, "Why would I care where it's up to or where it's going to? We made the play and I cashed in like we doped it, didn't I? That cleans us up, and you'll get your cut all right, so go on home and dry yourself."

"Ah, buy it back, won't you, Joe?" I heard the nifty boy say, kind of hoarse. "I'm telling you we're missing half of it. Wouldn't I know if he was selling any of it yet? It'll be 75 tomorrow sure. Anyhow, Joe, buy back some of it."

"You're coming loose," Silleck told him. "You got hay fever in the mind."

"We're fifty-fifty, ain't we?—and I got some rights," says the bird; and just then the boss come out of his room and Number 21 with him. Right away the shiny lad begin to turn green, and I seen he was looking at Number 21 like he was a ghost.

"Good morning, Simpson," says Mr. Vincent, giving him the hard eye. "I didn't expect to see you so soon again this morning, and not here, anyhow."

What took that guy right then wasn't nothing but the worst case of rattles I ever seen. He sprayed out some kind of hooey about him coming in to see Joe, and how Joe was his first cousin, and a lot more like that; and then he done a quick fade-away with Number 21 looking at him cold and not saying a word.

After he went Mr. Vincent turned around to the boss and said, "From the way that young man acted, I rather suspect I caught him cheating."

"He did act guilty, didn't he?" says Mr. Wilson. "Who is he?"

"His name's Simpson," says 21, "and I think he is the reason why your queer customer has been doing so well in Bethlehem Steel. Simpson happens to be one of Henderson's confidential secretaries."

Well, that cleared it up, of course. We never did get the whole inside of it, but you can figure it out. This Simpson sees Johnny Henderson getting ready to make the move in Beth Steel. Probably it was on advance information on the battleship thing, and that might of come from nobody else than Paul M. Vincent, the crafty congressman. Anyhow Johnny Henderson's slick secretary wants to get a piece of the move, but his kind ain't got much nerve, and he's afraid of his job if he spills what he knows to anybody around Wall Street.

Somehow, though, he picks up Joe Silleck, or Joe picks up him, Joe being such a good picker. They frame it for Simpson to supply the information and Joe to put up the money and buy Bethlehem, and then they will split the profits. And then, by pure chance, Joe picks our firm to do the buying through, and there he bumps right into Number 21 that is doing the same thing on the same Johnny Henderson steering. Funny, wasn't it?

Of course it wasn't up to any of us in Reilly & Wilson's to tell Silleck what we had on him, and I don't know what good it would of done if we had. He would of lied out of it some bughouse way. He blew into the office the next day and come up to me as usual, and says, "Where do you pay off, Gus?"

"How much money do you want?" I asked him.

And he says: "All that's coming to me. I ain't going to play this game no more. It's too easy for a picker as good as me. Look what I done to it in one roll."

"I admit you're pretty good," I said. "Beth Steel is down to 58 again this morning, and it was wise work not to buy your thousand back yesterday like your pal wanted you to when it was up to 63."

"That guy wasn't no pal, and he wasn't talking to me about Beth S at all," says the nut, looking me straight in the eye. "All he wanted was I should buy a set of books off him."

"What kind of books?" I asked him, thinking he might fall down on that.

"Paper ones," he says. "Come on, Gus, pay me off."

I told him it was up to Benny Powell to fix him up, but it happened Benny was out to lunch then, and Silleck said he couldn't wait.

So I said I would go back and get his account made up by the bookkeepers and the cashier would bring him out a check.

"Tell him to make it out right," says Silleck. "My name's Joe T. Silleck, and I want it all put in."

"All right," I said, "only I don't think we knew before you had any middle letter."

"I didn't have when I was born," he admits, "but I picked me one myself. I can pick names just as good as anything else."

"What's the T stand for?" I asked him.

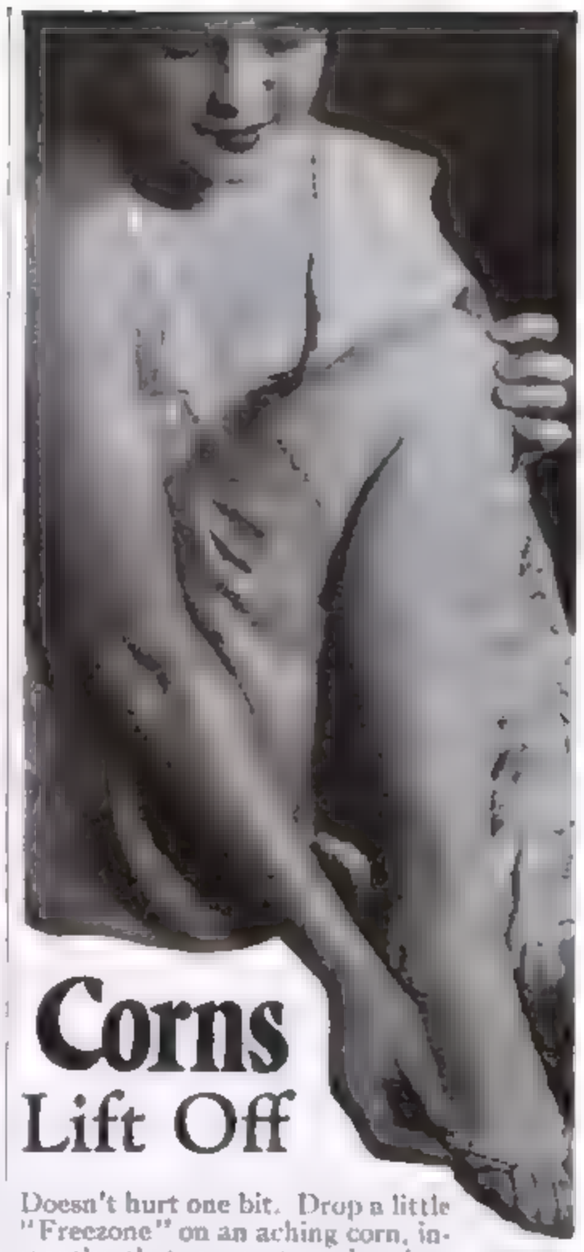
"Ptomaines," he says. "Didn't I pick a good one, Gus?"

"It sounds elegant," I told him, "only you don't begin ptomaines with a T."

"I know you don't," he says. "That's why it's so good. It takes a real picker like me to dope one like Ptomaines. It'll fool anybody."

"How will it fool anybody?" I asks.

"I'll show you how, Gus," says the bug, and he puts his mouth up close to my ear. "When I tell people about it like I'm telling you now, it always makes them think I'm crazy—don't it, Gus?"



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GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

A Test for the Testers

THERE is a considerable group of scientists and educators who spend their time in constructing intellectual hurdles, called intelligence tests, for the rest of mankind to leap over. Many of them are exceedingly clever and ingenious. Now and then these questionnaires are published in the magazines, and few readers can resist the temptation to try themselves out on the catch questions before their eyes.

All this is very amusing and, no doubt, serves some useful end, but turn about is fair play and it is time that someone should retaliate and put the experts over the jumps with a view to determining whether they are a race of demigods apart, or whether they grade just about like the rest of us in the ordering of their own affairs.

The test to be proposed is valuable because it is simple and practical. It is a test of character and initiative as well as of intelligence. This feature doubles its value, for mere intelligence is but an indifferent asset if its possessor lacks the force of character to apply it. There are but few of us who do not have more wits than we use. We all know what we must do to live healthfully, usefully and prudently; but strange to relate we are much more reluctant to put into effect the measures we know are wise and necessary than we are to buy stock in a paper oil company or take long chances in some other direction.

Consider life insurance, for example. Everyone acknowledges its tremendous importance as a factor in modern civilization. Everyone believes in it, for other people, if not for himself. But no power on earth, save perhaps his wife and children, can compel a man to do what he so thoroughly believes in and what he has long been meaning to do.

With the great majority, the same unwillingness to do the wise and prudent thing is repeated all along the line. Perhaps, however, the gentlemen who have been testing our intelligence are made of better stuff.

Perhaps they are representative of a numerous class which really is extra-intelligent in practical as well as in theoretical ways. This test, therefore, is open to all superior persons; to psychologists, psychoanalysts, professors, highbrows and all members of the intelligentzia in good standing.

The Test

Time allowed: As much as may be required.

1. Did you take out life insurance as soon as you could afford it, and have you added to it as your means would allow?

2. Do you live within your income; and by some systematic plan of saving are you providing for your old age and for your dependents?

3. Are your buildings, with their contents and your motor-car liability, properly safeguarded by insurance?

4. Do you keep your cellars free from trash and litter, and do you see to it that proper precautions against fire are taken upon your property?

5. Have you made a will?

6. If so, did you have sufficient expert assistance to make certain that it expresses your desires and intentions unmistakably and that it is in due legal form?

7. If you have answered Number 5 in the affirmative, has your will become inoperative owing to births or deaths which have taken place since it was executed?

8. Where do you keep your valuable papers, if any? That is to say, do you hide them away, subject to fire risks, where any competent porch climber can readily find them, or do you rent a safety-deposit box and keep your papers in it?

9. Have you built up such cordial relations with your bank that you can borrow money from it whenever occasion requires, or, in time of need, would you have to apply to friends and relatives?

10. Do you buy securities on the say-so of strange stock salesmen, or do you make your investments through and with the advice of a reputable brokerage and bond house?

11. Have you learned to swim or to keep afloat for twenty minutes in deep water?

12. Do you vote regularly both at primary and at general elections?

13. Do you habitually know enough about the candidates for election to vote intelligently?

14. How do you form your opinions on great questions of political and economic policy? That is to say, are you guided, for the most part, by the utterances of theorists and uplifters, or are you more influenced by the opinions of practical men whose personal contacts and broad experience might be expected to enable them to reach sound conclusions?

15. Do you take sufficient sleep and exercise to keep yourself feeling fit and cheerful?

16. Do you practice moderation in eating, drinking and smoking?

17. Do you go to your physician at stated intervals for physical examinations and general counsel?

18. Are you taking full advantage of the recent advances in preventive medicine in safeguarding your own health and that of your family?

19. Do you consider your education a completed job, or do you still read an occasional book on history, biography, science or economics?

20. Are you thoroughly familiar with the current version of your local motor traffic and parking rules?

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SIX YEARS OF IMMIGRANT QUOTAS

(Continued from Page 25)

don't be startled. We must deduct from that sum the departures of aliens from the country in those six years. We find that 1,469,468 aliens left the United States. By the simple process of subtraction, we get the net gain in population for the six years of the quotas. It is 2,008,287.

Again you marvel. "Even that is more than the total population of the city of Philadelphia," somebody will say.

"Why, it's nearly as many aliens as there are people in the whole state of Virginia!" somebody else will exclaim.

"If we have gained a net foreign population of 2,008,287 in six years of restriction, something's the matter with our plan of restriction," will be the comment of the man who believes in America for the Americans.

But we have not completed the count as yet. We have calculated only the lawfully admitted. We have yet to add the aliens who have gained surreptitious entry—the smuggled, or bootlegged, aliens, if you please. Here we come to mere guesswork. Of course there can be no records and the annual reports refrain from making estimates. It is popularly known and freely admitted by officials that alien smuggling, negligible for years under the old system of selection, sprang into prodigious activities the day this country began to count 'em out by pure arithmetic.

They came through Cuba and were smuggled into Florida; they came as seamen and deserted by thousands when given shore leave; they came through Canada, through Mexico and South American countries and enriched the ingenious bootlegger by paying from $50 to $1000 each to be safely guided into the United States. And they are still doing it by the thousands.

Official estimates are that there are more than 1,000,000 aliens in the country without inspection and without a legal right to be here, and an unofficial but seemingly conservative estimate, as yet unchallenged, is that they are coming in at the rate of 175,000 a year, despite the vigilance of the border patrol.

The border patrol, by the way, is Uncle Sam's youngest armed force. It now comprises 800 men and was formed to cope with alien smuggling since the quota laws were passed. The estimate of 175,000 a year is drawn not altogether from guesswork, but from the observations of careful investigators sent by two different newspapers around the borders—the New York World and the Christian Science Monitor, both reputed to be conservative and accurate. Taking it as the best estimate available, and carrying on our calculation, we must add 1,050,000 to the net gain of lawfully admitted aliens, making the real net gain for six years of the immigrant quotas 3,058,287.

Bootlegged Aliens

And now we may all stand back and gasp our astonishment. Congressmen themselves will be staggered. It is, indeed, an amazing revelation.

Adherents of the present Administration at Washington—meaning the officials upon whose shoulders the enforcement of the restrictive immigration policy has rested - will, if they're honest with themselves, be disappointed at the showing. Of course, some of them will question the estimate of illegal entries. But ask them to give you their guess and they will be seized with hesitating circumlocution. They don't minimize the smuggling activities when they ask the budget committee for increased appropriations for the border patrol. Besides, even if they should estimate illegal entries far below the figure given, there would still be a net increase in population from the quota laws about equal in six years to the population of the city of Chicago, or the combined population of two average states like Kansas and West Virginia, and certainly that is not the kind of restriction the public bargained for or expected.

Before proceeding further with this chronicle, let us set down the figures which so sensationally betray the quota plan:

IMMIGRATION UNDER THE QUOTAS

YEAR	ADMITTED	DEPARTED	NET IMMIGRATION
1922	432,505	345,384	87,121
1923	673,406	200,586	472,820
1924	879,302	216,745	662,557
1925	458,435	225,490	232,945
1926	496,106	227,755	268,351
1927	538,001	253,508	284,493
Totals	3,477,755	1,469,468	2,008,287
Surreptitious entries by careful estimate			1,050,000
Grand total net gain in population			3,058,287

And now, to be perfectly sincere in our purpose to analyze the results of our six years of experimentation with the quota laws, let us make a comparison with the recorded results for six years preceding the quota laws. Let us go away back to 1910, when the aliens were flocking here at the rate of 1,000,000 a year. That was under the rule of selection without numerical limitations. Let us skip the years 1915, 1916, 1917, 1918 and 1919, because these were the years of wartime, when immigration was virtually suspended. We will take in the year 1920, for the report for that year shows the resumption of immigration after the war; and though the tide of immigration had not fully recovered to its prewar level, it seems fairer to include 1920 rather than count six years backward from 1921, leaving out 1910, when more than 1,000,000 came. Besides, the first quota law became operative for one month in 1921.

A Small Saving

We find that the total admissions for the six years preceding the quotas—that is, normal years, not counting wartime, were 6,697,376. But while this is twice as many as have been admitted under the quotas, we note that twice as many aliens left the country then as did under the quotas. The number of departures for six years preceding the quotas was 3,187,716. Subtract this from the total admissions and the net gain in population for six years under the old selective law was 3,509,660. Compare this with the total net gain under the quotas, counting in the illegal entries, and the difference is 451,373. That represents the saving accomplishment of six years' operation of our much boasted policy of restriction by numerical limitations, as against the old law of selection. The smallness of the final results will cause astonishment everywhere. But here are the figures:

IMMIGRATION BEFORE THE QUOTAS

YEAR	ADMITTED	DEPARTED	NET IMMIGRATION
1910	1,198,037	380,418	817,619
1911	1,030,300	518,215	512,085
1912	1,017,155	615,292	401,863
1913	1,427,227	611,924	815,303
1914	1,403,081	633,805	769,276
1920*	621,576	428,062	193,514
Totals . .	6,697,376	3,187,716	3,509,660

*Skipping war years.

Even to the average citizen, who takes little more than a passing interest in this all-important matter of immigration, it will seem strange that so many aliens have been granted admittance to the country under the quota laws. Such persons had casually read in the newspapers that the Dillingham Act would admit only 354,000 a year and the Johnson Act would admit only 164,000 a year.

The comparatively small totals supposedly resulting from three years' operation of each of these quota laws, minus a considerable number of those going out of the country, had been mentally visualized as the almost negligible net increase of population due under quotas. Others whose interest has been deeper than a mere curiosity will understand that the quota laws were never intended to stand upon their face value. Such persons know that these quota laws divided immigration into three general classes — nonimmigrants, meaning visitors, tourists and persons in transit through the country; nonquota immigrants, meaning all natives of Canada, Mexico, Central and South America, aliens returning from a temporary visit abroad, minor children of citizens, and the like; and quota immigrants, meaning those who had to knuckle down to the numerical-limitation scheme, usually about one-third each year of the total admissions.

But even the wise will be amazed that the difference in six years between quota-law operation and the régime of selection without numerical limitation should be so low as 451,373. There are explanations, but they have hitherto been known only to immigration experts.

One of these explanations lies in the fact that with the quota laws came a great decrease in emigration from the United States. Departures have dropped from the half-million mark down to 200,000 or 300,000 a year, and most of these carry with them permits to return, exempt from the quotas. Thus, while admissions have been held down, departures have likewise fallen off, and the net gain in population by lawful admissions, plus the illegal entries, makes a total that is calculated to disillusion the most devout champion of the quota plan.

Figures too often grow tiresome. They are a *bête noire* to editors and readers alike. Only astronomers and persons who swear to circulation of newspapers find romance in figures far flung across a printed page. But when official records show that the United States has gained in population 2,008,287 through lawful admissions of aliens in six years and something like 1,000,000 more by fraudulent entry, the truth must dawn upon every normal mind that something must yet be done to make our restrictive laws more restrictive in the matter of immigration if that be our national aim. If we are to continue at this rate we will be filling a city like Chicago every six years or a city like New York every twelve years. Of course, the immigrants will not all be destined to one community, but it is easier for the mind to grasp the enormity of the inflow of foreigners under restriction by using for comparison the names of municipalities whose populations are popularly known. Indeed, we might carry the similitude further:

In this imaginary city of 3,000,000 aliens which our quota laws have built among Brother Jonathan's people, what is the ethnological atmosphere? What do the official records show by racial classification? The answer is that in this net gain of population in the past six years Canadians and Mexicans took the lead.

Our net gain in Mexicans, subtracting the outgoing from the incoming, was 356,006, and this is more than the net gain of any other ethnological group.

The Nordic Strain

This is another surprise. If there was one aim more stressed than another by the authors of the quota laws, it was that the Nordic race would be favored. In truth, about the only opposition that developed against the quotas was that they were discriminatory in favor of the peoples of Northern Europe. By fixing his quotas at 2 per cent of nationals residing here by the census of 1890, Representative Albert Johnson, author of the Johnson bill, and chairman of the House Committee on Immigration, was charged with palpable discrimination against the peoples of Southern and Southeastern Europe. Our immigration from that source was small prior to the 80's and 90's.

For instance, Italy, which had in later years been leading all other countries in supplying immigration to the United States, at the rate of 250,000 a year, was cut down to a quota basis of only 42,000 a year by the Dillingham Act and just 3800 by the Johnson Act. Greece, Spain and nearly all other Mediterranean countries had to take quotas of about 100 a year. Clearly, then, the aim of the authors of the quota laws in fixing their percentages upon censuses taken decades ago, was to favor the Northern European as being more assimilable with the old American stock. The plan seemed logical, and it is fair to assume that the majority of congressmen enacted the laws of restriction in the hope that this country was strengthening and perpetuating in America the racial stock of the colonists—call it Nordic, or Anglo-Saxon, or Scotch, or Irish, or German, or Scandinavian, or what you like.

But if Mexicans have outnumbered the English, the Scotch, the Irish or the Scandinavians, as shown by these official records of lawfully admitted aliens by race or peoples in the last six years, have such aims met their full fruition? Moreover, isn't it a safe surmise that 356,006 will not half cover the real number of Mexicans who have entered the country and settled down here as permanent immigrants?

Across the Rio Grande

With smuggling rife along the Rio Grande and the border patrol absurdly insufficient to cope with it, the admission is frankly made at Washington that thousands of these people have crossed the line without being inspected or recorded. Quite recently 450 Mexicans were deported in one group, having been found in the United States without proof of legal entry. That was more than the total recorded for the last year of lawful admissions from Mexico—just this one deportation party.

So great is the anxiety felt at Washington over the Mexican situation that a survey was recently made to ascertain how far north in this country these people are settling. It was found that they are in colonies as far east as Pennsylvania, and that they are sprinkled in Detroit, Chicago and San Francisco.

But let us return to that imaginary city we were building out of our 3,000,000 aliens—that city equal in size to Chicago, or to Philadelphia and Boston combined. Let us continue to study its ethnological aspects. More Mexicans than expected, we find that its European percentages ran thus: Germans—net gain—347,255; English, 253,574; Irish, 215,941; Scotch, 196,857; Scandinavians—Swedes, Norwegians and Danes—135,170; and Jews, or Hebrews, 192,123. There were enough of each of these groups to populate a city of first magnitude in the United States. There were lesser groups representing all the Mediterranean bloods, too, and thousands of Poles, Russians and Finns—all from the quota laws in six years.

It is extremely difficult to make an accounting of the Italians. Nearly every year since the enactment of the quota laws more Italians have left this country than are shown to have been lawfully admitted. Their national pride was stung by the cutting of their quota to a mere 3800 a year and there were so many already here who had acquired the habit of going back to their home country that they have been continuously shifting back and forth, usually upon permits. On the face of the records, the net gain of Italians under the quota regime for six years is less than 60,000. For two of the six years there was a decrease, more going out than coming in.

One outstanding deduction to be drawn from a close study of this quota-law immigration is that the United States has swapped Italy for Mexico as a source of immigrant labor, and if nothing is done to stop the Mexicans, that country will soon be supplying laborers in just as large numbers as Italy ever did, unless checked by the literacy or medical tests. The literacy

(Continued on Page 122)

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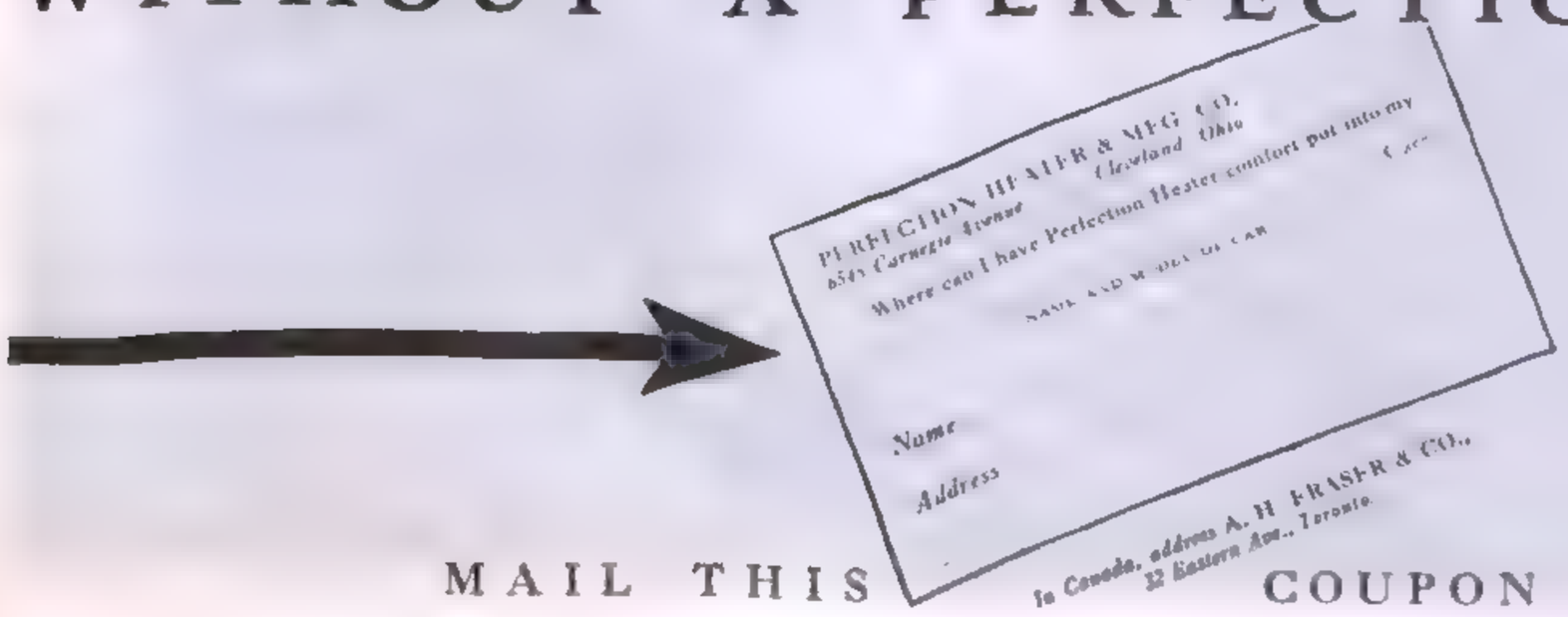
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(Continued from Page 118)

test has sent thousands of them back from the American border. But that does not mean that they remained in Mexico. The chances are ten to one that they ducked the inspectors at regular ports of entry and sneaked across the Rio Grande at out-of-the-way places.

The advisability of putting Mexicans upon a quota basis will surely precipitate a serious debate in Congress when that body comes to consider the whole question of immigration. Opinion is divided in the Southwest. Employers say they will go into bankruptcy unless they can continue to get the cheap labor they have been getting from Mexico. Others are alarmed. Sociologists say that the whole Southwest is already menaced by Mexicanization. They cite the fact that in certain districts of Arizona, Texas and New Mexico, Spanish, instead of English, is the common language.

Much of the trouble started six or seven years ago, when the Labor Department under a previous Administration granted immunity from the literacy test and from the contract-labor law to farm laborers from Mexico with liberal limitations. It is recorded that 72,862 Mexican laborers came in under this concession. Of this number, 21,400 deserted their employment and disappeared. Some of them have since been deported in a body. Once the bars were let down, however, Mexicans swarmed into the United States.

Representative John C. Box, a member of the House Committee on Immigration, from Texas, has attempted with more painstaking diligence than anybody else, perhaps, to check up on the Mexican menace. From court records, personal letters, reports of charity boards, he has gathered data showing how "masses of these unfortunate people, usually poverty-stricken, often sick and starving, and frequently criminal, have collected in such cities as Dallas, Fort Worth, Houston, Galveston, Denver, Los Angeles and other communities too numerous to enumerate, and become a heavy charge upon the taxpayers and charitable people upon and among whom they had drifted or been dumped when their importers were through with them for the time."

A Heavy Call on Charity

"In Los Angeles," the Texas congressman goes on to relate in a recent public statement given out in Washington to the United States Daily—"in Los Angeles, where approximately 5 per cent of the population is Mexican, the Outdoor Relief Division states that 27.44 per cent of its cases are Mexican. The Bureau of Catholic Charities reports that 53⅓ per cent of its cases are Mexicans, who consume at least 50 per cent of the budget. Twenty-five per cent of the budget of the General Hospital is used for Mexicans, who comprise 43 per cent of its cases. The City Maternity Service reports 62½ per cent of its cases are Mexicans."

Representative Box has received similar reports from Pasadena, Long Beach, San Diego City and County, San Bernardino, Orange, Santa Barbara and Fresno counties, all in California. He says further.

"From at least three states Texas, Arizona and Colorado—come accounts of serious race conflicts between Mexicans and Americans, demonstrating that the presence of the Mexicans raises another race problem. One acquainted with the facts can only smile when he hears remarks that these people are desirable immigrants and that they should be admitted because they do not stay long."

All of which leads the Texas congressman to sound this note of warning: "Those who ask for the admission of seasonal labor from the peon mass across the Rio Grande can get it only by the suspension, repeal or violation of the literacy and contract-labor provisions of the immigration laws."

Playing Into the Smuggler's Hands

It is a drab picture for a congressman to feel compelled to paint of his home state and section. Surely it is inconceivable that he would be inclined to overdraw it. Far more apt would he be to understate the case, for he is known to be a firm believer in the restriction of immigration and a champion of rigid enforcement of the laws. But Representative Box is one of the few who have carefully and frankly studied the net results accruing from year-to-year operation of the quota laws, and he wants the failures revealed as well as the successes thus far obtained.

In much the same spirit Representative Albert Johnson, from the state of Washington, chairman of the House Committee on Immigration and author of the Johnson Act now operating, has acknowledged the shortcomings of the law since the last session of Congress. In a statement prepared by him since adjournment and printed in the Congressional Record as something he intended to have said in the crowded last hours of the session, Mr. Johnson says:

"I believe it should be noted at this time that the limitations of the law still fall short of accomplishing all that should be accomplished for the protection of the American people.

"True, we have drastically reduced the influx of foreign peoples. True, we have prevented the dumping of millions of Europe's excess upon our shores. But I doubt if Americans generally realize that, even with this great achievement to our credit, we still receive a net population increase by immigration of a quarter of a million souls per annum."

Consideration of the New Deportation Act engaged the committees of Congress last session almost to the exclusion of all other subjects. The ridding process is yet one of the nation's problems. It is one of the biggest jobs Uncle Sam ever took on, in a way of speaking. Estimates have been seriously considered that the number of aliens without legal entry already in the United States runs from 1,000,000 to 5,000,000, and with deportations averaging just 10,000 or 12,000 a year, any schoolboy can figure out the endless, hopeless job it is.

The proposal has been seriously made by the Commissioner-General of Immigration that the status of these aliens be legalized by an enactment of Congress. He points out that they can never be naturalized for the reason that they cannot produce certificates of their legal entry. Therefore it is a menace to national safety to have so vast a number of politically ostracized aliens allocating themselves in the social and industrial life of the country. One congressman has already introduced a bill to legalize the status of 3,000,000 supposedly here by illegal entry. Is not this, of itself, a virtual nullification of our restrictive policy? Does it not put a premium upon surreptitious entry? Does it not play right into the hands of the irrepressible smuggler of aliens?

On the other hand, Congressman Charles H. Brand, of Georgia, has introduced a bill which provides for the compulsory registration of all aliens in the United States. He would go right after those who have sneaked in without leave, without inspection for disease or mental or moral fitness Through the Post Office Department he would establish a kind of annual clearing house by requiring each and every alien to register and to record his address whenever it should be changed, and so on. Penalties are fixed for failure to do so. But while the scheme looks well on paper, even as the quota laws looked well on paper, would it not merely add another stupendous task of enforcement, another armed force of vigilantes and spies, just such as the quota laws have placed upon the country?

A Hopeful Sign

Is a democracy powerless to enforce its laws?

That question seems entirely up to the budget makers and the powers that appropriate the funds for enforcement. With the eight-dollar head tax, the fines upon steamship companies and the money collected for return permits to resident aliens leaving the country, Ellis Island is self-sustaining. These funds go into the general Treasury, however, and enforcement of the immigration laws must be regulated according to the special appropriations recommended by the budget committee. Representatives in Congress who are members of this committee, with Assistant Secretary of Labor Robe Carl White, have spent a good part of the summer going around the Canadian and Mexican borders and inspecting the ports of entry. That is a hopeful sign.

FIRE strikes without warning!

The time never comes when you can afford to let down your defense against Fire. Just when you feel safest, he may strike. And after he strikes there is no time to build defenses.

There is only one way to fight Fire. Keep him out. Don't give him the slightest loophole through which to enter.

Defective flues and chimneys, inflammable rubbish heaps, carelessness with matches and cigarettes cause thousands of costly fires every year. Guard against these fire causes where you work and where you live. Make the people around you feel that carelessness with fire hazards is a disgrace. *It is.*

And then, to make your defenses doubly sure, see that your property is adequately insured. Call up the Hartford Fire Insurance Company agent in your vicinity. He can write you policies that provide complete indemnity against financial loss by fire.

INSURE IN THE

HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE CO.

HARTFORD, CONN.

The Hartford Fire Insurance Company and the Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company write practically every form of insurance except life.

Could You Use $6.30 a Day EXTRA?

"I have made as much as $6.30 extra in one day," writes Mr. Norman E. Richardson, of Colorado, "and that seems to me as good a spare-time proposition as one could wish." Mr. Richardson has been representing us in odd hours for seven years and enjoys many an easy, generous commission from new Curtis subscribers and renewal profits from those who have been with him ever since he started.

Your Spare Hours Are Worth Dollars

Why shouldn't you, quietly, in your spare time, begin to pick up subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*? We will offer you liberal commissions, and bonus too, if you will merely say that you'll do what you can. You need absolutely no experience—just the willingness to try. The earnings will pleasantly surprise you!

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WINGS OF SONG

(Continued from Page 19)

I could not move him one inch from this position, so I had to tell the unhappy couple that I had failed to get the *commendatore's* consent to their marriage. Brunetta wept bitterly, because in a short time we were going back to America and Mario was to go with us. There did not seem to be any question in their minds about disobeying Enrico's orders.

Just as they were leaving, a thought came to me. "Wait," I said, "I will try once more. Do not give up hope yet." A few days later I told Enrico casually that Brunetta sewed beautifully. "I shall need someone to do some fine sewing for me when we get home. She would be a great help to me in many ways. I am sure, too, that if I did not have enough work for her I could easily find her a position, and in that way she would be a help to Mario."

Enrico's eyes twinkled as he looked at me. "If you think she can sew the sort of things you want ——" Then, with a gruff voice, he went on, "All right; tell Mario he can get married, but I don't want to hear anything about it or see his wife. In a week we go to Genoa to sail for New York. Let him go on ahead and meet us there. But remember, I want to know nothing about it. And one more thing," he called me back as I was running out; "tell them—*no babies.*"

I went away laughing and gave them the message, which they received with beaming faces and blushes. When we reached Genoa they were waiting for us and presented me with boxes of confetti from their wedding, asking me shyly to give one to the *signor commendatore*. When I gave one to him, he pushed it away and looked annoyed. He never mentioned the fact that Mario was married, but he doubled his salary. During Enrico's long illness, Mario never left him. It was difficult and nerve-racking work, but the devotion of a friend and the adoration of a fanatic were combined in that loyal Italian heart; when others sank down tired and exhausted, he kept on, with the little Brunetta always hidden away in the background to cheer and comfort him.

A Singer in His Own Country ——

After Enrico's death, when I was alone for a short time at Signa while the estate was being settled, Mario and Brunetta never left me. When I was preparing to go to Paris on my way home to the United States, Mario said to me, "We have saved a little money through the generosity of the *commendatore*, and we want to take a trip to Paris, so we will accompany you." I accepted the fiction gratefully and they traveled all the way with me, adding by every possible means to my comfort. They did not leave me until they saw me safely on the boat. Just before we sailed Mario drew me aside and twisting his cap in his hands, said, blushing, "One moment, *signora*. Brunetta and I would like to ask one favor before you sail. Can we make a baby now?" The next year when I returned to Italy they proudly presented to me Dorothea Enrichetta, a tiny baby with brown eyes.

As the days passed, Enrico grew less nervous. It may have been because he was once more engrossed in his music, or possibly he welcomed the thought of leaving the quiet of the mountains. Whatever it was, his spirits underwent a marked change; and when it came time to pack for the homeward trip he was as jolly and contented as a boy. I am convinced that Signa was to him a beautiful ideal. Except for the early years of struggle, Italy was not connected with his musical life, for he had sung there only a few times since he had reached the height of his powers. Once in his early days in Naples he had had an unfortunate experience. The audience had hissed him off the stage. He had sworn never to sing again in Naples, and so the city of his birth never heard him after he became famous. He did not sing there; he was not known personally to the Italian public, as he was in America and Great Britain and Germany.

To him, music was his life. He could not be long separated from his piano and his singing. Just before we left Signa he said to me, "Remember, Doro, my art will always come first, even before you."

In a flash of memory I saw a library in New York City—my father's proud white head against the gold, red and brown of his books, and his troubled voice saying, "Remember, Dorothy, you will have only a small part in Enrico's life. His art will always come first."

Gloria Caruso

America again! The Statue of Liberty coming closer through the morning mists and the "topless towers" of Manhattan shining in the September sunshine. Enrico's young son, returning with us to enter a military school, stood on the deck beside me as the ship sailed into the North River. "Is the city built on a hill?" he asked excitedly. I pointed to the crowded streets on a level with the river and watched, with some of the boy's excitement, as the ship made its leisurely way up the Hudson to her pier, moving with dignity along that great highway where ferryboats, glistening yachts, scows, barges, excursion boats, fishing dories and great ocean liners met and passed one another following their appointed channels, amidst a din of whistles, bells and shouts.

A white dog ran along the deck of a barge and barked at the ship; on a ferryboat, the passengers hurried to one side to wave to us as we leaned over the rail; a man reading a newspaper on a slim polished yacht, took his pipe from his mouth and waved his cap as we went by. I was home again, and I wanted to take the whole of Manhattan Island in my arms in one delighted embrace.

Enrico began immediately to prepare for his Mexican tour, which was to precede the opera season. I had read stories in the newspapers of Mexican bandits holding up trains, of shootings, and of people held for ransom, and I was inwardly very anxious that he should not undertake the trip; but the rumors did not seem to disturb Enrico. He went calmly ahead making his preparations to be gone six weeks.

Again the apartment was full of friends and filled with the bustle of the departure for an unknown country. There were endless conferences with strange people who hurried in and out all day long. Through all the confusion ran a steady uninterrupted stream of music, for Enrico was going over the operas that he would sing in Mexico City. The weather was very hot and damp. I was still exhausted from the experiences in Italy. It was an effort for me to appear alert and interested in what went on around me.

Enrico, however, plunged once again into the life that he loved, with enormous zest and enthusiasm. Neither the heat nor the confusion troubled him. Surrounded by his friends, by unstinted admiration and homage, he was like an exiled sovereign returning to his kingdom, and he radiated happiness and well-being. He gravitated busily between his apartment and my drawing-room, where he would look sympathetically at me sitting weary and warm, and patting my hand he would say anxiously, "Do you feel very badly, my poor Doro?" I would assure him earnestly that I was feeling much better and was quite happy to be home. Then he would return contentedly to the other apartment and I would hear him singing, his voice so full of vitality and power that I could hardly believe I was listening to the man who only a few short weeks before was nervous and exhausted.

A Joyous Rôle

During Enrico's Mexican tour we kept in touch with each other by letters and several telegrams daily. I sent a telegram to wish him success before each performance, and he always sent one to me as soon as the opera was over. The first opera he sang in Mexico was Elisir d'Amore. The music of this opera is the very essence of radiant youthfulness and emotional ecstasy. When he was in good health and spirits Caruso loved to sing it, and there was rarely a performance that he did not add some bit of fooling to the part of the rollicking village boy Nemorino. But if he was troubled and not quite well, it was the hardest of his rôles to sing; he had made it so joyous and full of life that, unless he was in the humor, it drew from him all his reserve strength. Immediately after the performance of the first opera Caruso sang in Mexico, I received a telegram assuring me that it had gone well with the public, and before going to bed that night he wrote me an account of it. His letter ends:

> You remember the big noise that the weather makes when we was at home in Italy? The applause was like that last night.

But not all operas go well; Caruso was extremely critical of his voice and never satisfied if he was not at his best. The opera Samson et Dalila made great demands on him. The rôle is a long and heavy one and there is far more emotional intensity in the music than there is in any of the Italian operas. No one but a singer can realize the strain of singing for three hours before a critical public. Caruso writes about the performance of Samson:

> When I wrote you yesterday I was beginning to try my voice. What a voice! All the center broken! But little by little I fixed up and went to the theater. The first song was alright, but when Samson try to convince the people my center begin to be tired. Instead to force the voice, I went very careful on the top notes and the first scene pass, but without any applause. At the second act the voice was warmed up, but when I put down the columns, I thank God!

He sang to enormous audiences in the Plaza de Los Toros—bull ring—in Mexico City, but though he enjoyed the novelty of the setting, the weather often interfered with the performance of the opera. Besides the hot sun, which he described in another letter, there were frequent storms,

(Continued on Page 126)

The Safe Solution of Women's Greatest Hygienic Problem

Which 8 in 10 Better-Class Women Have Adopted

Positive Protection Under ALL Conditions and An End Forever to the Embarrassing Difficulty of Disposal, This NEW Way

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, *Registered Nurse*

WITH this new way the hazards and uncertainties of the old-time methods are ended.

You wear sheerest frocks and gayest gowns without a moment's fear or doubt. You go about for hours; motor, dance, walk; meet all situations without a second thought.

The name is Kotex. Doctors urge it. Nurses employ it. Women find in it the scientific solution of their greatest hygienic problem. Its use will make a great difference in your life.

The difference between Kotex and ordinary pads

Kotex is the *only* sanitary pad filled with *Cellucotton* wadding, the extraordinary hospital absorbent recently discovered.

Thus Kotex provides the amazing absorbency of 16 times its own weight in moisture! It is 5 times as absorbent as ordinary cotton.

That means protection unknown before—safety under all circumstances, regardless of frock or occasion.

Kotex, a scientifically developed product; the creation of a world-respected maker of hospital absorbents; completely, *thoroughly deodorizes.*

A process applied under a secret and exclusive method, which ends an annoying problem.

Kotex eliminates utterly the problem of disposal—one discards Kotex almost as easily as tissue. No laundry.

* * *

Kotex is scientifically designed for safety in wear. That means a special quality gauze. It means ample gauze covering and strong gauze attachment ends, to eliminate absolutely all chance—all hazard.

Thus, from personal experience and from what other women told them, *80% or more better-class* women have discarded ordinary ways for Kotex. Once a woman tries Kotex, she rarely again invites the hazards of less scientific ways.

Only Kotex is "like" Kotex

Look for the name "Kotex" on the box of any sanitary pad you are asked to buy. If that name isn't there, you are not being given genuine Kotex. No other product is "like" Kotex. No product not plainly marked "Kotex" is Kotex.

Obtain Kotex at any drug, dry goods, or department store. 12 pads to the box. Two sizes of pads: Kotex Regular and Kotex-Super.

Kotex Company, 180 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Easy Disposal

and 2 other important factors

(1) Disposed of as easily as tissue. No laundry

(2) True protection—5 times as absorbent as cotton.

(3) Obtain without embarrassment, at any drug or dry goods store,* simply by saying "Kotex."

"Ask for them by name"

KOTEX

PROTECTS — DEODORIZES

No laundry—discards as easily as a piece of tissue

*Supplied also through vending cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.

Ship-shape Condition

THE last cable is off —the whistle blows—and the great liner starts on another long voyage. As the shore line fades away, veteran and inexperienced travellers alike can only guess what the future holds in store. But they know that before the ship sailed, every vital part was given painstaking inspection. All during the voyage the same watchfulness will be continued. The captain is ready to meet heavy seas, for in fair weather he has prepared for storms.

Each of us during the autumn bears a strange resemblance to a ship leaving port. Some, sturdy and sound and ready for what may come; others, weak and unfit for a crisis; still others needing only a slight overhauling to qualify them to meet the added hazards which the winter months bring.

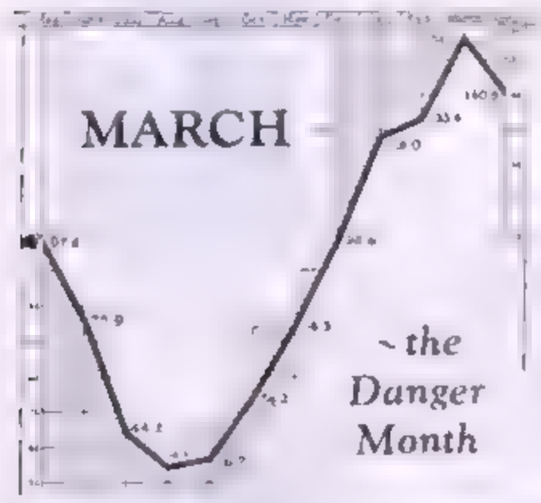
January claims more deaths than December, and February more than January. Year after year, the same thing occurs—because people have not fortified their bodies to meet the rigors of the winter.

Then follows March—March called the "danger month" because it is then that neglected colds suddenly change from seemingly unimportant discomforts to deadly menaces. Tired hearts and racked lungs make only a feeble fight for life. All too many people live an abnormal life in the winter time. They eat too much. They do not get enough exercise—enough fresh air.

Exercise in the open whenever it is possible. But if you have no time or opportunity for outdoor exercise you will find that intelligent daily indoor exercise in a properly ventilated room is a fine substitute—a daily tonic.

But, first of all, have a physical examination. If there are any defects which can be corrected see that they are given immediate attention.

It is a real cause for thanksgiving that this is only November and there is still plenty of time to make preparations to sail safely through the "danger month". You who are wise will fit yourselves to meet the approaching winter months in ship-shape condition.



This chart is an average picture of the four years from May, 1923, to April, 1927. It illustrates graphically for you, month by month, the average deathrate from Pneumonia per 100,000 population from May to April.

Study the picture. Note carefully the rise and fall.

When you reach the dizzy pinnacle—the March Peak—you will see that the danger of death from all forms of Pneumonia is more than four times as great as in midsummer.

Statistical records show that in November, 1926, 8,000 persons died of Pneumonia. In December 11,400 persons died from the same cause. In January, 1927, 16,200. In February 15,000. And in March 17,000.

March is also the peak month for colds and for deaths from heart disease and tuberculosis. More children die of measles in that month than in any other month of the year.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has prepared a series of simple exercises aimed to develop the body and keep it in sound physical condition. An exercise chart and two valuable booklets, "Commonsense in Exercise" and "The Prevention of Pneumonia," will be mailed free of charge to anyone who writes for them.

HALEY FISKE, President.

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

Continued from Page 124

with the attendant danger of taking cold. He sang Carmen in a drenching rain, and it was not until several days had passed that I felt sure he had suffered no bad effects from the exposure. He writes this description of what must have been a very trying experience:

After I make all my preparations, I went to the Plaza. There was a beautiful sunshine, but my voice was like midnight, dark, very dark, and I was trembling. . . . At half-past three we begin and I went out. The applause saluted me, but not enthusiastically. I begin to sing and the voice was very strong and heavy, but I quigley [quickly] judge myself and thought I go well to the end. Then come the duo with Michaela -poor, very poor—and at the end, being nervous, my voice don't sound well. The weather begin to change and big clouds get up. Before the first act finished, it began to rain, and Carmen and I were all *bagnati* [soaked]. We suppose that the public goes, but nobody move. The second act began with 'evy [heavy] rain and there was a big spectacle. Thousands of umbrellas were open and covered all the area of the Plaza. We don't see any heads and don't hear the orchestra. The third act was the worst. I ask when we stop. Somebody told me, "When the public say stop." Somebody had the bad idea to say to the public that the performance was finished because the artists do not want to sing any more on account of the weather. I was in my dressing room to prepare myself for the last act and I heard a big noise. You must know that our dressing rooms are under the stairs of the Plaza and precisely where the bulls are prepared. When I heard this noise I think it is a revolution that start. I sent out to see what was the matter and they inform me what happen.

Quigley I said to tell the public that the performance will continue, and just in time, because they were beginning to break up the stage. Then we finish the opera and half the public don't hear anything because of the noise of the water on the umbrellas. We were all *bagnati* [soaked] and that was the only success. Artistically we were all bad.

However, in spite of unforeseen accidents of this kind, the Mexican season was a delightful one. Caruso enjoyed the lavish hospitality the Mexican people bestowed upon him—the splendid *festas* arranged in his honor, the friendliness that met him on all sides, and the outdoor life, which was more like that of Italy. With Zirato, Fucito and Punzo to provide for his comfort, the trip was in every way successful and Enrico returned to New York in time to prepare for the opera season and to begin rehearsals for the première of La Juive.

The Flower Blossoms

There seems to be no doubt in the opinion of the musical public that in Halévy's opera, La Juive, Caruso reached the zenith of his operatic career. As Eleazar, the inspired old rabbi who looked as though he had stepped from one of Rembrandt's gold-brown canvases, Caruso was the very incarnation of that religious fervor and self-sacrifice that embody the traditions of the Jewish race.

Twenty years before, Jean and Édouard de Reszke visited Caruso in his dressing room at Covent Garden. Jean, turning to his brother, said, "This boy will be my successor." Caruso, flushed and happy at this praise from the greatest tenor of the day, shook his head and cried, "If I can only do half as well!" In the year 1907, Édouard de Reszke sent Caruso the following letter, which Caruso valued more than all the treasures of his collection.

Dear Caruso: I am so sorry I could not manage to come and bid you goodbye before leaving London, and tell you again *mia voce* all the pleasure I had from hearing you sing. I never heard a more beautiful voice. . . . You sang like a god. You are an actor and a sincere artist, and above all, you are modest and without exaggerations. You were able to draw from my eyes many tears. I was very much touched, and this happens to me very very seldom. You have heart, feeling, poetry and truth, and with these qualities you will be the master of the world.

Please do accept these few words from an old artist who admires you not only as an artist but as a very dear man. May God keep you in good health for many years!

Au revoir until next year.

Your friend and colleague
ÉDOUARD DE RESZKE.

Enrico shook his head over this letter when he showed it to me. But I think in his inmost heart his great ambition was to be worthy of the beloved De Reszke's praise. In La Juive he came close to the high standard he had set for himself.

Although I heard Caruso practice the music of La Juive, I do not know when he learned the entire rôle. He would hum and whistle to himself, and he practiced as usual with his accompanist. He wrote the words and "business" in a little book that he carried in his pocket, and occasionally he glanced at it; but there never seemed to me any time when he deliberately sat down and studied. Like a gorgeous flower, the opera seemed suddenly to blossom from his consciousness. But although the flowering appeared to be accidental, no detail was overlooked to make his part in it a great creation. He gave his costume the most careful thought. He wanted a shawl such as a rabbi wears when he says prayers, so he asked an old and dear friend, Mrs. Selma Shubart, to help him find one. Mrs. Shubart, after some searching, obtained one of black and white silk from a New York rabbi and presented it to Caruso. Even the position of his fingers, as Eleazar blesses his companions in the impressive scene at the table during the ceremony of the unleavened bread, was altered when he discovered that the ritual demanded a certain position of the hands.

Gloria's Premiere

As a result of this study of his part, so natural did he appear, so reverent in the character of the venerable Jew, that it was impossible to think that he played a rôle. The splendid old patriarch, Eleazar, lived on the stage. In La Juive he changed the shape of his nose, which gave him an entirely different appearance. Perhaps on account of the total obliteration of his personality, he lost himself in this part more completely than in any other that he sang. He felt the tragedy with all his soul, and threw himself emotionally into the splendid music.

We who knew him best, could always tell when he sang something that gave him infinite pleasure. From his earliest days he made a certain musical gesture which he called "swimming"—extending his hands slowly as though he were swimming out upon the waves of music. At the dress rehearsal of the opera, when I saw Enrico make this gesture several times in the course of each scene, I knew he was singing music that he loved and was lost in its beauty.

The first performance of La Juive was given on the night of November 22, 1919, with Miss Rosa Ponselle as Rachel in the title rôle. Enrico was devoted to Rosa and was an ardent admirer of her voice. He was particularly happy that she was his associate on this occasion.

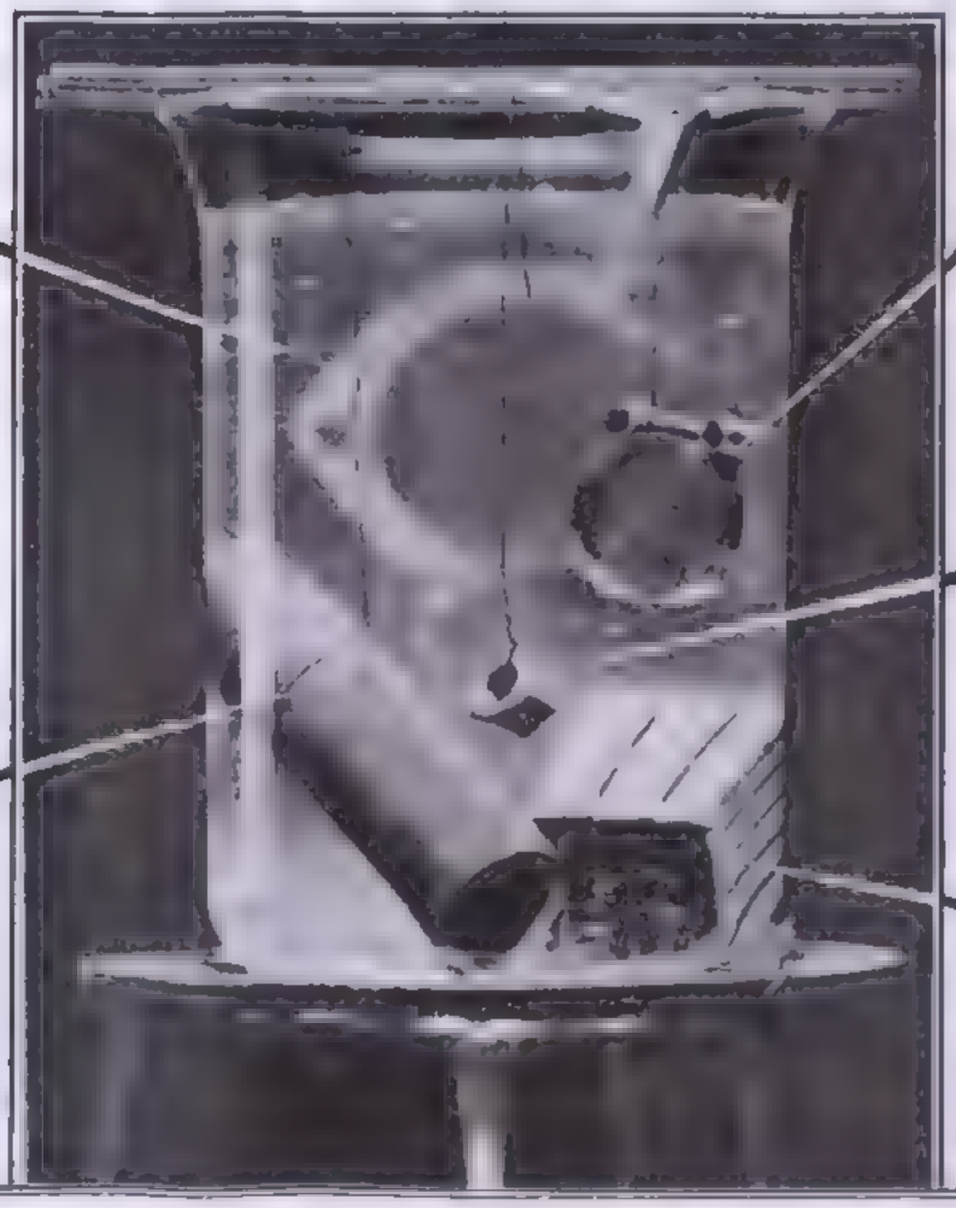
The criticisms in the next morning's papers were varied. Several of the critics asserted that the music was too heavy for a tenor and beyond Caruso's power to sing, while others said that in La Juive, Caruso had reached the highest point of his artistic career. Enrico himself felt that Eleazar was his greatest rôle, that in study and preparation he had put into it all the experience of his twenty-five years.

The première of an opera is always a great occasion in the life of a singer, but another event occurred in our family soon after that slightly overshadowed it. This was the birth of our little daughter Gloria on December 18, 1919. Several times in the days preceding her arrival Enrico said that a daughter was the one thing in the world he wanted. On the evening of her debut he put on a bright green suit, which the Italians consider the color of good luck, and marched gayly about the apartment, whistling cheerfully and drinking champagne with my brother, who had come to keep him company through the hours of waiting. But when the doctors arrived and he saw them come from the dressing room in their

(Continued on Page 129)

The anti-freeze that won't corrode

RADIATOR-
Glycerine
ANTI-FREEZE SOLUTION



Cotton
Not the least destructive action. Has a slight shrinking tendency which can be counteracted by tightening packing and hose connections in which cotton fibre plays a part.

Aluminum
Not a sign of corrosion in this test—more severe than in the motor in action.

Iron
Was actually preserved—clean, unrusted, unharmed. You know what water does to this all-important member of the cooling system.

Rubber
Harmless to rubber. Water swells rubber; glycerine tends to reduce swelling. Therefore, hose connections merely water-tight must be made tighter for radiator glycerine.

Copper
Came through unaffected by radiator glycerine. Would not have survived the electrolytic action of salts, if any were present.

Boiling test proves Radiator Glycerine harmless to materials used in cooling system

THE materials in your cooling system are safe with radiator glycerine, safer even than with water. Harmless to rubber, cotton, copper, aluminum and iron, glycerine actually helps to preserve the metal parts against rust.

This was definitely demonstrated in twenty-one days of testing at a temperature above the boiling point of water—a test more severe than the hardest driving could duplicate. In fact, if such a test were attempted with water alone, all the water would steam out. Radiator glycerine, however, does not evaporate.

You benefit by that fact. You benefit because you know that radiator glycerine goes into your radiator once to protect you all season. And that means protection that is absolutely sure, because in its very nature radiator glycerine does not freeze solidly and destructively as water does.

Glycerine-tight—important instructions for service men

Above all, be sure the cooling system is tight. And glycerine-tight must be tighter than water-tight, because radiator glycerine takes advantage of minor leaks.

Your garageman can easily flush all dirt and sediment from the cooling system, tighten hose connections, cylinder head gaskets, and pump packings—so there can be absolutely no question that the system is leak-proof. Also don't waste glycerine through the overflow pipe *inside* the radiator. Never fill radiator higher than within 3 inches of the top of this pipe (Fords 4 inches). This allows the solution to expand without overflowing when heated up.

Booklet now available—*In answer to many inquiries for more information, the Glycerine Producers' Association has prepared a booklet which tells the complete story of radiator glycerine, listing approved brands and giving exact instructions for their use. Send for a copy. Glycerine Producers' Association Dept. A2, 45 East 17th St., New York, N. Y.*

GPA

Look for this Label

Use only pure distilled radiator glycerine from cans or drums bearing this mark—the label and endorsement of the Glycerine Producers' Association laboratories.

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Twenty-five years ago Nature did not produce such perfect pineapples. Today, thanks to James D. Dole, the Hawaiian Pineapple Company, which he founded and heads, grows millions of perfect specimens each year—that all America may enjoy this fruit at its glorious best.

We banished *guesswork* from the life of pineapple

NATURE doesn't grow perfect pineapples. Man and Nature do. For twenty-five years James D. Dole has made a science of raising pineapples. That's why the millions of pineapples in our fields are so firm and tender—bursting with golden juice.

Nature gave us rain and sunshine—but she also gave us weeds. So we protect our young pineapples by planting them through a magic paper. It kills weeds—keeps the rich soil moist and warm. Nature gave us soil full of nourishing iron—but no way to get enough of it into our plants. So we spray our pineapples with a tonic of iron—and how they flourish!

No guesswork here! Even the 30,000,000 young pineapple slips we set out every year are carefully chosen for their fitness to bear perfect fruit. Only perfect pineapples can be parents. Better and better pineapples in our fields make better canned Hawaiian Pineapple for your table.

You can thank "Jim" Dole for Canned Hawaiian Pineapple.

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May we send you a free copy of "The Kingdom That Grew Out of a Little Boy's Garden"? It not only tells the thrilling story of "Jim" Dole but gives you 30 delectable new ways of serving Hawaiian Pineapple. Just send the convenient coupon below to Hawaiian Pineapple Co., Dept. S-X, 215 Market St., San Francisco.

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(Continued from Page 126)

white garments, it suddenly struck him forcibly that the occasion was not going to be one of unmixed pleasure and merry-making.

In spite of my brother's cheerful prophecies and encouraging words, Enrico collapsed into a chair, crying and trembling, and continued to wring his hands, weep and pray until his baby daughter was laid in his arms. Then, in an ecstasy of joy, he kissed and blessed her until the nurse gently took her away.

The day before she was born he said to me, "Doro, I would like to call the little baby Gloria." He had no thought whatever of having a son. A girl was what he wanted, and he was not used to being crossed in his wishes. When she was a few hours old, I saw Enrico standing in front of the window holding the poor infant in the full sunshine of a bright winter's morning, so that he could point out to Torrance her fine points.

"See, she's just like me! Do you see her ear? Like mine! And her eyes and mouth. Just like mine, aren't they? And her nose, too—and look"—he pulled open the tiny mouth—"look at her throat! It is formed exactly like mine!"

Torrance looked at me over her shoulder. "Hasn't she anything of Dorothy?" she asked Enrico, laughing.

Enrico studied his daughter carefully, turning her this way and that in the strong light. "Maybe the hands are like Doro's," he admitted reluctantly.

In fact, she was so much like him that it was absurd. A tiny dark Italian baby, entirely adorable to her delighted parents. Enrico acted as though no man had ever had a daughter before. The apartment was soon filled with congratulating friends, and he would dart into the nursery, snatch the baby from under the startled eyes of her nurse and carry her proudly into the studio, the drawing-room, or even into the drafty hall, to exhibit her proudly to the latest caller.

Everyone drank her health in champagne that flowed like a river through the apartment. But Gloria must have some, too; so Enrico dipped his finger in the wine and put it in the baby's mouth, while the nurse gasped with horror. When she was less than twenty-four hours old, he rushed to the jeweler's and bought her a string of little pearls twice her length, "to keep her throat well," he said. He wanted her put at once into swaddling clothes, and it took the combined efforts of Doctor Flint, the nurse and myself to dissuade him from insisting on it.

A Small Audience

To the utter misery of the trained baby nurse, he tiptoed into the nursery at all hours to carry presents to his daughter which he was certain she would look at and appreciate if her attention was drawn to them. He bought caps several sizes too large, slippers and shoes that might have fitted a child of two, a fur coat that she could not wear for at least a year. Lockets, chains, furs, toys, blankets—he bought them all for his tiny baby, until the nursery was full and the nurse protested.

The first night he sang at the Metropolitan after the birth of Gloria, as soon as he appeared on the stage the gallery shouted, "*Viva papá, viva papá!*" When he returned home he came to sit beside me and told me that this ovation pleased him more than any he had ever received. "Soon I will sing to her," he said happily, bending to look at the little dark head in the bassinet.

When she was three weeks old he began to carry her about the house. He insisted that she knew him, and it is true that at an unbelievably early age her toothless little mouth widened into a smile when he bent over her.

By this time Gloria's regular nurse, Nannie, was installed and treated with great respect by Enrico and me, for she knew everything in the world there was to know about babies. In the nursery her word became law for the whole Caruso family. It is Nannie who still guides Gloria in the way she should go, and as her gentle hands once soothed and quieted the baby, so now her kindly words persuade the little girl into the ways of obedience and happiness.

When Gloria graduated to the dignity of a feeding bottle, Enrico would hurry home at ten o'clock to give it to her. He would fetch her from the nursery, and after saying gravely, "*Buon appetito,*" would hold the bottle and croon softly to her until the last warm drop had disappeared and the little figure was asleep in his arms.

He would whistle to attract her attention, but she still looked at him in the vague cross-eyed way of all infants. When he snatched her suddenly from her bassinet she would cry out in fright, and he would turn to me with tears in his eyes, saying, "You see, Doro, she does not like her father." But soon she began to watch for him and to smile at him when he came into the room, and when he carried her to the piano and played for her very, very softly she would crow with pleasure. When he sang, she listened with wide-open eyes, sometimes expressing her approval by waving her arms and jumping up and down.

Out of the Past

In fact, she was in every way a normal and healthy baby, and an infinite source of happiness and comfort to her father. I was very glad for his sake that she was able to make him forget himself for brief intervals, for it was quite evident to me that Enrico's mood was changing. He retired into himself; he avoided crowds and banquets and public appearances, and stayed at home more than he had done before. Again and again he repeated to me that now he had a home he wanted to stay in it and live peacefully with his family. He said to me one day, "I am just waiting for the time to come when Gloria will be able to run to my studio door, turn the knob and come in." Alas, when his little daughter reached that age we were in Italy, and he died a few weeks later.

Early in September, shortly after our return from Italy, an old friend of Caruso's came to call upon us, and was welcomed literally with open arms by the exuberant Enrico. It was at a time when I was undoubtedly looking my worst, and besides that, it was a hot day, such as we sometimes have in the early fall in New York. Not a breath of air came through the windows of the Knickerbocker Hotel. I felt wilted; my hair hung in dark wisps over my forehead, and in order to be cool I had put on an old silk negligee designed more for comfort than for chic. No powder could dull the glaze that spread over my warm face, and Poiret himself could not have designed a gown that I would have worn with any assurance that sultry afternoon. Every woman is conscious of that low ebb when she feels at her worst and ugliest.

It was during one of these moments that this former friend of Caruso's drifted in upon us, a cool vision of beauty. It was not a gown that she wore; it was a filmy cloud from an Alpine peak. To my eyes, her face had the opaque whiteness of magnolia blossoms and her slim hands were like drooping lilies. She was a snowflake in a simoon, she was the first delicate frost that falls in a garden—she was everything fragrant, refreshing and entirely perfect. With beads of perspiration springing to my brow, I struggled to my feet as Enrico led her forward, standing awkwardly while she said charming things to me in a voice that sounded like the tinkle of ice in a glass. When she politely congratulated Caruso on his marriage I sank back onto the sofa, realizing the painful contrast between us and hopelessly aware that there was nothing I could do about it.

I was always a little afraid of these old friends from the past who knew Enrico so much better than I did. There was no limit to their flattery, and Enrico accepted their adulation with unashamed pleasure. A woman would hang on his arm, embrace him affectionately and chatter to him in Italian, French or German with an occasional mischievous glance of apology in my direction. If I looked a little resentful after the old friend had taken an effusive farewell, Enrico would say, "What is the matter? She is just an old friend I have known for years." So now, while the Cool Lady tapped his arm playfully and smiled into his eyes, as she went into raptures over his last concert, and I sat with a determined smile on my face, too miserable to say a word, I was resolved not to be a jealous wife. But if that smile had ever slipped off, underneath would have appeared an expression of acute distress.

I listened as she began her eager sentences with "Do you remember ——" or "Can you ever forget that perfect day?" and Enrico, beaming in the sunshine of flattery, sighed fervently, "Ah, those were the good days, *signora!*" Leaving me to supply the obvious ending: "when I was happy and free."

When they moved about the room, stopping to examine the bronzes in the vitrines, I relaxed my stiff cheeks a moment, but if they turned toward me I was once more the happy wife, shining with devotion and perspiration.

We saw the Cool Lady at intervals during the winter. Enrico sent her tickets for his operas, they lunched together; she dropped in casually—"Just to say one little word of appreciation of your great art."

Opportunity Made to Order

One afternoon in March when baby was three months old the Cool Lady telephoned to say that she would stop in to see us at teatime. It was unusual to be forewarned of her visits. I judged she intended speaking to Enrico, and since he was not at home, the call had been switched to my apartment. I was feeling happy and well, and ready to cope with any dragon that might rise in my path. A wonderful house gown of mauve and pale blue chiffon had been sent home that morning, and mentally I saw orchids with it. Yes, indeed, I would be delighted to see her!

I sent word to the nurse to have the baby brought to me in her wheeling bassinet at four o'clock. When Enrico came in I did not tell him that his old friend was coming to tea. Instead, I reminded him that he was going to line a shelf of the *credenza* in the dining room, and showed him the piece of red velvet I had bought for the purpose. He was all enthusiasm to begin the work at once, especially when I told him we were to have the baby with us for a little while.

"Then I'll put on some old clothes," cried Enrico joyfully, "and I can play with her on the floor after I finish the work!"

So four o'clock found us all in the dining room; baby laughing in her bassinet, I, arrayed in the lovely gown—with orchids—and Enrico, hard at work on the *credenza*. Exceeding my wildest expectations, he had put on a disreputable pair of pongee trousers that needed pressing and were too small, and an old shirt; he had omitted shoes and stockings altogether. Crouching on his knees, he began to cut the velvet to cover the shelf that was almost on a level with the floor, stopping now and then to wave his arms at the baby, who gurgled and cooed with delight.

It was at a moment when Enrico's head was in the *credenza* and he was tacking the velvet to the back of the shelf that the Cool Lady appeared, unannounced, in the doorway. She turned to look for Enrico.

"There he is," I said, pointing. And there he was! At least there half of him was! The most unromantic part, one might say, protruded into the room; also the bare feet. The rest of him, golden voice and all, was in the depths of the *credenza*. She had to wait until he emerged from the cavern in which he was partially concealed.

(Continued on Page 131)

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THE SUPERIOR PLASTER WALL BOARD

(Continued from Page 129)

There was grime in the cupboard and it had transferred itself to his face. He was hot, panting with the exertion of bending over; his hair stood on end and he looked like a chimney sweep.

As he rose painfully to his feet he saw himself reflected in the mirror over the *credenza*, and he saw also the disillusioned face of the lady.

He growled some sort of greeting, to which she made an embarrassed reply. "Mrs. —— has come for tea, dear," I said. Enrico hated tea; he was furious at being caught in so ridiculous a position and annoyed that he could not play with baby. He murmured something about a few more tacks to put in, and with great bravado returned to his former position inside the *credenza*, beginning to hammer unnecessarily loud. Baby crowed with pleasure at the noise, and the lady, in mock annoyance, clapped her hands over her ears.

"Take Mrs. —— into the drawing-room, Doro!" said Enrico to me over his shoulder. We left him alone, and he did not reappear until the Cool Lady had taken a rather silent departure. Then he said to me with some irritation, "Doro, you know that I do not like people coming in all the time. I am happy with just you and Gloria."

I told him he had acted like a schoolboy and had not shown any presence of mind; but secretly I was delighted, for I felt that we had seen the last of that old friend. As a matter of fact, Caruso was seldom at a loss in any situation, perhaps as a result of his many years' experience on the stage, where, no matter how carefully a scene is arranged, a situation may arise at any moment calling for a quick decision and great presence of mind. I remember hearing him tell of a time when he had to think rapidly to save both himself and his companion from ridicule.

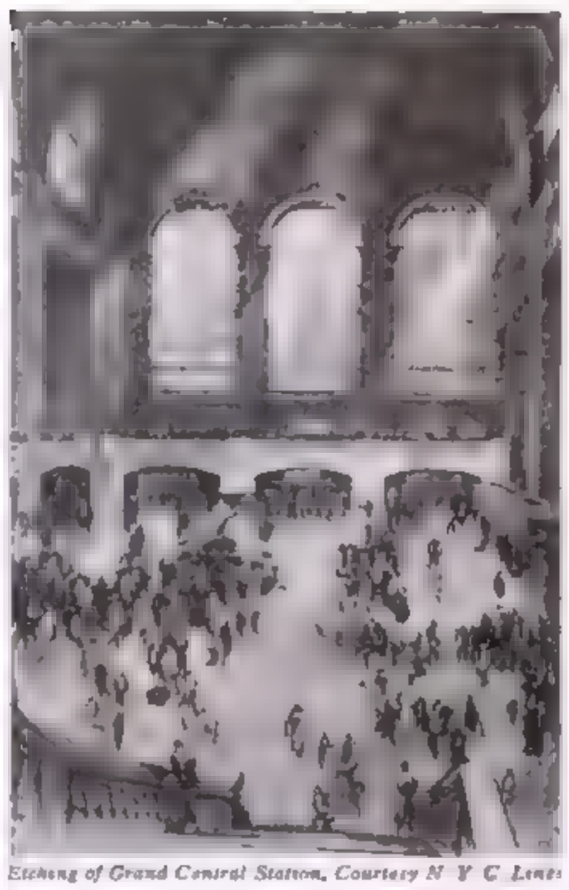
It was during the second act of Martha and the music was within ten bars of the soprano's aria, The Last Rose of Summer, when Caruso noticed she was not wearing the rose she is supposed to take from her corsage and place in his hand during the duet following the song. In an aside he whispered to her that the rose was missing but not until he came forward to join her in the duet did the embarrassed Martha see with horror that there was no rose to illustrate the song. But Enrico seized her hat, and hastily pulling a flower from it, handed it to her, and the duet progressed to the entire satisfaction of the audience, only a few of whom, probably, saw that new business had been introduced. In telling this story Caruso always ended with the words: "I think I showed great presence of spirit."

But this "presence of spirit" must have been with him from the beginning, for once, when he was a young man singing in a small opera company in Italy, a photographer from a newspaper came in unexpectedly to take his picture.

"Put on a white shirt," he ordered the young tenor.

"But I haven't one," replied Caruso. Snatching the coverlet from his bed, he draped it around his bare chest. The result is far more picturesque than any shirt he might have worn.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Mrs. Caruso and Mrs. Goddard. The sixth and last will appear next week



Etching of Grand Central Station, Courtesy N Y C Lines

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 26)

What of It?

THIS is the thing it is proper to say:
What of it?
This is the favorite phrase of the day:
What of it?
When anyone boasts of the mileage he's made,
Of the stations he's caught or the places he's stayed,
At the simple remark he will crumple and fade:
What of it?

Fur coats are selling for less than they're worth:
What of it?
The moon's slowing down and approaching the earth:
What of it?
They say Mussolini was murdered in bed;
My aunt makes remarkable cinnamon bread;
A hundred years more and we all will be dead:
What of it?

That magical phrase will demolish a bore:
What of it?
Or Shakspere or Plato or Dante, what's more:
What of it?
But the bores have adopted this wearisome cry!
There's one who will soon get a sock in the eye;
I want to find out if he'll merely reply:
"What of it?"

—Morris Bishop.

From Twelve to One

HOW do you do it, my lass stenographic,
Darting each noon through the heaviest traffic,
Shopping and stopping to tend to a myriad
Number of things in your noon-hour period—
Lunching on salads
Of dubious flavor,
Buying the ballads
At present in favor,
Viewing enticing
Ensembles and dresses,
Parking and pricing
And having your tresses
Trimmed in a hurry
As moments go fleeting?
Swiftly you scurry
From meeting to meeting,
Calling to Nora,
"I just saw a nifty
Frock that's adora-
Ble, priced at ten-fifty,"
Brilliant, palatial
Shop windows inspecting,
Getting a facial
And swiftly selecting
Something for mother—
A trinket or flower—
Something for brother—
And all in an hour!

Here's to your fleetness each day as I view it,
Maid stenographic—say, how do you do it?

—Arthur L. Lippmann.

Tyranny of Domesticity

SNOW-WHITE sails putting out to sea—
Ah, me, the world is wide!
Fleet gulls glad that they are free—
Oh, to go out with the ebbing tide!
I sit alone on moss-grown rock,
And long for storm and earthquake shock,
But soon must go home and wind the clock,
And put the cat outside.

—James Gabelle.

The Stowaway

The Old Familiar Faces

RIP VAN WINKLE at last awoke. Bewildered, he sat up and rubbed his eyes. How long had he been asleep?

Caught in the underbrush was the picture section of a Sunday newspaper, blown there, doubtless, when some Catskill weekender had abandoned the whole edition to the winds.

"Hah!" quoth Rip. "Let's have a look at the date."

He looked, and it was twenty years after the date he last remembered.

More bewildered than ever, Rip scanned the pictures. At once he sighed with relief. There was a young lady in a one-piece bathing suit, the winner of a beauty contest somewhere. There was another of two tennis players shaking hands across the net. Still another showed a smiling gentleman with rod and reel, photographed alongside a large fish. Also there was a picture of some puppies in a basket—Rip knew that one well. Several portraits of society—Social Register—at a costume ball were shown. Likewise, a view quite a considerable view—of a young woman with crossed legs, who had just arrived from Europe.

Rip tossed the paper aside and stretched luxuriously.

"Shucks!" he cried. "They've made a mistake in the date line, that's all. I haven't been asleep any twenty years. I've been dozing just a few hours."

—Arthur H. Folwell.

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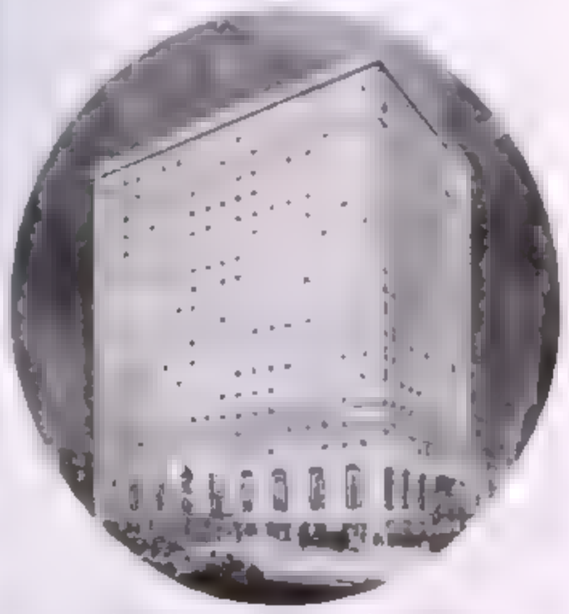

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MILWAUKEE

DUCK, AL! HERE'S ANOTHER OPEN LETTER

Continued from Page 4)

I not only do not choose to run, but I refuse to run. But will give all my time and talents to work faithfully for whoever is nominated by the party. ALFRED E. SMITH.

Now, Al, you do that and you will knock 'em for a majority in 1932. You will be the second Thomas Jefferson. You will be so much bigger than the Democratic nominee that it will be embarrassing to both of you. Here is the slick part about it—the mob will think you have done the big generous thing and sacrificed your own welfare to the good of the party. "Gee, that fellow Smith is a real fellow! He is the only real Democrat we have had in years." But in reality you won't be giving up a thing; you will just be saving yourself. Then look where you will be sitting in 1932! Why, they won't even hold a convention; they will nominate you by radio. There would be no way in the world to keep you out; the party would owe it to you.

Now let's just look at the thing and see what four years could do. You know that your Prohibition stand wouldent be any the worse off in four years. It's not going to be an issue this election. Both sides are afraid of it. You watch those platforms and you will see both parties walk around prohibition like a skunk in the road. If you think this Country ain't dry, you just watch 'em vote; and if you think this Country ain't wet, you just watch 'em drink. You see, when they vote, it's counted; but when they drink, it ain't. So that's why the drys will win. If you could register the man's breath that cast the ballots, that would be great. But the voting strength of this country is dry.

'Course the main thing you will be rid of in four years from the vote-getting standpoint will be Calvin—unless they decide to make the position heriditary and give it to young John. You will be rid of him without choosing, and by that time the Republicans will have done some fool thing. They have gone along now longer than their average; they are bound to make up for lost time in the next four years. People will be so disgusted with prosperity in the next four years that Ben Turpin could be elected.

You see, here is why Coolidge is unbeatable this year—it's his Cabinet. We will just say, for argument's sake, that the Republicans did run somebody else this time. I bet you they would broadcast the fact that they would, however, retain Mr. Coolidge's present Cabinet. But in four more years they wouldent be in your way. Men like Mellon and Hoover ain't going to stay in there forever. So in '32 you would be rid of all that. The trouble with you politicians is you see, but you don't see far. You wear your reading glasses when you are looking at the future. You got your Putter in your hand when you ought to have your driver.

This should have been done four years ago. It's what you should have done at the last Convention. You would have been four years ahead. It's what McAdoo should have done then too. You know, Al, it dident take any great foresight to tell before the last election that the Republicans were going to win. A man would have been a half-wit to think the Democrats had any chance. When I think of you two fellows fighting for a nomination that dident mean anything but defeat for either of you, it sometimes makes me doubt whether either one is really qualified for the office.

It was simply a Republican year. You couldent have put on a revival of Thomas Jefferson and got away with it. John W. Davis was one of the most able men in America. Charles Evans Hughes is the ablest. Yet they both were beat.

But we don't elect able men. You think we want to upset the whole idea of Party Government? Now next year is another Republican year. You got no platform. What are the Democrats going to run on? You can't get people to throw another man out just because you all want the job. You got to promise the people something, even if you don't ever expect to give it to them. In four years prohibition might be much more of an issue than it is today—that is, it might be an issue by popular demand, and then you would be sitting pretty.

Besides, you making this move for party harmony might shame some of the rest of the party into doing something to get together and in the next four years be all united. You might round up the West to go in with the South, and then you come in with your Gang from the East, and I tell you the party would be in shape to make a race instead of a sacrifice. And in the meantime you distribute yourself all around over the country and let people see what kind of a Guy you are.

A lot of them think you got stripes and drag a long curly tail. Speak to 'em in person; that's where you shine. The old farmers would fall for you just like the Pants pressers on the East Side. The Radio is all right but it's only good for ones with a Tenor voice. They don't get your personality and that's your long suit.

You see, here is something you never hear about, but it's just what would happen if you were nominated. It would split the ticket. These rabid ones would nominate a dry Protestant in less than forty-eight hours. Now the Democrats ain't hardly got enough to split. But if you give up to them now, they wouldent hardly feel like being so ungrateful to you as to split it in '32.

Now these are just a few things as they strike me. I may be all wet—people that give politics any thought at all generally are. I ain't looking for any appointment. I got to get a few laughs to eke out an existence, and people are just as hard to make laugh under one Administration as the other. It don't make any difference to me who is in. In fact it don't make any difference to 95 per cent of us who is in. The job is really overrated. It's not a Mussolini job by any means.

You see, the old founders of the Constitution made it so it dident matter who was in, things would drag along about the same. I would like to see the Democrats get in four years from now just on account of their perseverance.

Now you listen to your Leaders and they will tell you what you can do. They can come nearer making a showing with you than anybody. But there is no show money in this race. They want you because it won't make them look quite so bad with you nominated.

I will meet you in three or four years from now and I believe you will admit that this was the best plan. If they get you into this, they have kidded you into it, and a New Yorker is supposed to be a wise Guy. A smart Prize fight Manager or a smart race-horse trainer make great prize fighters and great race horses simply by knowing what race to put 'em in or who to fight, and what race to keep 'em out of, and what fighters not to let 'em meet.

I am telling you how you might be President—not just Candidate. And remember, Al, get around and let 'em know you. I have often said you could go into the strongest Clan town, meet all of them and get acquainted, and by the end of the week be elected Honorary Grand Kleagle Dragon.

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Milton C. Work, New York, dealer, South
Spades 10, 2
Hearts ..... Q, 6, 5, 4
Diamonds ..... A, Q
Clubs ..... A, 10, 7, 3, 2

Wilbur C. Whitehead, New York, North
Spades ..... A, Q, 8, 6, 3
Hearts 8, 7
Diamonds ..... K, 6, 2
Clubs ..... K, Q, 8

Com. Winfield Liggett, Jr., Harrisonburg, Va., West
Spades 7
Hearts ..... K, J, 9, 3, 2
Diamonds 10, 7, 4
Clubs ..... J, 9, 5, 4

Sidney S. Lenz, New York, East
Spades ..... K, J, 9, 5, 4
Hearts ..... A, 10
Diamonds ..... J, 9, 8, 5, 3
Clubs 6

Tuesday, November 1, 10 P. M., Eastern Time

WEAF, WSAI, KSD, WCAE, WCCO, WCSH, WDAF, WEEI, WFI, WGN, WGR, WGY, WHAS, WJO, WJAR, WMC, WOC, WOW, WRC, WSB, WSM, WTAG, WTAM, WTIC, WTMG, WWJ.

Tuesday, November 1, 8:30 P. M., Pacific Time

KFI, KFOA, KGW, KHQ, KOMO, KPO, KGO.

See newspapers for broadcasting time of following:

KFAD Electrical Equipment Co. ... Phoenix
KFUM Corley Mt. Highway ... Colorado Springs
KGBX Foster-Hall Tire Co. ... St. Joseph, Mo.
KOA ... General Electric Co. ... Denver
KOB Coll. Agr. & Mech. Arts ... Albuquerque
KPRC Post Dispatch ... Houston
KSL Radio Service Corp. ... Salt Lake City
KTHS Arlington Hotel ... Hot Springs National Pk.
KVOO Southwestern Sales Corp. ... Bristow, Okla.
WCOA City of Pensacola ... Pensacola, Fla.
WDBO Orlando Broadcasting Co. ... Orlando, Fla.
WFAA Baker Hotel, News, Sears Roebuck ... Dallas
WIBO Times-Picayune ... New Orleans
WKY Radiophone Co. ... Oklahoma City
WNOX Peoples Tel. & Tel. Co. ... Knoxville
WOKT Titus-Ritz Corp. ... Rochester, N. Y.
WPG Municipal Station ... Atlantic City
WRVA Larus & Bro. Co. ... Richmond, Va.
CFAC Herald ... Calgary, Can.
CFLC Radio Ass'n ... Prescott, Can.
CFQC Electric Shop ... Saskatoon, Can.
CHNS Northern Elec. Co. ... Halifax, Can.
CJCX J. R. Booth, Jr. ... Ottawa, Can.
CJCA Journal ... Edmonton, Can.
CJGC Free Press ... London, Can.
CJRM Jas. Richardson & Sons ... Moose Jaw, Can.
CKAC La Presse ... Montreal, Can.
CKCD Daily Province ... Vancouver, Can.
CKNC Canadian Nat. Carbon Co. ... Toronto, Can.
CKY ... Manitoba Tel. System ... Winnipeg, Can.

Auction Bridge Magazine, 30 Ferry St., New York
The U. S. Playing Card Co., Cincinnati, U. S. A., Windsor, Can.

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PLAYING CARDS

At last!
a new pipe with the bite smoked out
NOT a buck or bite in the Thorobred Pipe! A sanitary smoking machine breaks it in for you—and breaks it in right—with a smooth, even tobacco cake inside the bowl. From the first cool puff, it's sweet and mellow.
Carved of century-old Italian briar. Look for the red WDC triangle on the bit. All popular shapes—plain or rustic finish—$1.00. Jump the "breaking-in" hurdle with Thorobred!
WM. DEMUTH & CO., 230 Fifth Ave., N. Y.
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Thorobred
WE CAKE IT WDC WHEN WE MAKE IT

Price
Type 2, with manual control switch, $35.00
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Music and the Happy Evenings at Home

Make your winter evenings joyous with radio, and your radio programs full toned, always clear, always enjoyable with a Kingston B Current Supply Unit—eliminating batteries and keeping your set at its perfection peak. The Kingston is quality clear through, smartly turned out in satin black, and is endorsed by thousands of discriminating radio users. Get the Kingston today and know a new radio thrill, a richer and fuller radio experience.

If your dealer can't supply you, ask us.

The Kokomo Electric Company
Kokomo, Indiana

KINGSTON
B CURRENT SUPPLY UNIT

The Kingston comes to you fully guaranteed, equipped with three voltage terminals, each adjustable over a wide range, making possible any desired voltage from 5 to 200, and forever frees you from B Batteries. Size: 9 inches long, 5¼ inches wide, 8¼ inches high.

PITTSBURGH

(Continued from Page 15)

come to Pittsburgh, where would Captain Stenles and me been? That is a question."

Thomas Armit was confused. "What did I tell that give Union the horrors?" he demanded. "It was only about my trip in Fifty-eight. Suppose I had went on about what happened to the twelve British soldiers James Smith seen brought into Fort Duquesne after the French and Indians licked General Braddock. Their faces painted black and burned to a coal. And that wasn't all to it, neither, with the soldiers screeching and stuck full of fat pine splinters ——"

He was interrupted by the replica of a screech, a choked cry, from Union. She collapsed in a chair with her head and arms on the table.

"Maybe you had better go out for a little," Jacob Winebiddle advised Thomas Armit. "Union is shook up quite considerable."

Thomas Armit was confounded. What the women were made of now he couldn't think. "I believe I'll take a walk," he observed. "It's not what I'd call safe in Pittsburgh. The drays are that thick it's worth a person's life to cross the street; but I'll risk her."

He made his way, supported by a thick stick of white ash, from Second Street, where the Winebiddle house stood, over Chancery Lane to Third. The spring dusk was gathering; the glow had faded from the veil of smoke drawn between the rivers. Thomas Armit proceeded by way of Hay Street, across Penn, to what was left of the orchard and gardens on the Allegheny River. The apple and pear trees, like himself, were old and gnarled; they had been planted, the gardens laid out, before even he had come to Pittsburgh. The King's Artillery Gardens they had been called then.

Once a row of traders' houses had stood on that bank, under the protection of the fort, but only two or three remained into his time—until Fifty-eight. The fort had been a fort in those days, with the embankment crossing the land faced with brick, and the officers, in summer, playing hand ball in the dry ditch. Now there was only part of the ditch and some old ramparts left; a little of the brick barracks and the magazine. In a moment, he thought, he must hear the sunset gun. After that, trading with the Indians was done for the day; Pittsburgh closed, guarded, against darkness and death.

There was, he recalled, a pleasant resting place against a lower grassy bank, and he went carefully down toward the water. Thomas Armit settled himself with a feeling of comfort and great relief and a splendid idea possessed him—he would sleep there for the night. He didn't like his room at Jacob Winebiddle's; it was too small; a body couldn't rightly take his breath in it. Here, within the sound of the Allegheny River, he rested in a familiar relief. The night deepened, his thoughts and sensations swam one into the other. . . . The Allegheny was swift and clear; it poured clear and swift from the north; but the Monongahela, from the south, was dark and slow. There were, it seemed to Thomas Armit, Indian canoes on the river—eight canoes of Mohawk warriors. They passed the fort with lifted painted paddles, chanting and shooting off their guns. The Six Nations, the Mingoes, were not friendly—two Highlanders had been killed at their post outside the fort. There was a war between the Senecas and the Cherokees, and fifty Senecas were crowded into the town. The Indians stole everything they could reach and move, and at dark he put them, with their squaws, out of his trading house. As a result they threw stones at his door all night.

A great council was held—that was July; Croghan, the Indian commissioner, and Andrew Montour spoke. Montour made the Indians laugh. They slapped their copper sides and laughed until they cried—Mingoes and the Delawares. Beaver delivered a single strand of wampum and two women prisoners. Afterward an ox was roasted and the Indians got drunk.

A faint dry smile contracted his face in the darkness—it was forbidden to give the Indians whisky, but all the traders did it. He did, certainly; James Savacool had, and Patrick McGarr. Why, Collip Gaw kept a kettle of punch on his counter! You couldn't best an Indian unless he had been drinking. Thomas Armit's thoughts moved to Tench, his son. Tench was a great disappointment to him. He had been sent, originally, in the interest of Armit and Winebiddle, to trade in the Indian villages—Shawan's town down the river and among the Tawas along Beaver Creek. But, God sakes, Tench had turned into an Indian! There was a sound of slow footsteps on the bank above and Thomas Armit rose with a blurred resentment. It changed into chagrin—Jacob Winebiddle stood beside him.

He said in his reasonable manner, "Come, Mr. Armit, it's getting late."

Thomas Armit didn't care how late it was. "I'm going to stop here," he announced. "I'll sleep in a coffin soon enough."

He knew, Jacob proceeded, that Recover didn't like him to stay out. "It looks as if we didn't treat you right. People would talk. The day is past, Mr. Armit, when you can sleep on the grass in Pittsburgh. I guess we can wait a little, it's so nice on the river." He lowered himself to a place by Thomas Armit's side.

"In Fifty-eight," Thomas explained, "it weren't safe. I was just recollecting, Jacob, how it was when I first took to trading. Most of the houses went up along the Monongahela, but the traders—Ratigan and Collip Gaw and John Davage and Henry Cague—liked it better here on the Allegheny. My house was just a piece up the bank. That's where I first saw Recover's mother.

"Wingenum had her—saved her out of a cabin on the Big Youghiogheny—and he brought her with him when he was trading five white deerskins. She was a thin pale little thing, but I took a fancy for her. She were around fifteen years then. Wingenum didn't want to sell her. Worth fifty pounds, he said. I got her for thirty and a half a kag of whisky. Orey." He fell silent. "That was a good day for me, Jacob," he said finally.

"For me, too," Jacob Winebiddle agreed. "I remember Mrs. Armit. She died the year I came into your store. It got to be Armit and Winebiddle pretty quick."

Thomas Armit answered: "And now it's Winebiddle and Stenles. That's how things go. Edged out of my own store. Couldn't keep up with the times. Well, so much the worse for them. When I was trading a man could do wonderful well. You could wagon a hundredweight of skins to Cumberland for under twenty-seven shilling. Corkingdal's Fort to Philadelphia. The Indians grew pretty slick, though. I mind Collip's steelyard was a shade light and Shingas brought his beaver to me. Two and a half pounds of powder for a skin."

"You must see that things are different," Jacob Winebiddle pointed out. "Take window glass. The time was when it all came over the mountains, with a good lot broke, and a piece six by eight was as big as we sold. Now with the glass house at New Geneva and O'Hara and Craig opening a manufactory just over the Monongahela, window glass is eighteen by twenty-four inches—a foot and a half by two. It's the same with everything. We were lucky to have Captain Stenles joined to us. He's a gentleman all of Pittsburgh takes notice of—that is, the part that ain't heated the wrong way about politics."

(Continued on Page 137)

Victory

IN business as in sports, there are points to be made, victories to be won by playing a hard, clean game.

This organization has just completed its fifteenth year in business with a five-point victory.

We did more business, sold more tires, made more friends, made more money than in any previous year in our history.

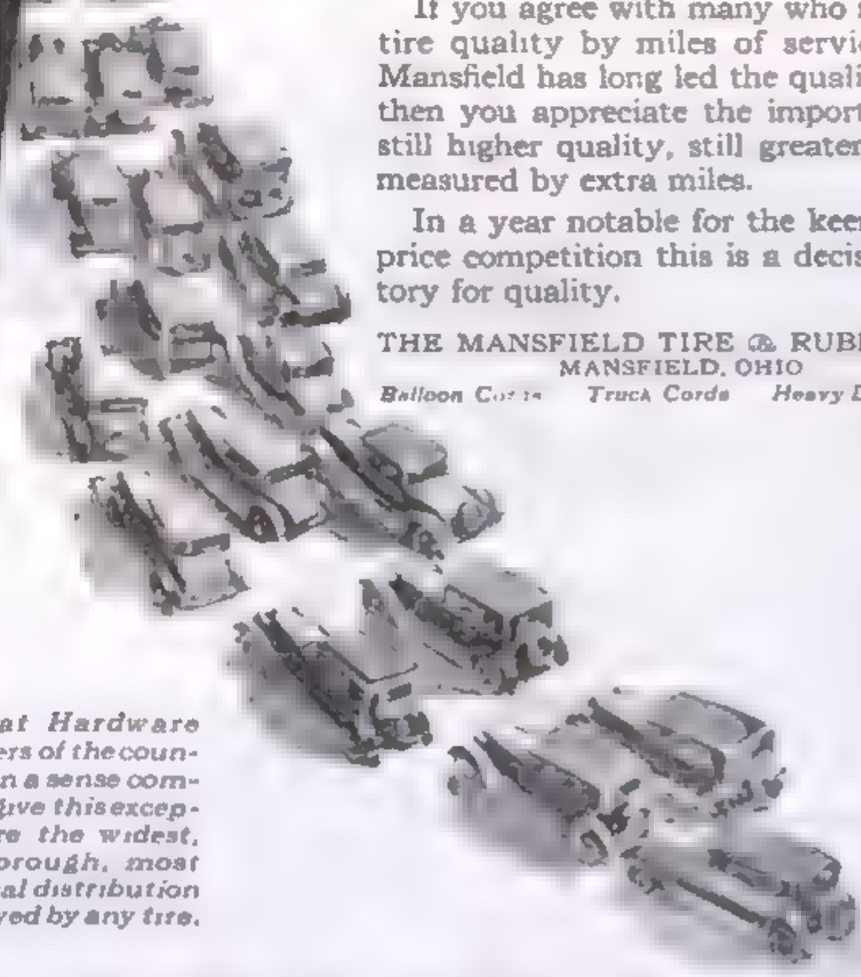
Those were four great points in a business victory—

But the fifth is greater—we built more miles of service into Mansfield Tires.

If you agree with many who measure tire quality by miles of service, that Mansfield has long led the quality field, then you appreciate the importance of still higher quality, still greater service measured by extra miles.

In a year notable for the keenness of price competition this is a decisive victory for quality.

THE MANSFIELD TIRE & RUBBER CO.
MANSFIELD, OHIO
Balloon Cords Truck Cords Heavy Duty Cords



The great Hardware Wholesalers of the country have in a sense combined to give this exceptional tire the widest, most thorough, most economical distribution ever enjoyed by any tire.

The Cost of Distribution is Lower — The Standard of Quality is Higher

MANSFIELD

Built — Not to Undersell, but — to Overserve

NINE OUNCES LIGHT AND FIVE NEW POINTS OF FIT

GLOSSY—EVEN AFTER LONG WEAR . . . *So many rubbers lose their glossy newness too soon under the action of water, mud and sun. These Ball-Band rubbers, however, retain their glossy finish even after long service. This finish is put on by a special Ball Band process, under exacting chemical and physical conditions.*

This galosh is one of the many new styles of Ball-Band rubber footwear. The fabric tops are of tan heather wool jersey, with gray washable lining. The tan rubber foxing has a moire finish.

A MEN'S RUBBER THAT HUGS THE SHOE . . . *That upward curve you see here is built into this man's rubber. It gives the rubber a decided spring, so that it hugs the shoe and does not gap at the sides. While this rubber is light in weight, it is of unusually sturdy construction and will give extremely long wear. Made in medium and wide toes.*

These new galoshes are the wet weather mode

THE sweep of short skirts and the march of silk-clad legs into view have brought forth new modes in rubber footwear!

Never before have you worn galoshes as light as those pictured above. They weigh—only nine ounces each!

And never before have you worn wet-weather footwear that looked so neat and trim, or that lasted so long. Five sure-fit qualities are the secret.

The graceful line of the ankle is retained . . . for the tops are adjusted to fit by a strap fastener with two snaps.

The Conformo sole is yielding and elastic, shaping itself smoothly to trim contours.

A trouble-free slide fastener—the Monopul—curves flexibly over the instep and draws the sides snugly about the ankle.

And around the heel and under the arch these arctics are shaped to follow the smartest lines, whether the heel is low, medium or high.

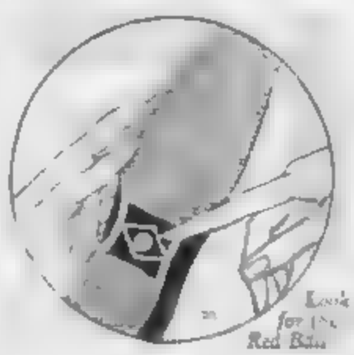
Last but not least, fit is insured in the very construction of the cloth. It is made in our own mills in Mishawaka expressly for use in galoshes and has a "give" or elasticity that ordinary fabrics do not have.

The fabric tops are of tan heather wool jersey of rich, even quality. Both the fabric tops and gray lining can be washed with a mild soap and soft brush. The rubber foxing is finished in moire and glossed by a special process that keeps the rubber bright and new-looking even after long service.

These new galoshes are easy to put on or take off. Pull the little red tab of the Monopul fastener and they are closed . . . pull it again and they are open—from top to toe.

From the smart pointed cuffs to the dainty moire toes, these galoshes are the aristocrats of wet-weather footwear. They are made for mileage too, yet they cost no more and wear lots longer.

The model described here is but one of the new styles and fabrics offered in Ball-Band footwear. The line includes new ideas in wet and cold weather footwear of all kinds for every member of the family. Have your footwear dealer show them to you. Ask for Ball-Band and know you are getting it. Look for the Red Ball trade-mark.



BALL-BAND

MISHAWAKA RUBBER & WOOLEN MFG. CO.

467 Water Street, Mishawaka, Indiana

BOOTS • LIGHT RUBBERS • HEAVY RUBBERS • ARCTICS • GALOSHES
SPORT AND WORK SHOES • WOOL BOOTS AND SOCKS

(Continued from Page 134)

"They are all heated the wrong way about politics," Thomas Armit declared; "Captain Stenles as well as the Republicans. What's the Republicans but French?" he demanded. "If they knew the French the way I did—saw them in Fifty-eight—there wouldn't be no such a party. I wish Judge McKean and Henry Brackenridge had been in Pittsburgh when we had to slaughter the milk cows for food. No help for a matter of three hundred mile. We pulled down all the houses and moved our bundles of skins into the fort. Yes, sir, it would have done them politicians good to lay in the fort with the fire arrows coming thick from the river. We were mortal glad to see Colonel Bouquet in October and smoke the peace pipe. It had an eagle feather tied to it. The Indians thought a lot of eagles. They brought up a wind with a wing and laid the tail feathers away wrapped in beaver skin.

"But that was Pontiac's War and mostly after the French. It all runs together like. Mind you, the Federalists ain't better. Sending troops here to force the excise! Calling soldiers out against free Americans! It ain't legal. What we want is an American party. I'm in favor of Western Pennsylvania breaking off with the East. You noticed what Mathias Stenles said at supper about Captain Neville and his men. We near to broke off, too, if Mr. Jackson's plans had succeeded."

Jacob Winebiddle was as near to being impatient as his temperament allowed. "That would be suicide," he asserted. "We need the East and the East needs us. We're one—America. I kind of wish, Mr. Armit, that Captain Stenles wasn't out for prothonotary. It looks like a nasty campaign, now there is a Republican paper. Remember, Captain Stenles is a military gentleman, and if they come out too strong about him there can't but be trouble. You have to think that he's poorly. I misdoubt if he could hold a pistol right and steady."

"Don't you be afraid, Jacob," Thomas Armit reassured him. "The Republicans won't forget me. They'll take a long breath before they will bother in my family. I'd as soon shoot one as I would a Frenchman or a Tawa."

Jacob Winebiddle rose. "We must go home," he said. "Recover gets sharp when she's worried."

God sakes, Thomas Armit replied, what was the world coming to when it was run by women? He was excited by the prospect of trouble with the local Republicans. If they printed anything in the Tree of Liberty unfavorable to Mathias Stenles, who had married his granddaughter, they would find the times hadn't changed so much, after all. . . . Jacob assisted him up the bank.

It was Thomas Armit's idea, since the entire family were gathered to proceed to Grant's Hill for supper, that the facts about that elevated place of resort ought to hold a renewed interest. His daughter, Recover, was brief with him. "This is no time for long-winded stories about what maybe happened," she informed the old man. Recover was not unsupported by reason. Thomas Armit Stenles, Minot Stenles and Nicholas, the baby, were in the process of being packed about their mother into a two-wheeled country cart; Captain Stenles, it was clear, was even more poorly than customary; and Jacob Winebiddle was issuing a series of exact instructions for everyone.

"I will lead the horse," he proceeded; "Thomas Armit Stenles will hold Nicholas and Union take charge of the basket."

Thomas Armit made a scrawl on the earth before the Winebiddle house. He said: "Captain McDonald was here, down on the Hill, when the French and Indians come on him. He was swept away account of the Highlanders being new to Western fighting. The Highlanders didn't look for no cover and they were shot down. The Carolina companies and Marylanders were all behind trees, the same as the Indians, but they had to draw back. Major Lewis, he come up, but it didn't do no good either. It was like this"—he indicated his plan of the affair: "Those Highlanders marched out on the Hill a-playing of their bagpipes, fighting against French and Indians—in Pennsylvania!"

"Now, grampap," Jacob Winebiddle told him, "you can march along yourself."

He was, Thomas Armit admitted, winded. They had arrived at John Marie's tavern, set above Pittsburgh. There was a pattern of gravel walks and orderly bushes, a spring set in a green bower and reaches of grass. At the back rose the forest; below, the city was spread out between its rivers in a transparent evening light. From the level beside Marie's house of entertainment came the short accents of military commands; the Pittsburgh Light Dragoons were drilling in preparation for the spring maneuvers. Not, Thomas Armit reflected, that there was much in that or in them. A poor sort of soldiers. Mostly uniform. It wasn't that he minded James Brison, their captain, so much, for all his airs—might as well be a dancing master—as he was completely skeptical about General Fowler, commander of the Allegheny County Brigade. General Fowler was a Republican and opposed to Mathias Stenles. Broken memories of the commanders, the notable soldiers, Thomas had seen at Pittsburgh floated through his mind.

He had missed Washington, but counted that no notable loss; he would far rather have seen General Forbes, mortally sick in the litter in which he had been carried over all the mountains between Philadelphia and the West. He recollected Colonel Mercer, though, like Forbes, out of Scotland. Mercer had been killed in action soon afterward -at Princeton. General Stanwix had been at Fort Pitt the winter of—of Fifty-nine. Yes, in Fifty-nine he had improved the fortifications. He run the ditch clear down to the Allegheny River where Marbury Street now hit it, near to where the Butlers had their houses. Colonel Grant did some building there, but that was later. Thomas Armit recollected like it was that morning the day General Stanwix put out for Philadelphia with thirty-five Ohio chiefs, early in the year. He left a major with a funny name—a name like Tulips—in command. Then Colonel Bouquet marched against Presqu' Isle. Monckton had a big treaty with the Six Nations. That would be about Sixty. It was Thomas Armit's opinion that some Delawares and Shawanese had been present as well.

"Supper's ready, grampap," Jacob called. He didn't want no supper.

"Give grampap a little whisky," Recover directed. "Coming up the Hill was pretty bad on him." He didn't want whisky either, Thomas Armit persisted stubbornly. All he asked was to be let alone. He tried, in the failing light, to distinguish familiar houses and places in the city spread below him. Mostly, he couldn't, it was so crowded. Why, there were streets clean out to the Hill! However, he made out Market Street. A ninny could see where Market Street was with its pile of stores, and brick too. There was nigh as many brick now as log. Come from tearing down the fort, the brick did—a kind of a pale brick; you might almost call white.

He could see about, but not exactly, where his store stood, on Market Street at Third. Thomas Armit secretly regarded it as his store, although he had been edged out. Near by was the Sign of General Butler, with James Hilliard's farrier shop in the tavern stable. Further to the right was the Diamond and the new market house. He could just distinguish the pond where they shot ducks on the Allegheny side of the point. His thoughts returned to Colonel Bouquet and how he licked the Indians. The Indians had treated for peace by the mouth of the Big Beaver. The Senecas and Delawares had given up two hundred and more prisoners. There was a Captain Murray somewhere along then, and a gospel preacher preaching outside the

Extra warmth

without bulk

in this new underwear

Especially made for outdoor men

MEN tell us this underwear is surprisingly different. That while it is actually warmer than old-fashioned "heavies"—it is so supple, so comfortable, so perfect fitting, that you are hardly conscious you have a suit on.

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Try one suit of this extra-warm underwear. Ask for it by style number—1210. Either full or three-quarter length. In white, ecru or random colors. If your dealer doesn't carry this underwear, simply send us his name and we will see that you are promptly supplied.

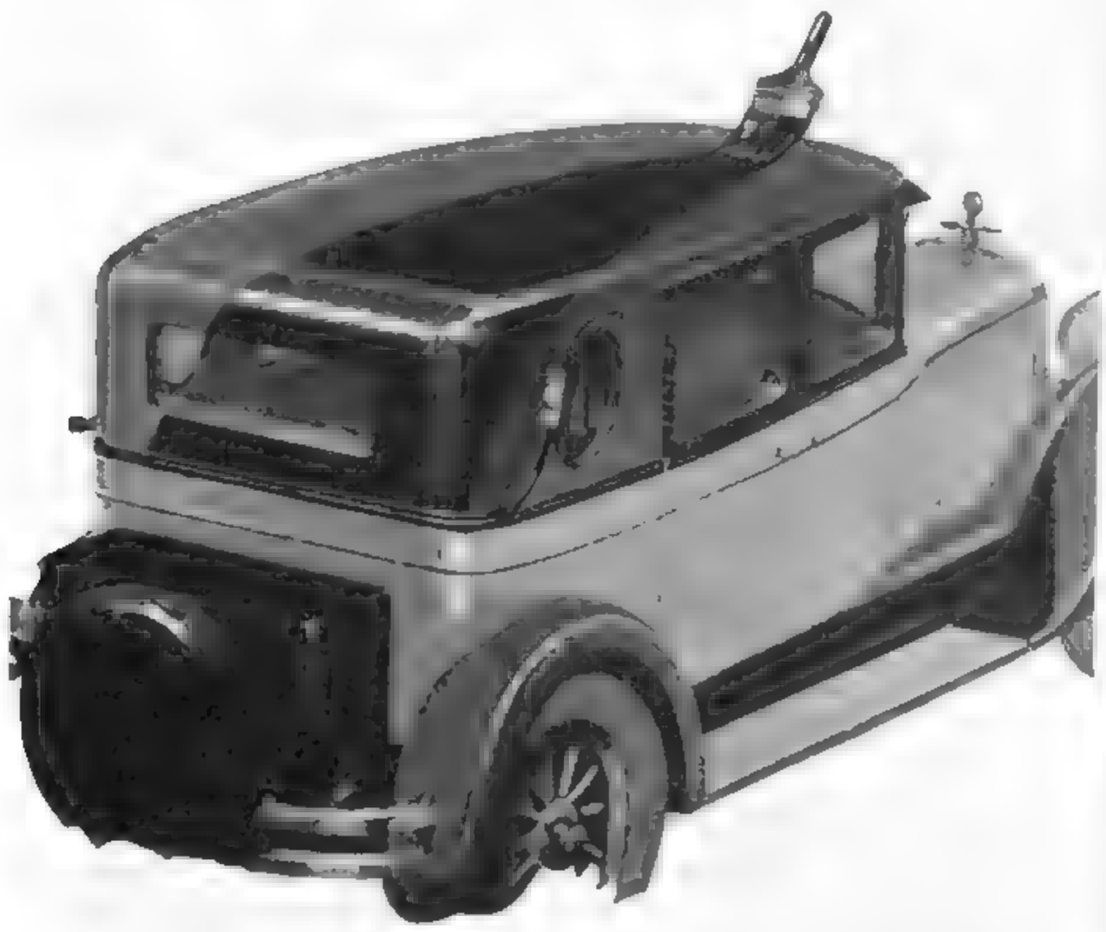
Allen-A underwear is made in a wide range of styles, weights and fabrics. Ranging in price from $1.50 to $6.50.

THE ALLEN-A COMPANY, *Kenosha, Wis.*

UNDERWEAR
Spring needle knit and athletic type—
for men and boys only

HOSIERY
for men women and children

Sun-Cracked *Tops* need DURO GLOSS *to Keep Winter Out*



SUMMER'S blazing sun has left your top "wide open" to the attack of Winter. Sleet and snow—alternate freezes and thaws. Look out!

Perhaps you don't think so—but look closely for the tiny cracks and checks where moisture first gains its foothold, and alternately freezing and thawing, speeds your top to ruin.

Duro Gloss seals up these cracks and checks against winter's destructive agents. It is a top *finish*, not a dressing—the same finish used in the manufacture of *Duro Gloss* Top Material found on the tops of leading cars. Easily applied with a brush, it dries overnight to a lustrous, new-top finish—weatherproofing and preserving the top. It never leaves a "done-over" appearance—is impervious to heat or cold.

You can buy *Duro Gloss*, The Top Finish, from almost any automotive dealer—and apply it yourself. Or, if you prefer, you can have your top *Duro Glossed* at any car service station, garage, paint or trim shop. If you have any trouble in obtaining *Duro Gloss*, write and we will see that you are supplied.

Duro Gloss Top Finish

Half-pint size, 65c

Sufficient only for roadsters, coupes, and small sedans.

Pints, $1.00 Quarts, $1.85

Furnished in larger sizes for shop use.

Duro-Gloss Guaranteed Top Material—If your top is so far gone that *Duro Gloss*, The Top Finish, cannot restore it—then you need a new top. Specify *Duro Gloss* Top Material, guaranteed to give complete satisfaction. Your trimmer can get it readily from his jobber. If the material should fail to give satisfaction, we will replace the top at our expense.

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J.C. Haartz Company · New Haven, Conn.

Duro Gloss
The Top Finish

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS *DURO GLOSS TOP MATERIAL*

fort. Lord Dunmore was in Pittsburgh on his way against the Ohio Nation. He became conscious that the Light Dragoons had ended their drill; the band was playing a right good piece—name of some battle or other. But, immediately after, he recognized Jefferson's March.

The light had all but gone and there were lanterns shining in the grove about John Marie's. Soon, Thomas Armit recognized, they would descend to the city, return home. The family he found, gathered in an irregular circle on the grass, was quiet and solemn.

Jacob addressed Captain Stenles. "You got to go easy in a political situation," he said. "It's different from the army. I don't doubt but a man ought to forget about being a military gentleman."

Mathias Stenles replied that there were some things no man could overlook. "I am not quarrelsome," he went on. "General Fowler was deliberately contemptuous."

Thomas Armit interrupted them. "General Fowler!" he exclaimed impatiently. "He's no shadow of a general! You can't be a general through writing pieces in the paper. General McIntosh was a general. Colonel Brodhead was one too. Took his men right up to the villages on Broken Straw Creek and burned five hundred acres of planting and two hundred houses more or less. Them was times an Indian was understood. Killed them all, the Moravian Indians and prisoners and squaws." A complete silence answered him.

Jacob Winebiddle proceeded: "Tarleton Bates was in the store only this morning and he said they were all minded to stay clear of Clapboard Row. He didn't see it was necessary to read the Tree of Liberty at all. He said that the record of Captain Stenles was open to any and all. The Federalist Party, he said, had brought America into being and it didn't have to defend its honor with a lot of filthy political sutlers. He said he wouldn't permit any shady Republican to upset his serene consciousness of right.

"We ought to be picking up," he added. He made a gesture toward the sleeping children, the women and Thomas Armit. Thomas was annoyed by Jacob Winebiddle's habit of conducting political discussions without reference to himself, a man who knew Pittsburgh and the politics of Pittsburgh from the beginning.

"As I was sitting here," Captain Stenles informed them, "I counted a hundred flatboats and keel boats tied along the Monongahela waiting for water to get down the river. There was as many more on the Allegheny bank. Six people to a boat would make twelve hundred. There are a lot of people moving West by Pittsburgh. It's a metropolis."

Jacob Winebiddle, with a lighted lantern, captured their grazing horse.

Back again in his room in the Winebiddle house, Thomas Armit was too tired for proper sleep. Anyhow, his room was hot; there couldn't no air come in at the only little window it had—he misdoubted if it were eight inches by ten—and he never had laid right on the bed. It was a good enough bed—a strong pine frame with woven rope and a bag of goose feathers, but it didn't seem to suit him. He would have done better with a couple of bearskins in a corner.

Why, coming West in 'Fifty-eight he had slept elegant in a great stump—nothing but some bark under him—beyond Sidling Hill. He had often slept on the counter of his trading room. The look of that interior returned to him vividly—the house in the Bottom, with the main room below and two rooms above. One was the storeroom for furs; in the other—at intervals—he slept. Below, the counter crossed the floor near to one end, and behind it were his shelves of bright calicoes and French blankets, the tinware and bullet lead, the powder kegs and whisky of trading. At the other end of the room was the chimney fireplace and a long, comfortable settle. Patrick McGarr and James Savacool, Collip and Henry Cague, all the notable traders, had been familiar to it. Collip Gaw mostly had a little spannel dog sitting in his lap. He, Thomas Armit, had a pet raccoon chained to the counter and a raven hopping around with clipped wings. The Indians, if he failed to watch them, kicked the raccoon about some, but they wouldn't lay finger on the raven. They said it was a spirit.

Well, if that was so, it was the spirit of a Crow Indian—of all the thieving birds, his raven was worst, and everyone knew a Crow Indian would steal the fleas off a dog. Thomas could plainly hear the sharp tap of the bird's strong beak picking up grains of parched corn from the floor. He couldn't remember what had happened to the raccoon. Collip's spannel had been killed with a knife in the King's Artillery Gardens—by, probably, an Indian with a spite.

Anyways, Collip had went up the Monongahela and shot two Indians he knew. They could tend the spannel in the spirit hunting ground, he explained.

Yes, they had sat along his bench, the fireplace loud and bright with burning logs. Indians had shared his comfort and warmth. Thomas Armit recollected Killbuck, who had sent a threatening message to old Colonel Cressap. The colonel had sent back word for Killbuck to come out with his rifle, but the Indian went up into the woods, clean skeered. He saw again James Morris, a short dark Indian painted black and too smart with his tongue. But Beaver was a quiet middle-aged man. Delaware George, too, was decent behaved—when you watched him. A name came back to him—Heecaise—King Netotwhelmy. They passed through his memory silent in the moccasins of death.

There were Indians everywhere—in the trading houses, under the walls of the fort, on the rivers and shouting for a passage from the far banks. They made the forest and the roads and the night perilous, and then suddenly they were gone. Only a few without anything to them remained in the clearings about Pittsburgh. They brought in a little game and lay drunk under the trees. The Indians were gone and the beaver were gone; otter no longer fished on the streams; even deer and turkey cocks were disappearing. The traders, except for himself, were all dead or vanished. Some had died of the flux and some had dropped lonely with an arrow in the back. Patrick McGarr had been killed by a drunken soldier in a company of the Royal Irish. John Davage had took the French disease at Fort Cumberland, and searing himself with gunpowder, he had died of the burns.

Collip Gaw, one day, paddling a bundle of skins down to Andrew Buyerly's at Brushy Run, had vanished out of his canoe. The canoe was found resting in a cove; its contents was whole; there were no signs of footmarks on the bank. The Indians had their theories of it. It was curious about Indians; they knew curious things. Take a white woman some Mingoes had killed and buried—her hand and arm come right up out of the ground. They buried her again twicet as deep and up her arm rose again. It didn't do no good to hack it off. Thomas Armit was convinced of the truth of this. Then the Nanticoke tribe had an infernal child born in it. That child killed all the other children in the village and it couldn't be killed. Fifty tomahawks was sunk in it and it kept right on. When it did die the Nanticokes made a poison out of the body and murdered off all their enemies.

God sakes, why couldn't he get to sleep? His mind was as full of the devil's doings as Braddock's Field was thick with soldiers' bones. Well, he had some age on him, and he guessed the aged rested uneasy, with all that had happened to them. His life had been harder than most; he was experienced in pretty near everything; and you might think the family would listen to him, but it wouldn't. They kept talking about the times being different. In one way they

(Continued on Page 141)

THE STEVENS

THE WORLD'S GREATEST HOTEL
Offers the WORLD'S GREATEST VALUE

Michigan Boulevard, 7th to 8th Streets
Ernest J. Stevens, Vice President and Manager
CHICAGO

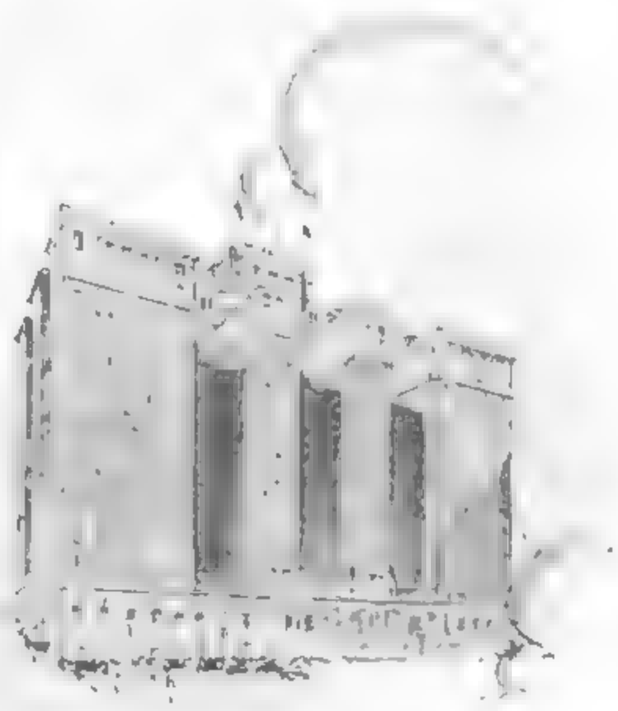
October 28

The

COLCHESTER GRILL

introduces to America
the famous
Colchester Oyster Feast

THE COLCHESTER DINING ROOM



3000 OUTSIDE ROOMS

PRIVATE BATHS

Towering twenty-nine stories over Michigan Avenue, overlooking Grant Park and Lake Michigan, The Stevens is Chicago's newest wonder. Yet with all its luxuriousness, the world's greatest hotel offers greater hotel value at lowered cost. On your next visit enjoy the pleasure of making the world's greatest hotel your home.

When visiting The Stevens ask the bell captain for a guide, who will be supplied gratis

Fixed-Price Meals

JAPANESE LUNCH ROOM
Breakfast [illegible] Luncheon [illegible] Dinner $1.00

COLCHESTER GRILL
Breakfast 60c and 75c Luncheon 85c Dinner $1.50
Sunday Dinner $2.00

OAK ROOM
Breakfast [illegible] Luncheon 85c Dinner $1.50
Sunday Dinner [illegible]

MAIN DINING ROOM
Luncheon $1.25 Dinner $3.00 per person
A la carte service is available in all restaurants at all meals

Extra Value without Extra Cost

Number of Rooms	Single Rate	Double Rate	Number of Rooms	Single Rate	Double Rate
263	$3.50	$5.00	119	$ 7.00	$10.00
1242	4.00	6.00	62	8.00	12.00
943	5.00	7.50	26	9.00	9.00
278	6.00	9.00	67	10.00	15.00

This is the second of a series of full page announcements portraying the World's Greatest Hotel and its many features of [illegible]

Guests at The Stevens this week may be transported in fancy to merry England for the Colchester Oyster Feast—a yearly event in the famous Colchester Grill.

In a background of age-old romance; among the historic relics, documents, old prints and paintings from ancient Colchester, The Stevens reproduces the Colchester Oyster Feast in all its festive formality. The Colchester Grill typifies in all its magnificence and efficiency the restaurant service of The Stevens. In its three other restaurants, providing menus, services and prices for every whim, the perfection of Stevens' cuisine is exemplified. In its guest rooms, too, in the recreation rooms, the extensive library, theater, mammoth exhibition hall, grand ball room and antique lounge, The Stevens proves its claim to world leadership.

Old Moot Hall, Colchester, England

Ancient Colchester—birthplace of St. Helen and domain of Old King Cole. Dating back a thousand years, Colchester Castle holds still the bloody secrets of the tyrant Bardolph and the martyrdom of Lucas and Lisle. Ancient records take its building back to the time of the Roman, Marcus Favonius, whose statue still stands at the museum.

In old Moot Hall, yearly for hundreds of years, the Colchester Oyster Feast has been celebrated in October. Notables from all over the world attend.

In the Colchester Grill at The Stevens, relics of the ancient town make this a point of unusual interest to visitors.

THE STEVENS IS THE LARGEST HOTEL IN THE WORLD

Are You Neglecting Your Opportunities in America's Fastest Growing Market?

A 25-Year Record
1900 to 1926 | U. S. Gain | Southeast Gain
True Value All Property | 52% | 393%
Value Farm Property | 178 | 249
Value Farm Products | 220 | 227
Value Manufactured Products | 449 | 642
Active Cotton Spindles | 78 | 313
Motor Vehicle Reg. | 2080 | 3210

This booklet, giving the fundamental reasons for the selection of Atlanta as Southern Headquarters by National Concerns, will be gladly sent to interested executives.

864 Leading American Corporations Have Found Increased Volume and Profit as a Result of Atlanta Location

THREE fundamentals are becoming firmly established in the minds of executives directing sales for large American manufacturers.

First: That the South is growing at a much faster rate than the rest of the country as a whole.

Second: The increasing importance of the South as a market, coupled with hand-to-mouth buying, has made necessary a base of supply established at a point offering the best facilities for quick service to this market.

Third: Atlanta is the most logical location for a branch serving the South.

The increasing prosperity of the South, and particularly the Southeast, is well known. But the rate of growth is amazing even to those who are in close touch with the huge developments under way. Behind the authoritative figures shown above is a mighty story of economic progress, founded upon the inherent ability of a people to develop the immensely rich resources of their section.

Distribution City

In the center of this great market is Atlanta with its unexcelled facilities for quick transportation. Eight Railroad Systems, with fifteen main lines, reach overnight 18 million people; 70 million in 24 hours. From Atlanta you can render the quick fill-in service which is the keynote of successful merchandising today.

864 National Concerns have proved the advantages of branch locations in Atlanta. The decisions of these great corporations to invest millions of dollars in Atlanta were based on cold, unbiased facts, careful analysis and comparison. Today they are reaping the reward of increased volume and profit

The past two years have seen an enormously increased activity among concerns establishing branches in Atlanta, as more and more manufacturers grasp the potentialities of the Southern market and the profits to be gained when this market is properly served.

One or more of your competitors are already here. Isn't it time for you to investigate the opportunities that Atlanta offers in your plan of merchandising?

Complete Information Upon Request

The Atlanta Industrial Bureau is an organization prepared to render you complete information upon market, transportation facilities, plant locations, building costs, labor conditions, raw material supplies, tax situation and other factors of economy entering into the production and distribution of your product in the South.

Many manufacturers owe their present volume of Southern business to the authentic information furnished by the Atlanta Industrial Bureau. We can be of equal service to you. Your correspondence will be held in the strictest confidence. Write today.

INDUSTRIAL BUREAU
1765 *Chamber of Commerce*

ATLANTA

Industrial Headquarters of the South

(Continued from Page 138)

were, but in another they weren't. Human nature was the same. The trouble was that now people were packed so close together you couldn't tell one from another, like skins in a bundle. If they didn't open them up better they would get rotten. Oncet he had had to throw away a whole parcel of bear pelts—rotten—too late to worm them. If they didn't mind, it would soon be too late to worm Pittsburgh. Swans and ice in the river. A flood in the Allegheny, with the water against the shutters of his house. He had rowed an officer into the fort.

It was after that the grasshoppers had eat his four hundred cabbage plants—pestiferous insects. Orey, his wife, had put them out. It was a lucky day when Wingenum had brought her along with him. Living with the Indians, though, had changed her. Or maybe seeing her family killed had made her a little strange. She remembered her mother's hair, her mother's scalp, black and bleeding. You could hardly get a word out of her. A marvelous woman for work. The Indians had learned her that. There was no talking back in a female with the Indians. They would hit her alongside of the head with the flat of a tomahawk, or maybe with the edge. They were just as like to. He, Thomas Armit, had beaten Orey good oncet. He was ashamed of it now, she had been so spindling, and he shifted restlessly on the hardness of his bed.

There wasn't enough flesh to him, he concluded. He were nothing but bones. However, he had never been a heavy man—thin and active—quick. You had to be quick if you were a Packhorse Master. You had to be quick, anyhow, in Fifty-eight. He minded the time he had killed seventy-two rattlesnakes at Ligonier, In three piles they were, just outside the captain's garden. There had been thunder and lightning steady for a month and wolves had appeared with no hair to their legs or belly. The worst wolves a person ever see. They dragged down horses meadowed at Shirtee's. When was it General Wayne had camped at Log's town? He had neglected General Wayne, remembering back on Grant's Hill. His thoughts were alternately bright and blurred; sleep touched him and retreated and returned. Thomas Armit saw the justices of the Supreme Court proceeding through Pittsburgh to their legal duties in solemn black with cocked hats; the sheriff walked ahead with the white wand of office; following them, a drummer vigorously drummed.

Thomas Armit took his place at the table, late for dinner. He spoke out of a sense of injury, asking how a person up in his box-like room could be supposed to know what was happening downstairs. "If I might have took a fair sight at the sun I would have knowed," he explained. "There was nobody could fool me about the time in the woods. John Davage, in his day, read the hour in the stars."

Jacob Winebiddle and his wife, Recover, were at the table, together with Tench Armit and Lizzie, and they were more than usually grave. They paid no attention to the old man.

Jacob said: "It's no use to advise Captain Stenles. Certain things have to follow their own paths to the end, right or wrong, and his mind made up is one of them. You must remember the captain is a military gentleman and a Virginian. He is different from us. He has high ideas about honor. They wouldn't be mine, because they are not sensible, but they are his. You can't exactly blame him—it's what he was born and how he was brought up. The army added to it. Captain Stenles is what you'd call afraid of nothing."

It made her sick, Recover exclaimed, talking about Mathias this and that and what he wasn't afraid of. How about Union in her condition? Didn't nobody give her a thought? What if there were pieces about Mathias they didn't like in the paper? That didn't hurt him. It wasn't like sticks and stones to break his bones. She was tired to death of the sight of a man, and specially tired of hearing them gabble about the past and their honor. Their honor! Vainglory was the right word.

Jacob patiently explained again that there were of necessity sides to Captain Stenles they did not understand. "If John Israel keeps putting things like the last in the Tree of Liberty the captain will demand a duel." All the men he saw down Market Street agreed to that.

"A duel!" Thomas Armit exclaimed. "There's nothing but rubbish to a duel. What's it for, I'd like to ask. Why, one man looks to kill another, and if he does, it's sensible to kill him. In Fifty-eight, if you let all the men shoot at you you needed to kill, you'd have been blowed full of daylight in a week. Shoot them from behind a tree if they are fool enough to forget themselves—trail them. I mind oncet Collip Gaw waited upward of six months to clean off a slate. The man was a kin of Croghan's, the Indian commissioner, and Collip had to go careful. He put a knife in him trading up in the Wyandot country. If John Israel bothered me I'd just let a bullet into him the first quiet chance." No one, he saw, was listening to him, and he grew angry. "You could tell a man was from Virginia by his talking about duels. Stand up and let a man who had wronged you have a fair shot! James Savacool and the rest would have died laughing."

Jacob Winebiddle simply reiterated that Mr. Armit didn't understand the captain. As he was talking, Union came hurriedly into the room with a paper in her hand. Her face was at once pallid and dark with shadow. "Now he's done it!" she declared shrilly. "Mr. Israel has done it and Mathias will be killed." Recover curtly told her to sit down and ease herself.

Jacob Winebiddle took the Tree of Liberty from Union's fingers; his gaze searched the sheet until it was held fixed. When he was finished reading he put the paper down. He asked Union, "When did Captain Stenles expect to be back from Cincinnati?" The first of next week, she replied. The packet boat was supposed to arrive Monday. Jacob was thoughtful.

"Well," Recover said in a sharp voice, "you might let someone else know a little of what it is." He silently gave her the paper.

"I must see Tarleton Bates and some of the other gentlemen," Jacob Winebiddle proceeded. "But it won't do any good—not when the captain reads this. He's too weakly to have gone into politics, with the spirit he's got. He ought to just stayed a private citizen in the store."

Union Stenles began to cry. Her mother's face was harsh. "You have to fret, but it won't do any good," she told Union. "Men are fools and they have to go on being fools. What I want you to remember is keep proud outside the family. Don't you let nobody else see a tear, no matter what happens. You can do so much and go so far and then it's over."

"Wait till I speak to Mathias Stenles," Thomas Armit informed his granddaughter. "I'll make him see sense. Duels may be all well and good in Virginia, but this ain't Virginia; it's Pennsylvania. He's married in my family."

Lizzie Armit spoke unexpectedly. "A warrior must meet his fate," she said. She showed an instant frightened silence at her temerity. Her swift black eyes glanced once at the old man.

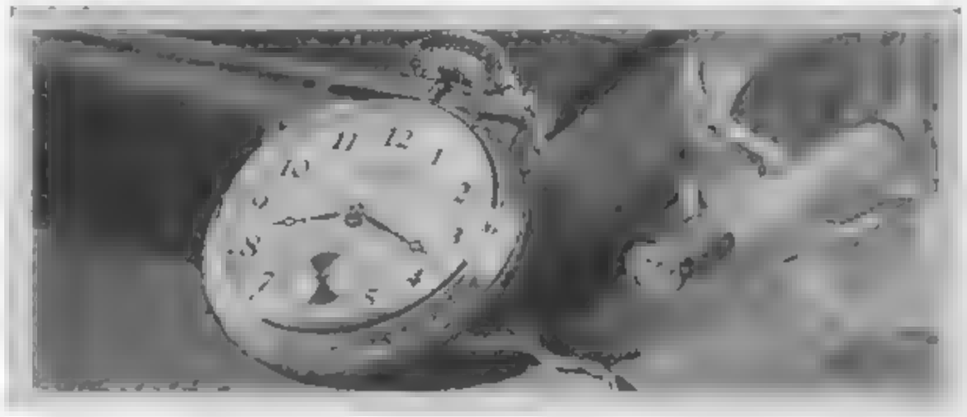
Tench nodded. "Lizzie is right and Recover is right," he agreed with them. "You needn't take no doubt about Union, when it comes to it."

Thomas Armit blustered thinly at his son: "What I want to know is who asked you to talk? Since when have squaws spoken at a council? That's what I want to know. It's a disgrace enough to have you like you are, no better than a Crow, and for me to have to set up to the table with an Indian."

"I only said Lizzie was right and I'll say it again," Tench persisted. "You've

A NEW Ingersoll WATERBURY

Jeweled--the small, stylish 12-size
Now with an enduring, platinum-like
CHROMIUM FINISH CASE
of handsome engraved design



PLATINUM-like in blue-white brilliance; diamond-like in hardness; amazingly resistant to rust and corrosion!

Such are the qualities of chromium—qualities that make chromium plating an ideal finish for a watch case.

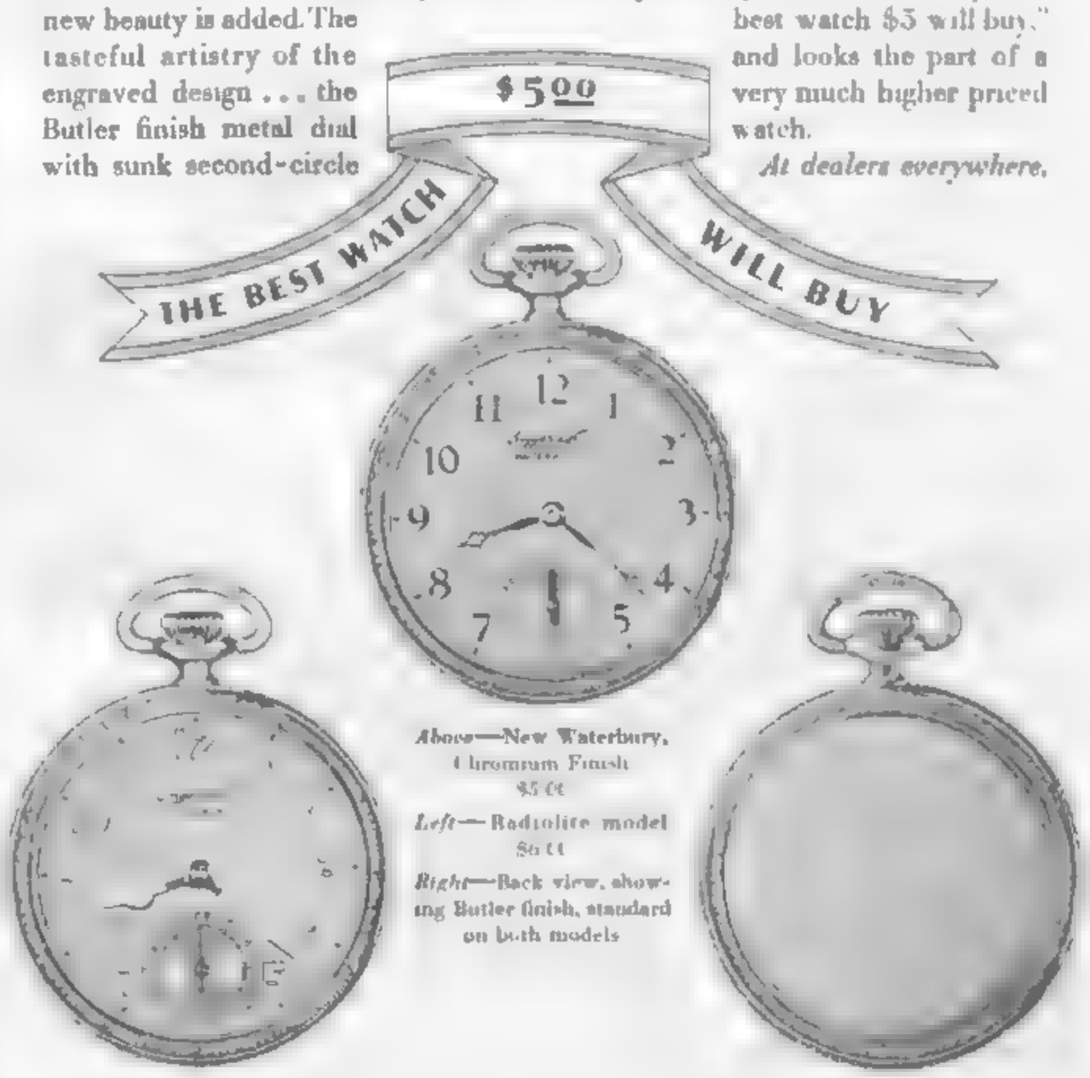
The new Waterbury is the first watch to have this brilliant and enduring finish. Thus the Waterbury at once attains greater beauty and more endurance. But in other ways, too, new beauty is added. The tasteful artistry of the engraved design . . . the Butler finish metal dial with sunk second-circle and graceful hands and figures . . . the Butler finish back—all will appeal to you.

A new pull-out set makes it delightfully easy to set with nice precision.

These improvements and refinements are built on the solid foundation of jeweled accuracy and remarkable sturdiness that have made the Waterbury one of America's most famous and most popular watches.

The price is just $5. It is easily "the best watch $5 will buy," and looks the part of a very much higher priced watch.

At dealers everywhere.



Above—New Waterbury, Chromium Finish $5.00

Left—Radiolite model $6.00

Right—Back view, showing Butler finish, standard on both models

INGERSOLL WATCH CO., Inc. New York Chicago San Francisco

MR. DELCAMP ... is a thorough musician and pianist. His own recordings of "Dinner Music Series" are widely known among Ampico owners.

J. MILTON DELCAMP

Executive Vice-President of The Ampico Corporation, acquired a new freedom of effort through his use of The Dictaphone in directing recordings, manufacturing and sales.

In a maelstrom of music—yet *directs intricate business with ease!*

J. Milton Delcamp, Executive Vice-President of The Ampico Corporation, solved a common problem the modern way

"HOW could I accomplish any constructive work in the midst of all this if my patience were still further taxed by trying to dictate to a stenographer whose own attention was distracted by hearing strains of music floating in from the recording pianos—or by trying *not to hear* two or three different compositions being played at the same time, as frequently happens when all departments 'tune up' simultaneously?"

All over America, executives *and their secretaries* face the problem of overcoming reduced efficiency caused by distracted attention. Mr. Delcamp's experience shows conclusively that this problem can be solved.

"Never have I felt so free to think without letting interruptions disturb me," continues Mr. Delcamp, "and never have I felt so certain in my own mind that everything important was being attended to *on the dot*, as I have since installing The Dictaphone here.

"My scene changes continually—selecting compositions, negotiating with 'stars,' conferring with editors and foremen, directing office and factory operations, supervising the sales staff and distribution to dealers.

"Yet all day long I am putting a stream of memos across to the factory besides a grist of letters to our artists, also to the salesmen and dealers. Into The Dictaphone they go *on the instant*. If I had to call a stenographer I'd probably wait until I had several items to dictate—and then forget most of them in the press of other matters."

Ethel V. Johnson (Secretary to Mr. Delcamp), an experienced shorthand stenographer, declares: "Dictation coming through The Dictaphone is much easier to listen to and much easier to 'get' correctly. Office noises never bother me any more. And I have time now for more important work than formerly.

Ethel V. Johnson

Secretary to Mr. Delcamp enjoys the relief from office disturbances afforded by her Dictaphone—and does better work with less nerve strain

DICTATE TO THE DICTAPHONE

and double your ability to get things done

FREE BOOK
of portrait-interviews

USE COUPON for either this book, *Executives Say*, or similar book, *Secretaries Say*.

MAIL WITH YOUR LETTERHEAD

Dictaphone Sales Corporation
154 Nassau Street New York, N. Y.

☐ You may tell your nearest office to let me try the New Model 10 without obligation.

☐ I wish to read what leading executives or secretaries said, *when interviewed*, about increasing their ability with The Dictaphone. Mail me a FREE copy of your book.

Name _____

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World-wide organization—London, Paris, Brussels, Sydney, Shanghai, etc.

S-10

called me an Indian so much I don't even hear it. There's this about an Indian, though—he knows his fate when it's on him. Even a Crow will die without a whole lot of talk."

Thomas Armit demanded excitedly: "Who's talking? I've seen death more'n a hundred times and met it in the face. All I said was you got to be sensible with it. Things are getting bad when you are put to rights by a man too slack to trade a beaver skin, and by a squaw."

Jacob Winebiddle interrupted them: "Don't let's have a fight here. It's bad enough as it is. We are just making it harder for Union."

Thomas Armit relapsed into a sulking silence. No one would listen to him or understand life right. The troubles of the present all came from fancy notions without reason to them. It was what Union got for marrying a Virginian. He had been against it all along. Thomas Armit guessed that some day they would learn that he was right. Lizzie packed and handed him his pipe. She brought a coal from the stove. Then she replenished the whisky in his glass. Through this he maintained an absolute immobility of expression; he showed no trace of a consciousness of her existence.

"You come over and lie down," Recover told Union Stenles. She led her out the door, toward the other part of the house.

Tench Armit read what John Israel had printed about Mathias Stenles. "That is his fate," he said at the end. "I'd laugh at it, but it's a matter of death with the captain, taking what he is."

Thomas Armit took a drink. The world, Pittsburgh, was getting to be too noisy. Too many people talked. He longed for the days of Collip Gaw, the days when he was young. There was no newspapers then to bother a man. Why, in his time there wasn't even a preacher—not regular! If you had a falling out then, you settled it yourself. The smartest man, the quickest, lived. Now, it seemed, nobody watched his own business. Everything, and principally politics, was so mixed there waan't no head nor hide to it. If Western Pennsylvania had drawed off to itself, none of the present misfortunes would have fallen. Pittsburgh would have stayed like it was, a place fitten to live in. It could have been easy managed, with no trading after the sunset gun and the Indians regulated What, instead of that, had happened? The Indians had all been drove away. The only exchange was bank money. A country where a white deerskin wouldn't fetch even a piece of bacon over the counter couldn't expect to thrive. Why, God sakes, there wasn't no white deer left to skin! A Dutchman and a Virginian, a lot of women, thought to run his, Thomas Armit's, affairs!

With a touch of malice, and indicating the newspaper, Tench said to his father, "I notice John Israel didn't overlook to make a mention of you." Him, Thomas Armit exclaimed, Israel wouldn't have no call to mention him! "I don't know anybody in a newspaper and I'm not a Federalist."

Tench, in the face of Jacob Winebiddle's movement of disapproval, read: "'We do not question the captain's store of courage, but only bewail the end to which it is blusteringly applied. The captain, we are assured, bears in his veins the best blood of Virginia; if this is, indeed, true we can only account for his present attitude by the assumption that he is most unfortunately reflecting the traits of the venerable nuisance attached, like the rotten limb of a tree, to the family of his admirable companion through life.'"

Where, the old man demanded, did any of that mention him? "You," Tench pointed out, "are that special limb."

Thomas Armit felt the blood swelling in his throat, his face was burning. "Why, damn that miserable type-printing skunk!" he cried. "I'll have his black life!"

Jacob begged him to keep cool. "You shouldn't have told your father that," he pointed out to Tench. "It might, at his age, do him an injury. Don't you take any notice of what the Tree of Liberty says, Mr. Armit," he continued earnestly. "Captain Stenles and I can tend to it."

"Venerable nuisance!" Thomas Armit repeated. "Rotten limb! Damn his Indian soul!"

He rose hastily, trembling, from the table. Jacob asked where he was going, what he intended to do, but the old man made no reply. He didn't even hear his son-in-law. He stumbled up the narrow stair to his room, and there took from a corner an old long flintlock rifle. It was rusted, the hammer was so stiff he could scarcely move it, the stock was dried out and loose, but it would still shoot. She'll still shoot, Thomas Armit told himself. He found, in a small pine chest, a powder-horn that still held a measure of powder; fumbling further, his fingers encountered a bag of balls. He needed a piece of linen. The ramrod broke as he was working it out of its place under the rifle barrel.

The next thing was to get out of the house without Jacob Winebiddle seeing or stopping him. Soon, Thomas knew, Jacob would have to return to the store. He waited a long while—an hour, he judged by the sun—and then, with the rifle, he went down as quietly as he could manage. Jacob Winebiddle was gone; he saw no one on the lower floor of the house. The printing office of the Tree of Liberty, Thomas Armit recollected, was a small frame building on Market street across from Doctor Mowry's; there, probably, he would find John Israel. Several people spoke to him on the street. Someone said, "Well, Mr. Armit, are you going out for bear?" He didn't answer. No black skunk of a printer could put in a paper about him being a rotten limb and live to tell of it! He was mad clear through—too mad to come up on him rightly, the way Collip Gaw or Patrick McGarr would have. He'd show Pittsburgh what it meant to have lived through Fifty-eight, with the French and Indians raising the skelp holler in the woods. He wouldn't wait for no duel like a Virginian.

Thomas Armit reached the building which held the Tree of Liberty suddenly. The door on the street was open. He had a shaken view of a man seated on a high stool before a case of type; there was the gleam and clacking of the press. John Israel was standing beyond. The uproar of the shot, within the narrow walls, stunned Thomas Armit. He dropped the rifle from weak hands.

John Israel had him roughly by the shoulder. "What's this, you old fool?" he demanded. "What do you mean by firing off a piece in here? The next thing you will hurt somebody!"

"Leave go of my shoulder," Thomas Armit directed him. "I don't want no ink on me. If I hadn't of loaded her in a hurry you wouldn't never be calling my family by this or that again. The ball blew out of the barrel crooked." As they stood together in the doorway a small crowd quickly gathered. What was it all about?

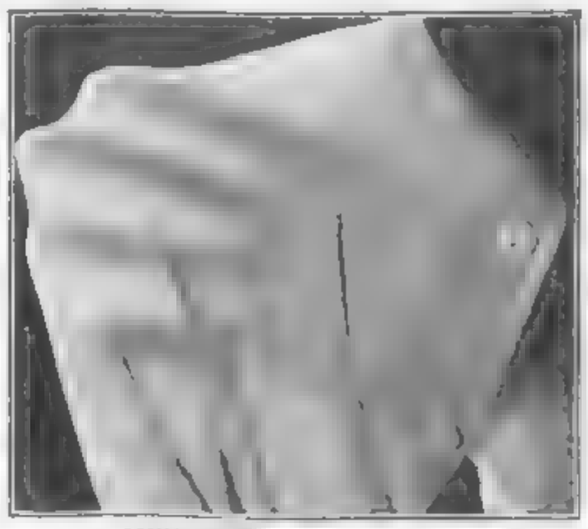
An excited voice explained: John Israel had put a squib about old Mr. Armit in the Tree of Liberty, and Mr. Armit had like to killed him. Shot right at Israel with his flint-fire rifle, the same gun he used killing Indians back when Pittsburgh began. You couldn't fool with those old men no matter how old they were. They came from a time when human rights were respected. A loud huzza for Mr. Armit was raised. It was told that single-handed he had slain most of the French inside Fort Duquesne. Mr. Armit had personally led General Braddock's column into the wilderness. If Braddock had listened to him there wouldn't have been a massacre. Some put the number of Indians he had killed at five hundred and others as high as a thousand. He had been struck by tomahawks and arrows seventy times. He could walk a hundred miles a day. He had hunted from Mackinaw to New Orleans and been to the Shining Mountains. He

(Continued on Page 145)

Comfort · · · health in this underwear

made in weights for every job and every climate · · ·

When you work or play outdoors you need the protective warmth of Carter medium to heavy weight. Comfortable, cold-resistant, but never cumbersome. In cotton, cotton-and-wool and wool



OUTDOORS—heavy or medium

INDOORS—light and sheer

For the indoor job and social event, light Carter weights are chosen. In cotton, cotton-and-wool, rayon-and-wool, rayon-and-cotton

TO be at your best—swinging down a forest trail or on a ballroom floor, working or playing, anywhere—you must be comfortable . . . When it's a question of underwear, comfort may mean health itself!

For the engineer in North Dakota or a bookkeeper in Baltimore, there are Carter Union Suits that are supremely *comfortable.* The right weights, the right fabrics for men in every climate, in every walk of life.

And the right fit!

Every Carter Union Suit is made from a master model tailored on real men—adjusted, corrected, moulded exactly to each typical frame. From the first moment you put it on, it is *constructed to be comfortable.*

But more. Each Carter fabric is knit by a special method. A method so effective that remarkable elasticity results — springiness that adjusts the garment to the play of every muscle, guards comfort even after months of hard wear.

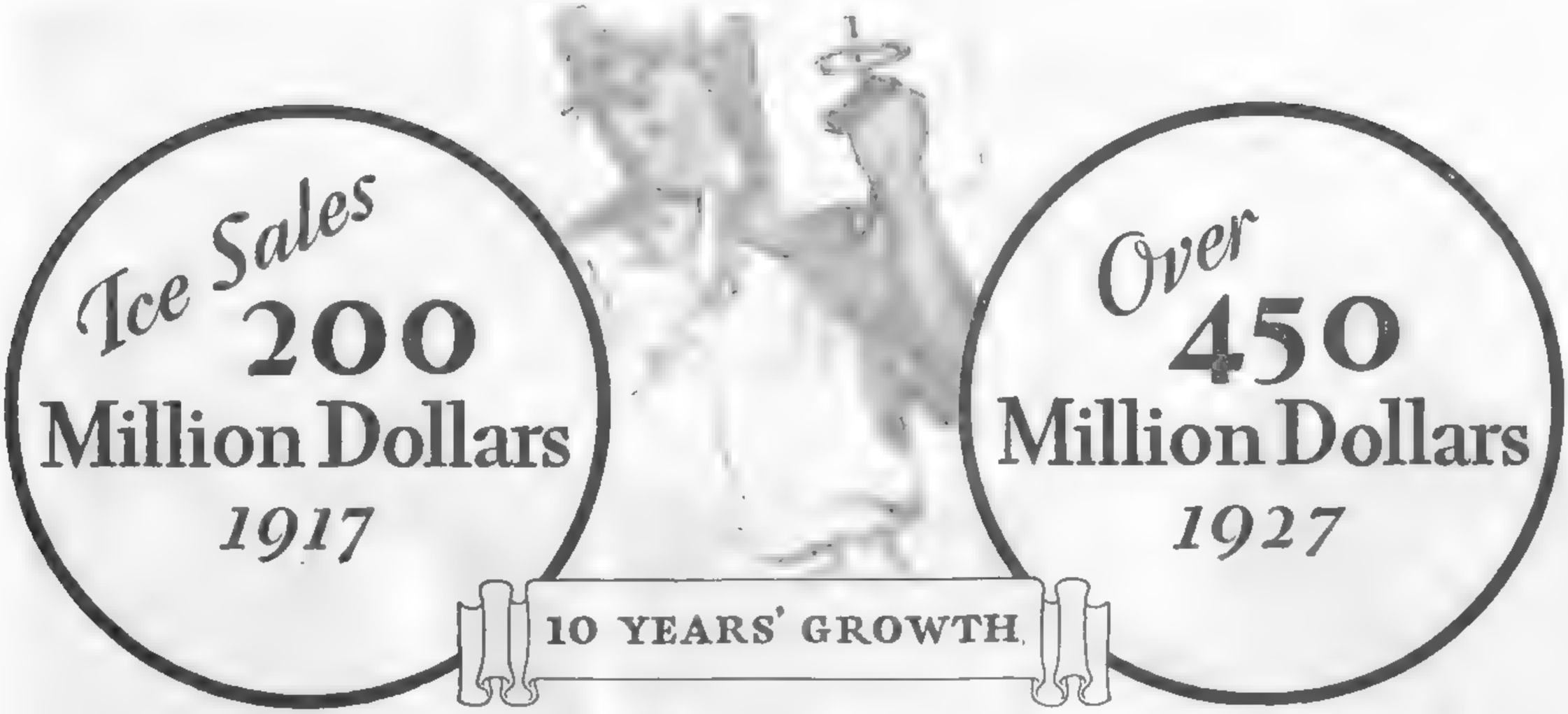
Ask your dealer to show you the different Carter styles. Note in all weights these special Carter features: flat seams, snug-fitting cuffs at wrists and ankles, military "sag-proof" shoulders, roomy seat with special flap and, not least, buttons that stay on. Be sure that the correct crotch-to-shoulder measurement is taken. The William Carter Company, Needham Heights, (Boston District), Massachusetts.

Full length sleeves and legs three-quarter length or athletic style

Carter's

REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

UNION SUITS *for Men*



Another Peak Year for ICE

Enormous ice consumption an impressive evidence of higher standard of living in the American home

HOW well people live today compared with even ten years ago! How much variety and flavor there is on the average American table. How much fresh, perishable food is consumed. How well it is kept, and how well served—*with ice.*

Thanks to ice, people now eat fruit and fresh vegetables the year 'round; they get their dairy products pure and ice-cold, in sealed containers. What a difference that has made in health, in comfort and in the pleasure of living.

Ice a Universal Need

Ice once was a luxury. Now it is a necessity. Without it there could be no general use of delicate and perishable foods. Milk would not have its rich, vital flavor. Ice has rendered a supreme service in saving the lives of babies. Writing in a recent issue of the North American Review, Dr. George E. Vincent, President of the Rockefeller Foundation, says: "A low infant death rate tells a story of good sanitation, pure water, a safeguarded milk supply, and the use of the household *ice box* and the cold storage plant." The infant death rate from intestinal troubles has been cut in two in twenty-five years.

Now in 12,000,000 *Homes*

Ice consumption per capita has more than doubled in the past ten years; it now averages over half a ton per capita—in some places a ton.

More than 95% of all home refrigeration is done with ice, in this country. It is cheap, quickly available in any amount desired, and involves no investment whatever except a good ice box, which can be kept well filled by the ice man without any bother to the housewife, especially with an outside icer. There is no mechanical upkeep and your ice supply is abundant and certain.

Per capita
ICE *consumption*

There are twelve million homes using ice and a full sixth of them take ice the year 'round. In the near future one-half of them will do so, and then ice consumption will far outstrip the growth of population.

Averages but $2.50 *to* $3.50 *per Month*

Women are learning the economy of using ice. They are learning how to refrigerate food in the home, not merely to keep it cold and free from spoilage, but in *prime* condition, with all of its juices and flavor intact. They are learning to take ice the year 'round, to save flavor in winter as it saves food in summer. Flavor is expensive; it costs a lot of money; it pays to preserve it, in all kinds of weather. Ice averages but a few cents a day.

A recent check-up of thousands of ice bills, taken at random from all sections of the country, shows that the average charge for all year 'round use in the better middle class home runs but a trifle over $40; in the smaller middle class home, less than $30. That is the small sum of $3.50 per month in the one class and less than $2.50 in the other.

And still the benefits of ice in the average home have only *just begun.* Ice is inexpensive but it will be even less expensive when better refrigerators are used and used right—when housewives pay more attention to the insulation of walls and to solid construction than they do to mere looks. Many ice boxes are inefficient. They burn up the ice rather than refrigerate food. In a good refrigerator, the results are ideal.

Why Ice Excels

The more housewives learn about the practical science of refrigeration, the more they appreciate what ice really does to food, how superior it is to all other kinds of refrigeration, how much more *natural* and how much cheaper. Keeping food cold is not enough. It must be kept *dry* enough to prevent mold, *moist* enough to prevent drying out. When food dries, it loses not only its savory juices, it loses its flavor as well. Melting ice in a good refrigerator makes just the right atmospheric balance—cold enough, dry enough, and moist enough, to keep food AT ITS BEST. And the air circulation is hygienic, carrying odors and impurities to the ice surface and thence in meltage down the drain.

* * * *

The ice men of this country are organized into a national body devoted to better ice service, to improving refrigerators, to scientific food preservation, to helping the housewife get the most benefit from ice at the least cost. That body meets in annual convention at Atlanta next week to review a most successful year for the ice industry—a direct result, it believes, of a keener appreciation of ice by the housewife—and to pledge its vast resources to continued endeavor for the health and comfort of the American home.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF ICE INDUSTRIES 163 W. WASHINGTON STREET, CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 142)

never forgave an injury. The only reason John Israel was alive was because Mr. Armit's rifle missed fire a time or two.

Thomas Armit indistinctly saw familiar faces in the throng about him; he saw Gen. John Woods and Judge Addison, Senator Ross and Major Craig and Gabriel Dubac, the Frenchman. They were Federalists, favorable to Captain Stenles; but there were Republicans as well—Doctor Scott and Thomas Baird and James McClurg. They had joined in the huzza. General Fowler stood shoulder to shoulder with Tarleton Bates. A storm of satirical queries assailed John Israel: Hadn't he better close his printing office and leave Pittsburgh? How long, with Mr. Armit gunning for him, could he hope to live? Would he meet the old man in an encounter?

Bates stepped forward. He raised his hand for silence. "I have an announcement and a request to make to Mr. Israel," he proceeded. "Lately there have been in the Tree of Liberty certain unflattering references to Captain Mathias Stenles, at present running for prothonotary in this city. Captain Stenles deserves better even from his opponents. Captain Stenles fought for America, for us, for Pittsburgh, in the sanguinary war against England. He was wounded and suffered for the cause of liberty. Captain Stenles is a man of honor; he is now returning from Cincinnati; and when he does return he will demand personal satisfaction from Mr. Israel. Captain Stenles is a lion in spirit but wasted in body, and a number of gentlemen have joined me in the resolution to prevent him from engaging in a duel. Mr. Israel, if the present attacks on Captain Stenles continue in the Tree of Liberty we will insist on meeting them in a body. We will insist upon Captain Stenles not acting. I may add that some of your most distinguished political supporters are in agreement with me."

John Israel was amazed. He had nothing personally against Captain Mathias Stenles, a gentleman of the highest reputation. He had merely written in the interest of the party. Mr. Tarleton Bates well knew that political controversies often took on an appearance of bitterness which had no base in actuality. The Federalists could not possibly elect their candidates and he would be delighted to accord Captain Stenles the fullest expression of his opinion of him as an individual and a citizen. There was a fresh and louder huzza. James McClurg took the place of Tarleton Bates. He wanted, he said, to emphasize all that Mr. Bates had expressed. The Republican Party honored the men who had had a part in the great struggle for America and freedom.

Thomas Armit didn't hear him. He was dead.

ACCELERATING SENTIMENT

(Continued from Page 7)

than Beachey or Mars got out of their machines. The position of the engine was responsible for the high mortality in crashes. The motor always fell on top of the aviator.

It was in this type of machine that Beachey gave his exhibitions, and I still shiver when I think of him flying through the air in that flimsy contraption, resembling nothing quite so much as a monkey clinging to a zooming trellis. Every stunt he accomplished added a new item to the science of aviation, even though that stunt was for the edification of the wheat binders gazing skyward from the state and county fairs, which were early aviation's proving grounds. Instead of Beachey's stunts being encouraged by Curtiss and other deans of flying, he was severely criticized and threatened with ostracism by the clubs promoting air tournaments. They called him a flying fool and aerial maniac, who was bringing ridicule to the sport of aviation. There is no doubt that dozens of gamesters were killed trying to emulate Beachey's hazardous feats, and Curtiss absolutely refused to build a machine in which Beachey could loop the loop.

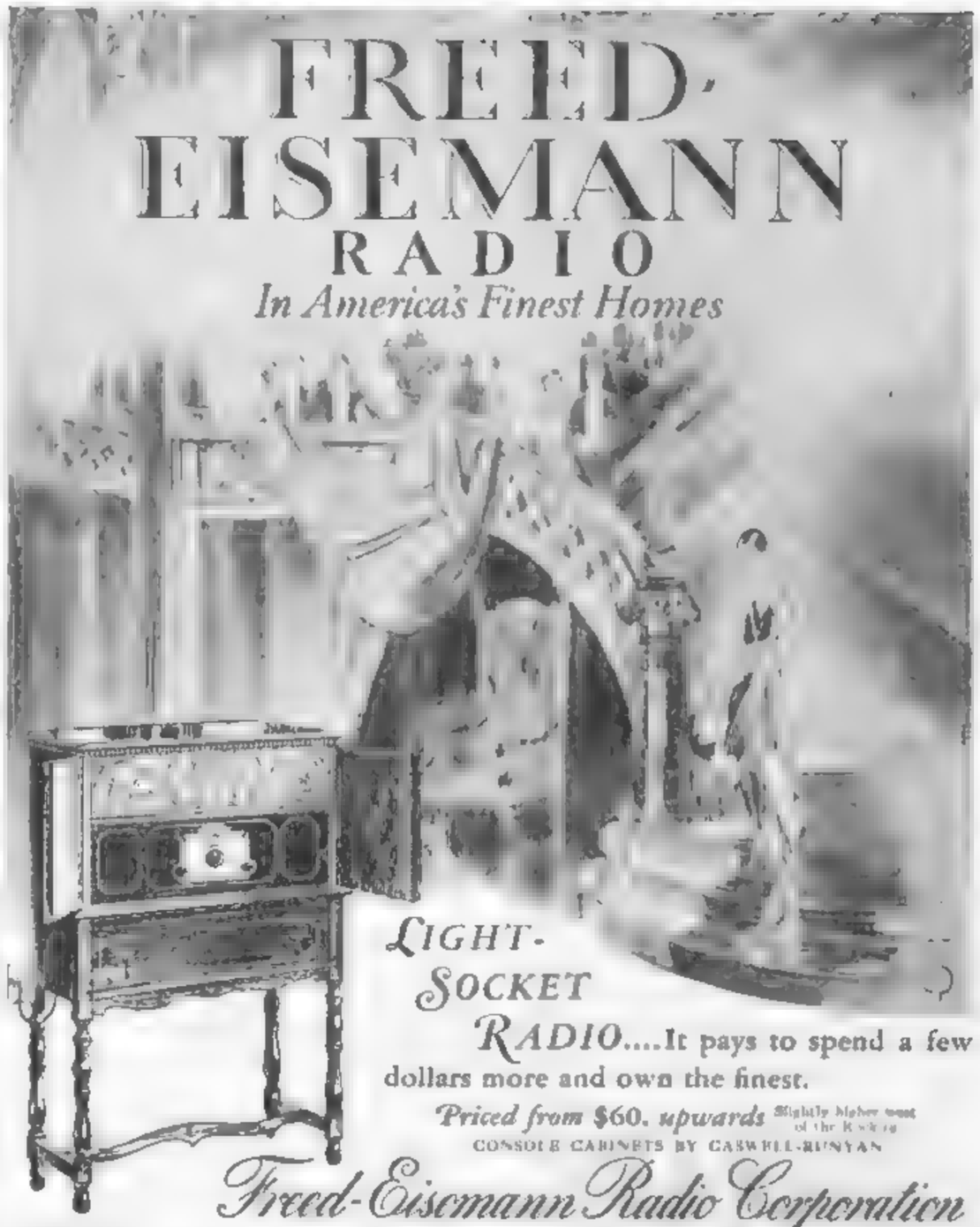
The first loop the loop accomplished in public was made by the Frenchman, Pegoud, at Issy, France. But there is no doubt that the idea germinated in Beachey's brain. In fact, I had advertised him in 1912 as looping the loop at a height of 5000 feet. The reason why I sent him up to that distance was because his loop was nothing more than a vertical bank in a 100-foot circle. It was a loop all right, but it was a ring-around-a-rosy affair and not an up-and-over somersault. However, you can get away with a lot of stuff when you are 5000 feet in the air.

Beachey knew that he could loop the loop but didn't want to try it in a bamboo cage that was little stronger than a borrowed umbrella. He gave out interviews for two years, stating that his next great feat would be the loop, but Curtiss refused to construct a more powerful machine in spite of Beachey's pleadings. Having been deprived of his prospective thrill, Beachey got disgusted, quit flying and entered the real-estate business in his home town of San Francisco in the winter of 1912.

When news was flashed that Pegoud had looped on September 13, 1913, using a rotary Gnome motor, it was a great blow to Beachey. Both Curtiss and Wright claimed that Pegoud's loop was nothing more than an optical illusion and that Pegoud had merely accomplished Beachey's vertical bank. But Beachey knew that it had been done and wired me to meet him at Hammondsport, where we arranged with Curtiss immediately to construct a plane from designs that Beachey had submitted two years before. The engine was a V-shaped, eight-cylinder aviation motor, no rotary Gnome of the type used by Pegoud being available in this country.

Curtiss built the machine under protest, claiming that the upright motor would stop at the apex of the loop and that Beachey would finish the loop in a hearse. Beachey pinned his faith to his theory that centrifugal force would carry him up and over and that the engine would resume operations on the downward arc.

While Beachey was landing after his first flight with the new machine, which was a biplane with a wing spread of twenty feet, he miscalculated the speed of the midget craft and swept over the roof of a canvas army hangar. There were two lieutenants of the air service and two sisters perched on the ridgepole of the hangar watching Beachey's first flight in ten months. The



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Permanently and cheaply

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IT will pay you to insist on Rutland No-Tar-In Roof Coating (or No. 4 Paste) at your hardware or paint store. Save money by mailing the coupon today. Rutland Fire Clay Co., Dept. B-38, Rutland, Vermont.

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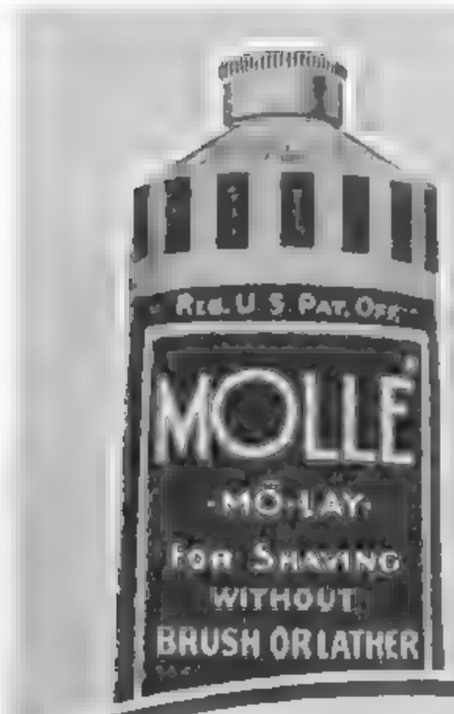

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Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

lieutenants leaped, but the sisters were struck by the wings and one was killed. It was the first time in his career that he had ever injured a spectator. He stepped out of the machine and retired from aviation for the second time.

That faced me with a loss of $10,000, for I had such faith in Beachey's loop that I had ordered that amount of lurid twenty-four-sheet posters. A twenty-four-sheet is an immense advertising sign just two dozen times the size of an ordinary lithograph. As it was winter, I had intended starting Beachey off in San Diego, and that town was plastered with circus posters informing San Diego that Beachey would fly upside down on Thanksgiving Day, 1913. Even the tickets were selling in advance.

A New Stunt

I had a hook-up with the Al Bahr Temple Shriners and it was under their auspices that Beachey was going to fly. Beachey mooned around Hammondsport for a week and I made no attempt to persuade him to reconsider his decision to retire. But one morning when he opened his eyes the first thing he saw was a twenty-four-sheet plastered on the side wall of his bedroom. The poster depicted him flying upside down—a thing he had not yet accomplished. The next day we were on our way to San Diego with the new airplane crated away in the baggage car.

Beachey made his first trial loop the same day that he saw the two army lads crash. Then I sent the telegrams to Garrison and Daniels, and the House of Pickens was back in business.

The telegrams drew sparks. Beachey came to me the next evening holding two telegraphed responses in his hand. The replies invited him to come to Washington and show Congress how the Government should be run. He couldn't understand the telegrams, because he knew nothing of the wires I had sent to Garrison and Daniels.

Mr. and Mrs. Knabenshue

When I told him that he was going to Washington, Beachey retired from aviation for not only the third time but for all time. I talked him out of that and he was in Washington in a short time, spending four hours with Garrison and as much time with Daniels.

Once again the name of Beachey crashed the front pages of every newspaper in America. He called attention to the fact that while France had spent $7,000,000 on aviation in 1912, the United States had expended a miserable $125,000.

I immediately rushed Beachey out to the West to reap in the golden harvest of dollars which I knew would follow such terrific publicity. We played Fresno, Stockton, Sacramento and Oakland on four successive Saturdays and Sundays. I had the public steamed up to the whistling point. There were twenty-four-sheet stands on every wall and fence in California; every man, woman and offspring wanted to see Beachey.

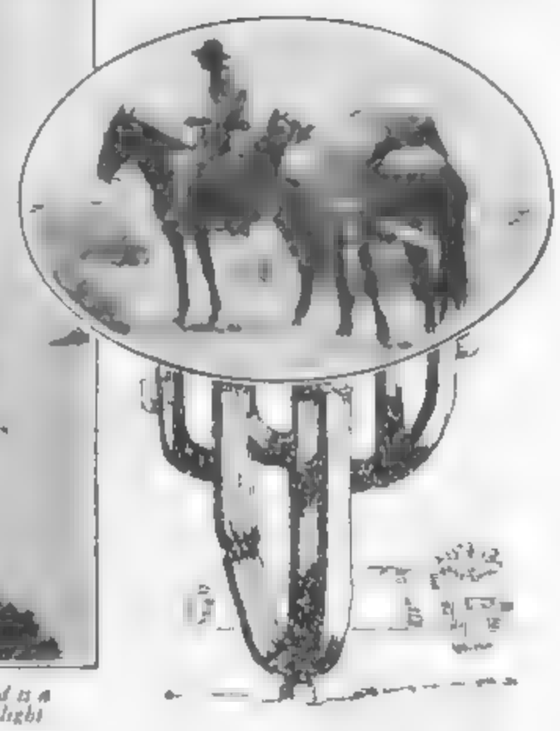
All Grand-Stand Seats

We leased grounds which would accommodate 50,000 people and threw open the gates. Every gate had an armed guard ready to protect the silver harvest which was to flow into our moneybags. But no crowd materialized, nor were any dollars paid to see Beachey loop the loop. Selling tickets to see Beachey loop the loop in mid-air was like selling pasteboards entitling the holders to see a free eclipse of the sun. The crowds numbered up to 100,000, but they didn't crash the gates. They stayed outside the fields in the roads and meadows, where they could get a fair, impartial view of Beachey in his aerial convulsions. It was then I realized that Barnum had a canvas over his circus to prevent the public from stealing free looks at his animals. We lost a ton of money on the four towns and Beachey suggested another retirement. I vetoed this, as I couldn't retire without the permission of a referee in bankruptcy. I asked Beachey to reconsider his retirement until I could think up a plan to outwit the public.

The idea came to me that same night. I wired Barney Oldfield, who had also retired from automobile racing, and asked him to bring his fastest car to join me in San Francisco. In figuring out the failure of Beachey's exhibitions, I realized that I had made a mistake in having the lithographer depict Beachey turning loops in the clouds. This tipped the public off that they could spot him from any section of the state and canceled the necessity of buying tickets. I discarded the twenty-four-sheets showing Beachey high above the earth and had a new batch printed in which he was shown skimming the ground directly above a thundering four-wheeled avalanche. In that avalanche were the familiar features of

(Continued on Page 149)

Preparing Knabenshue's Airship for a Flight



Catalina Island is a never-ending delight

Plan Now— A Winter of a Thousand *Springtime* Joys!

Southern California is the Place to Play and Rest

READ this Southern California message first to yourself, second, aloud to the family—then make up your mind *to take a real vacation this winter.* No other spot on earth is more irresistibly alluring, or more beneficial. Living expenses are unusually moderate.

Come on out to Southern California and unlimber your mind and your body. Thrill your whole being with the strange, fascinating pictures on every hand—fruit-laden orange trees and gorgeous roses, with snow-covered mountains in plain view—an hour's motoring distant; walk in the footsteps of the padres at Old Missions; dip in the Pacific, or cruise or motor along its shores for hundreds of miles.

Play golf on *green* links while blizzards rage in the old home town! Play tennis in balmy December—January—February—March summery sunshine; or climb nearby mountains into Arctic temperature and toboggan, ski or skate! Drive 5,000 miles of Southern California's paved boulevards that lead to hundreds of intriguing vistas.

You cannot grasp the bigness of this friendly giant *Southland* of yours; you have no conception of its winter gorgeousness; its mellowy, bracing, spring-like, winter climate that remakes health for old and young You've got to see it, feel it, absorb it!

Your lasting thrills will include the vast business enterprises of Southern California—an empire in the making. Los Angeles County alone in 1926 produced over $116,500,361 in agriculture, live stock and citrus products. Oil wells supplied 122,564,276 barrels. Los Angeles harbor in 1926 rolled up a 22,094,976 tonnage. And the future is overflowing with opportunity!

To quickly picture all you want to know about Southern California—we have issued one of the most complete books on vacations ever printed We'll send a copy *free* to you. 52 pages, illustrated, tell you just what you can see and do in this unique land of oranges, palm trees and Old Spanish Missions.

Come by way of Los Angeles—the metropolis of the Pacific Coast—with a population exceeding 1,250,000. Be sure your itinerary includes San Diego, Riverside, Orange, San Bernardino, Ventura—you won't want to miss any of this delightful region. Return, if you like, by way of Santa Barbara, San Francisco, Oakland, Portland, Seattle, Tacoma and Spokane. See the great Pacific Coast in one memorable trip. Consult your railroad ticket agent.

But decide *NOW* to come! Sign and mail the coupon—then you know you're headed for

All-year golf on ever green links

Orange groves and motor trips are delightful

Vistas like this make motor trips fascinating

Southern California

"A trip abroad in your own America!"

All-Year Club of Southern California,
Dept. B-10, Chamber of Commerce Bldg.,
Los Angeles, California

Please send me your free booklet about Southern California vacations. Also booklets telling especially of the attractions and opportunities in the counties which I have checked.

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- ☐ Los Angeles Sports
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- Orange
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FOR HOMES and BOILERS up to 200 horse power.

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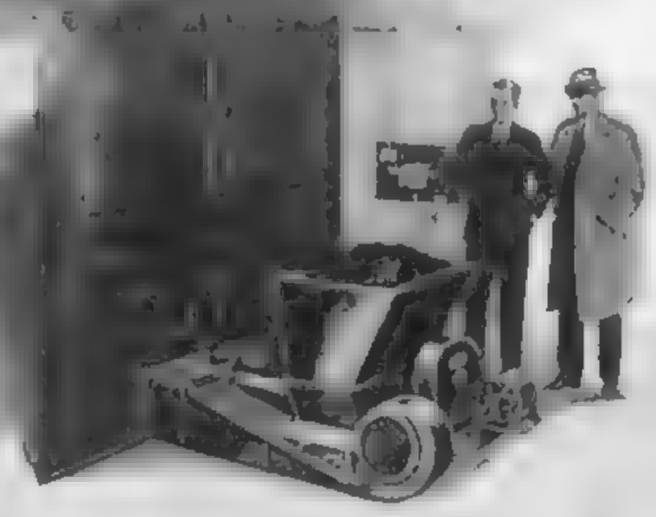

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IRON FIREMAN MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Portland, Oregon

BRANCHES IN CLEVELAND AND ST. LOUIS. DEALERS IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES IN UNITED STATES AND CANADA

(Continued from Page 146)

Barney Oldfield, smoking his famous cigar, while he drove a Cyclone at the loitering speed of 100 miles an hour. The legend on the poster informed the amazed public that the Demon of the Sky would race the Dare-devil of the Ground for the championship of the earth, air and water—which were three very necessary elements for the comfort of man.

Then before I launched forth on the greatest ballyhoo that Oldfield and Beachey ever got, I hired fifty carpenters and built the fences ten feet higher. If anybody was going to see my next show free he would have to find a knot hole in the fence. Oldfield had no idea of my object in asking him to come to San Francisco, and his first inkling of the scheme was when he looked out of his Pullman window and saw himself twenty-four-sheeted on the side of a barn. When he saw himself in a racing car with an airplane riding on his neck he realized that Will H. Pickens had evolved a new method of endangering the lives of retired dare-devils.

The posters were beautiful examples of the paint factory's art. There are only seven primary colors in the spectrum, but my taste in posters had graduated from the primary class years before. When I selected posters I was in the high school. Oldfield had only one objection to the bombastic pictures, and that protest was based on the fact that the posters portrayed Beachey's plane perched on Barney's cap. Beachey had an uncanny judgment of distance which was so certain that I advertised him to land a wheel on the butt end of an egg, bump the egg just hard enough to break its shell, and then zoom upward into the sky again. He did this on Easter Sunday in San Diego. I selected a nice, fresh egg from cold storage, showed it to the ten officials of the meet and then placed the egg in the center of a white sheet on the landing field.

Too Many Loops

Beachey rose 900 or 1000 feet and then dropped in a nose dive straight for the egg. He leveled off about fifty feet from the ground, continued on toward the egg and skimmed lightly across the sheet amid the cheers of the crowd. I ran out and got the egg, bringing it back to the committee, who saw the shell was slightly cracked. That made good copy for the newspapers and we pulled it right along at small fairs. I forgot to tell the committees that on my way out to place the pearl of the farmyard on the sheet I tapped its shell lightly with a fountain pen, thereby being sure of a cracked egg even if Beachey should miss it—which he always did.

The new combination of Oldfield and Beachey was one of the greatest outdoor amusement combinations ever known. It was purely a hippodrome, Barney winning one day and Beachey copping the next. Whenever Beachey wanted to win, all he had to do was to drop his plane in front of Barney's car and Barney would be forced to coast in second. This combination cleaned up $250,000 in its first year.

Oldfield and Beachey were equal attractions. I used Barney to get the reluctant spectators inside the gates, for he broke the track records day after day. After the thrilling race Beachey would go up and loop the loop.

At first a single loop was enough to make the weed benders gasp out their gold bridge work, but as the novelty wore off he was compelled to break his own records. He worked up from one loop to two, to three and finally up to nine.

One day in Sacramento he did ten amid the plaudits of the Western coast. The Sacramento newspaper which screamed this news to the world the next day also ran a small item about an Englishman named Hamel who had accomplished twenty-seven loops the same afternoon.

The next Sunday Beachey was forced to do twenty-eight loops to retain the upside-down laurels for America. Then some jealous Frenchman did sixty-four and Beachey topped this with sixty-five. He was finally doing eighty loops in an afternoon, but by that time the rubes were yawning.

A dare-devil feat should be accomplished but once an afternoon, provided it is embellished with proper ballyhooing. The minute you do it twice in the same spot the spectators think they can do it themselves. Eighty loops meant nothing but a willful waste of time and gasoline. Hamel certainly spoiled a good racket when he did twenty-seven in one fling. Hamel was the mysterious English flyer who was supposed to have been lost in the North Sea at the start of the World War.

Remember the Oregon!

I took the Oldfield-Beachey combination into every city in the country, big and little. There was one city I was very anxious to play and that was Dayton, Ohio, home of Orville Wright, who still insisted that the loop was an optical illusion, even though Beachey had been doing it for six months. We gave Wright his first view of Beachey on August 1, 1914. Wright watched Beachey through his field glasses and then admitted that, if his eyes hadn't deceived him, his opera glasses were cheating. He shook hands warmly with Beachey after the looping and admitted that the loop was a fixture in aviation. We collected $22,000 in Dayton that day from a crowd of 30,000. The net was $18,000, which was divided three ways between Oldfield, Beachey and myself.

Beachey's biggest afternoon was the day he blew up the battleship in San Francisco Bay before the Panama-Pacific Exposition opened. I again put on a magnificent ballyhoo, with twenty-four-sheets depicting Beachey bombing the battleship Oregon. The picture was a composite photograph made up by newspaper artists. The battleship was the Oregon, all right, but the smoke and flames of the explosion were the upper half of a photo of a burning oil well which had been struck by lightning. The fragments of iron and steel flying through the air, which made the poor old Oregon look like a bursting junk yard, were borrowed from a picture of a collision between two locomotives at a state fair in Arizona. The affair was such a success that I sank the Oregon later on in Chicago, St. Louis, Brighton Beach and many other places.

Both Oldfield and Beachey complained that they had a difficult time being as brave and as reckless as my twenty-four-sheets. The actual battleship sunk was the Gorgonzola, and it was made of wood and painted canvas, about 200 feet in length. This structure was erected on two barges and topped off with masts and funnels. It was placed in position a mile from shore and 80,000 people gathered on the exposition grounds to watch Beachey sink the boat. There was a crew of 100 sailors on board the Gorgonzola. I borrowed them from the training ship at Goat Island. There were six young fellows up in the crow's nest and women fainted when a puff of smoke from Beachey's plane indicated that he had dropped his first bomb. There was an answering explosion from the Gorgonzola, for Beachey was a sharpshooter that day. The men started to faint, too, when Beachey dropped fifty bombs in quick succession and made fifty dead hits on the decks of the battleship.

The crowd was in a state of panic, because they did not think that Will H. Pickens would massacre a crew of 100 American sailors. The majority left in a daze, but the morning papers explained everything. When the smoke of the explosions hid the wreck, a tug took off the crew. Beachey then continued his ruthless destruction. But he never dropped a bomb. The only ammunition he had aloft was some black smoke powder which he touched off in a pâpier-mâché gun

The Gorgonzola was decorated with a series of smoke pots, ground bombs and dynamite, augmented with mortars. These fireworks were hooked up by electric wires

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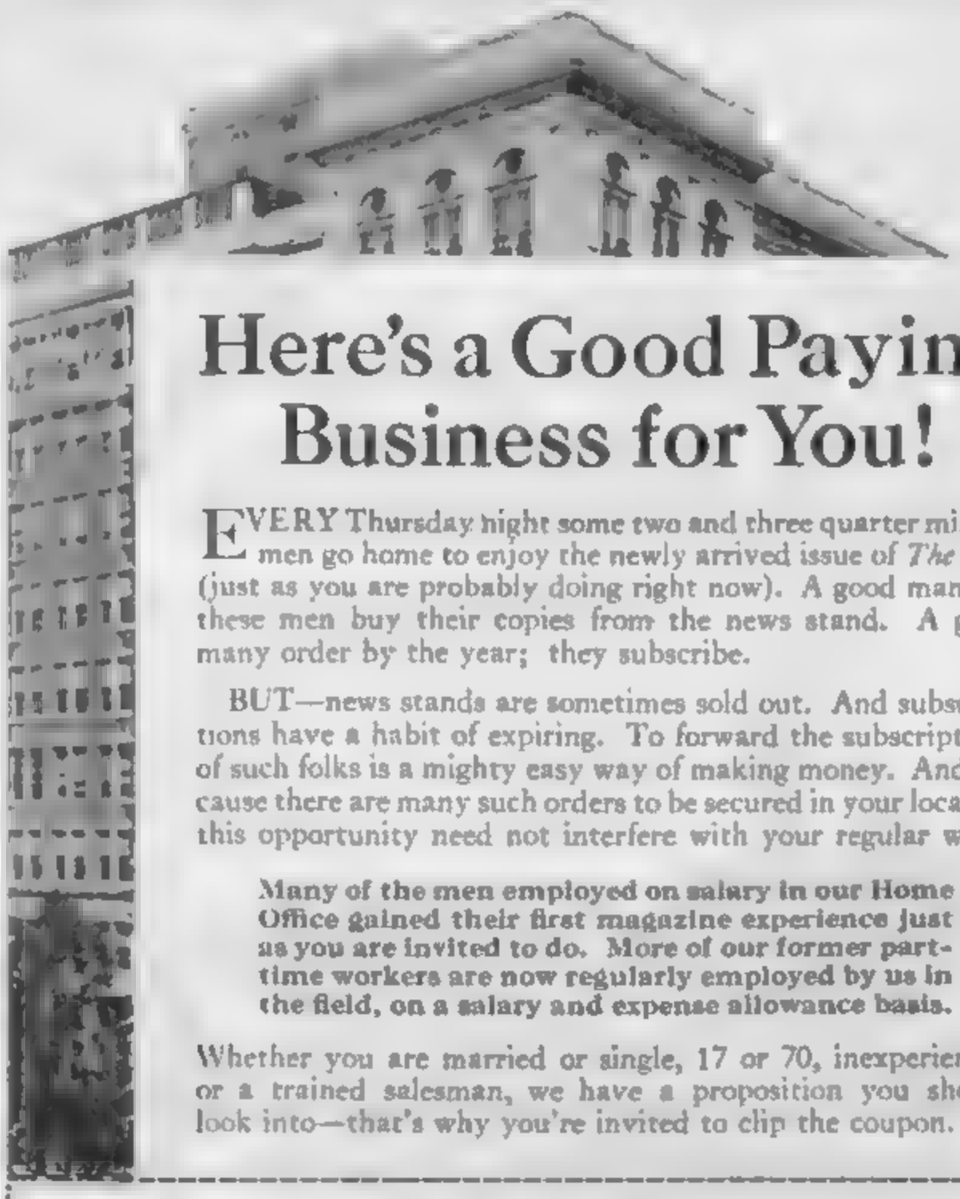

Here's a Good Paying Business for You!

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BUT—news stands are sometimes sold out. And subscriptions have a habit of expiring. To forward the subscriptions of such folks is a mighty easy way of making money. And because there are many such orders to be secured in your locality, this opportunity need not interfere with your regular work.

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Whether you are married or single, 17 or 70, inexperienced or a trained salesman, we have a proposition you should look into—that's why you're invited to clip the coupon.

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Beauty . . . richness of rare woods, delicate grace of ornament, superb craftsmanship and enduring finish. Convenient, spacious and luxurious. Everything you seek in dining furniture has been attained in this Van Raalte creation at a price that will please you. Ask to see Limbert suite 126. Name of nearest dealer on request.

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How many times have you said to yourself, "If I had $25.00 a month (or $35.00, or $50.00)—*extra*—coming in, I'd be able to keep well ahead of expenses and save a little money."

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Two years ago Mr. Wallace clipped a coupon like the one below and became our representative in his locality. Since then he has earned many extra dollars every month by forwarding his friends' and his neighbors' subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*.

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to a tug lying back of the Gorgonzola. Every time Beachey touched off his pasteboard cannon a man on the tug pressed a button, which exploded the dynamite on the battleship. By pressing other buttons he could ignite smoke pots, ground bombs and cause the mortars to eject a shell known in fireworks circles as an aerial salute, which whizzed into the air for 1000 feet and then exploded with a terrific noise that rocked the shores of San Francisco.

Even when Beachey was two miles away from the doomed craft, he continued to make direct hits on her superstructure. Her guns, turrets and masts all were blown to souvenirs. That year's medal for the best gun crew in the Navy should have gone to the man who pressed the buttons on the tug. He didn't miss the Gorgonzola once. The exposition authorities paid the expenses of lining the battleship with dynamite and bombs. That cost $5000. The take at the gate was $16,437.60. It would have been larger if the exposition authorities hadn't limited us to charging twenty-five cents for adults and ten cents for children. Beachey got 50 per cent of the take, which gave him a profit of $8218.80 for the afternoon.

This stunt was one of a series in my great aerial and military-preparedness spectacles which I had outlined for Beachey during 1915. I had Beachey ballyhooed all over the world and he was the outstanding feature in aviation. I got the preparedness-campaign idea following his qualifying six Curtiss planes after the army experts had said the Curtiss planes would not come up to government specifications.

The planes were about to be turned back to Curtiss because the army flyers could not climb 5000 feet in five minutes. Curtiss wired Beachey in the West and told him of his predicament.

Diplomatic Publicity

Beachey flew all the planes, and as he came down in the last one he went through a series of evolutions and aerial gymnastics which were looked upon as demoralizing to the young army aviators. His most outrageous stunt was to dance a jig with his landing wheels on the flat roof of an army hangar. The official word was passed on and Beachey was barred.

It was up to me to get Beachey back into government favor, for my preparedness-spectacle campaign called for an initial flight in Washington, with its sure-fire front pages of unpurchasable publicity. It was up to Will H. Pickens to start a ballyhooing and a shillabering that would get results. This time I used no twenty-four-sheets. Instead of the usual hooing and shilling, I purchased a pair of rubber heels, and throttling my exhaust within the city limits, I went to digging tunnels like a mole.

I enlisted the support of Chance M. Vought, associate editor of Aero and Hydro, a Chicago aviation weekly which had been forcing a campaign in an endeavor to cause Congress to donate adequate appropriations for military aircraft. I suggested to Vought that it would be a great idea for the future of aviation if Beachey were invited by government aviation officials to demonstrate man's mastery of the air to the country's lawmakers. But, I explained carefully, Beachey would not go to Washington if there were any suspicion that he was doing it to gain personal capital out of the exhibition. In proof of this, he would cancel the trip if any announcement leaked out in the newspapers. Vought wrote to the chief of the Bureau of Aeronautics, who replied that he appreciated the value of the suggestion. When I saw his reply, I traded my rubber heels for a bass drum and prepared to make some noise. Science hath its victories, as well as brute strength.

Seeing is Believing

Beachey was to fly on Monday, September 28, 1914, and he was to be watched by President Wilson, his cabinet, members of Congress and everybody in Washington who could bend a neck to the rear. On the preceding Saturday, Beachey gathered in $8000 flying on a percentage basis at the Illinois State Fair in Springfield. While I was checking up this money, Beachey got a wire from the Bureau of Aeronautics asking him for permission to publish his name in Monday morning's Washington Post. It was to be a dignified announcement which would in no way detract from Beachey's prestige.

I told Beachey to wire back and permit them to publish his name. This was a great personal sacrifice on my part, for by now you can understand how I hated publicity. When that wire was sent it was the first time in my life that I missed the presence of a paper hoop or something else to jump through.

Beachey was in Washington Monday morning and the dignified announcement consisted of a front-page story in the Post. Beachey made two morning flights from the Polo Field, which was one of the government fields that had been barred to him. He made the first flight for the members of Congress and then put on a special show for President Wilson. He looped the loop, tore off sizzling vertical drops, flew upside down, demonstrated numerous roll-overs, side slips, tail spins and other maneuvers, which were as startling thirteen years ago as an Atlantic flight is today.

Then we packed up and left for Brockton, Massachusetts, where he flew the next day and collected $7500. I had arranged his exhibition so that it would not interfere with the practical side of aviation. The deluge of publicity which swamped us after the Washington flight was tremendous. The reason Beachey wasn't all on the front pages was because the make-up men in the composing rooms had to break up the story and carry it over into the inside pages. I resigned from diplomatic ballyhooing and went in strong for the robust outdoor brand.

Beachey became such a national name that on the editorial page of the Indianapolis Star for Wednesday, July 22, 1914, there appeared this sentence: "It's a front-page story every day that Lincoln Beachey remains alive."

Beachey was to be a front-page story for but eight more months. We went back to the coast after the outdoor season in the East and he bombed the Gorgonzola on New Year's Day, 1915. Then he opened the Panama-Pacific Exposition on February twentieth and flew every day until the fourteenth day of March. On that day he flew for the fourth time in a monoplane of his own making, modeled after the German Taube. He had made three test flights in this plane, but only at very low altitudes. His first public flight in the Taube was before 50,000 people on the exposition

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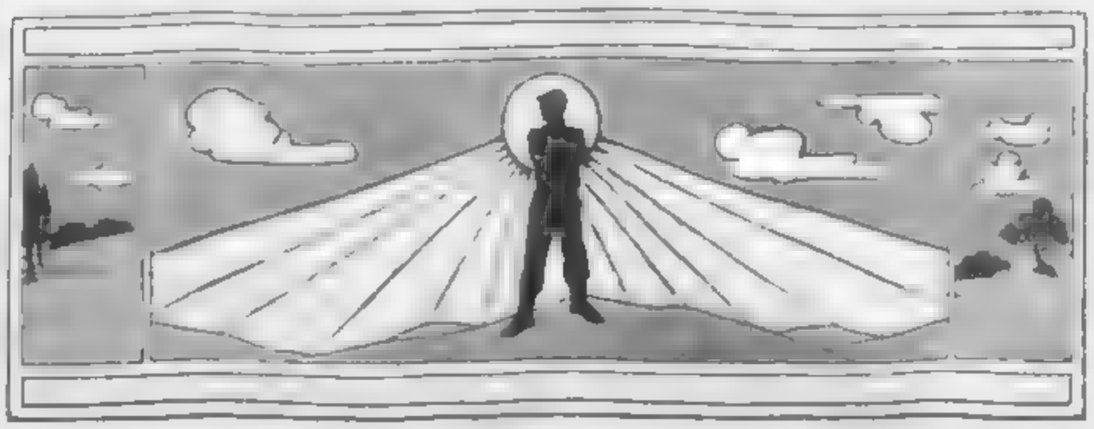

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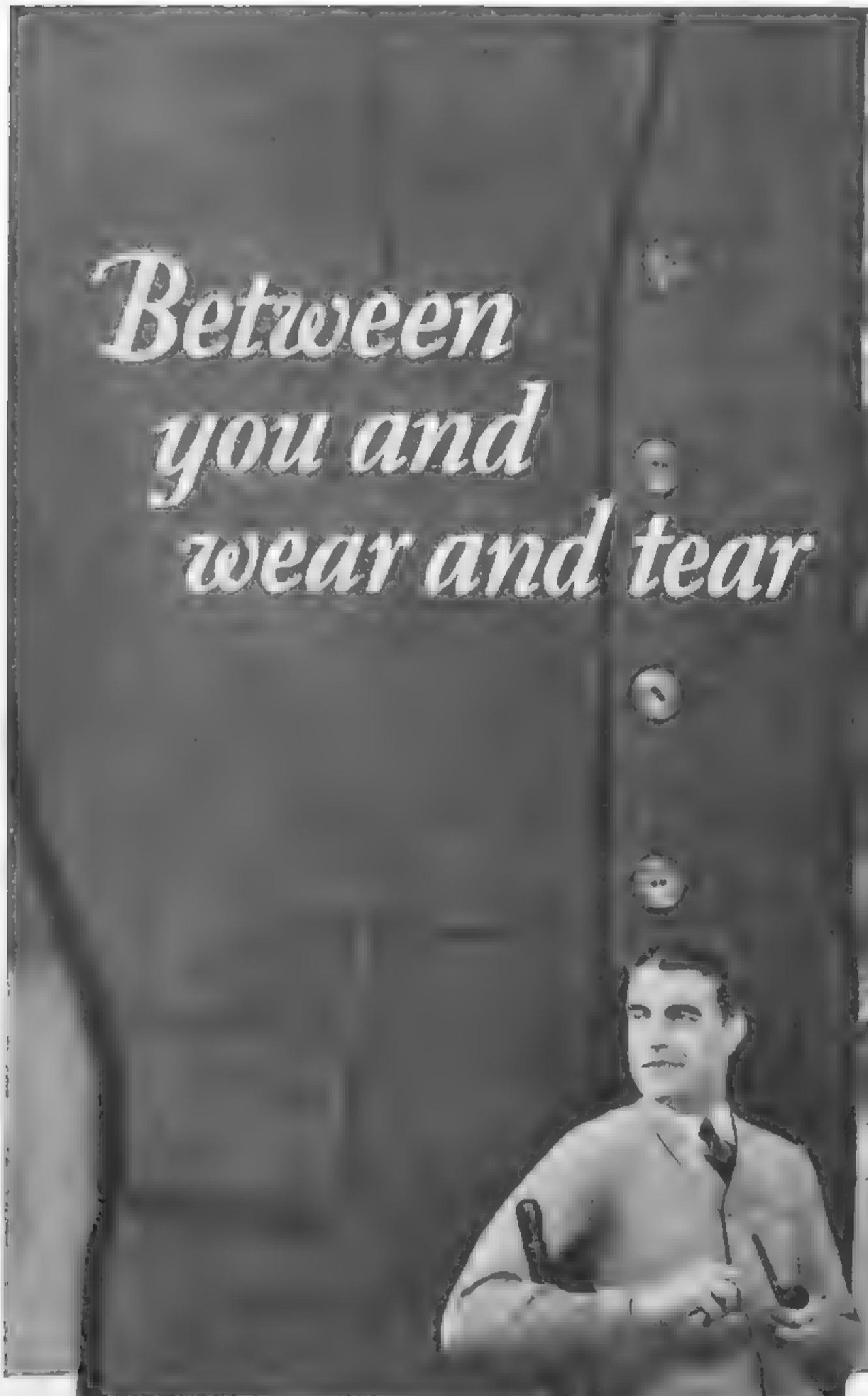

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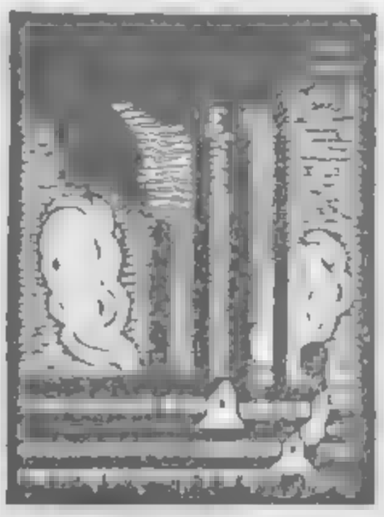

A Single Company Investing $100,000,000 in Virginia

AFTER an exhaustive survey of the United States, The Allied Chemical Corporation has come to Virginia to make an investment that will exceed one hundred million dollars.

Here they are building the greatest Nitrate Plant in the world. Contracts have been let for the first unit, costing ten million dollars.

Such investments are predicated on facts only. The reasons which have influenced this choice, as given in person by the President of The Allied Chemical Corporation to the Governor of Virginia, are:

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Nearness to all eastern markets

The hospitable attitude of Virginia in inviting new industries

The certainty of favorable taxation both present and future, assured by the "pay-as-you-go" policy of the State—safeguarding against pyramiding bond issues and their ensuing taxes.

As a matter of course, other industries are following the example of The Allied Chemical Corporation in coming to

Virginia

For Information Address:

State Conservation and Development Commission
State Office Building
Richmond, Va.

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While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

Yesterday — lurking danger

Today *AUTOMATIC* *Flatiron Safety!*

NOW another long wanted, much needed fire protection is available for every home

Yesterday's ever-present, unseen risks and dangers of an electric flatiron, temporarily forgotten with the current on, have made way for automatic fire prevention.

Today, with the TORRID-SAFETY Plug you can have automatic control, designed to prevent the temperature of your iron from becoming too great for safety—and combined with this, a dependable "off and on" switch to regulate the heat

When the heat in your flatiron reaches the danger point, the thermostat inside the TORRID-SAFETY Plug operates, the electric current is cut off—and it stays off, until switched on again by hand

Remember this—heat in your unprotected flatiron is invisible it silently increases—it gradually grows dangerous, and your first knowledge of danger is usually after the damage is done

The TORRID Automatic Safety Switch Plug fits any flatiron—it watches for you and "remembers" when you forget

You have always needed this TORRID Plug protection. Today at your retailer's you can get it at little cost.

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HARTFORD, CONN.
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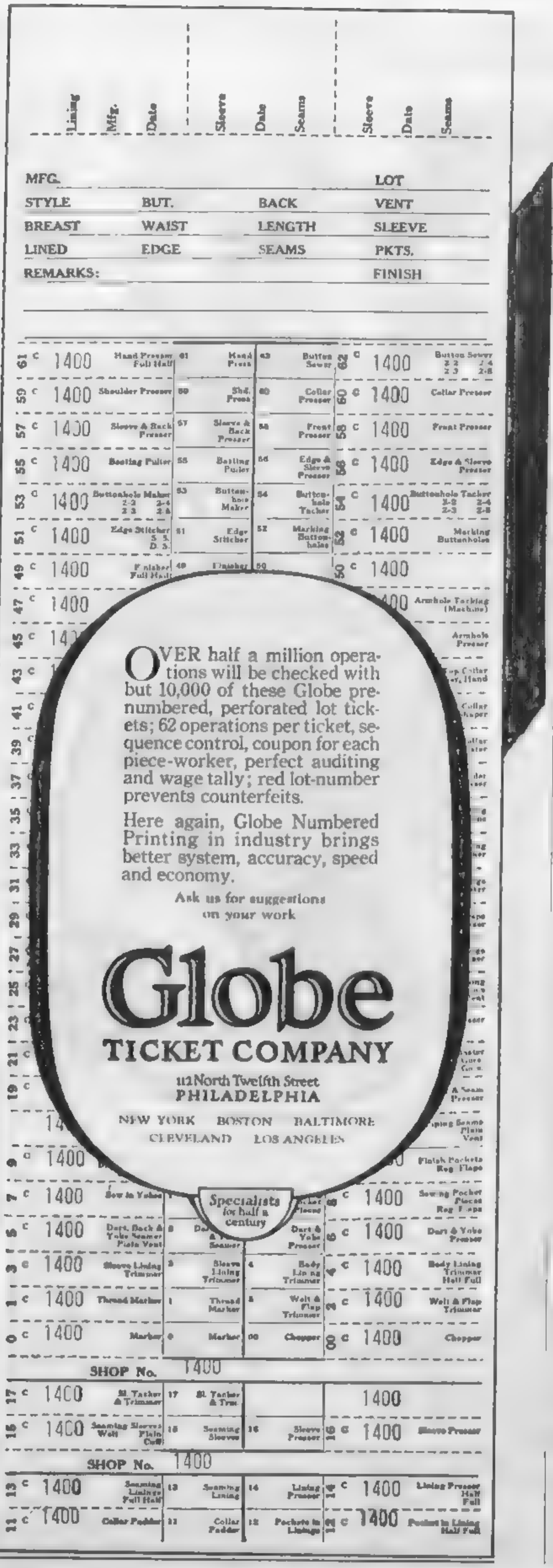
TORRID
AUTOMATIC
Safety Switch Plug

A new addition to TORRID
Electric Appliances
"The Complete Line"

The Plug that "remembers" when you forget

WOLCOTT HAS SUPPLIED ANOTHER LONG-FELT HOUSEHOLD NEED



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grounds. It was a small light monoplane with a wing spread of only eighteen feet. He seemed as cool and calm as usual, but expended some care in tuning and tightening up his wires and braces.

He got off the ground in the first fifty feet, flew out over the bay, came back at a height of 6000 feet and started to loop the loop. Then he did a long vertical drop and turned over for his upside-down flight. He must have realized that he was close to the water, for he suddenly tried to whip out from his inverted position. The terrific strain he put on the wings caused his left wing to break off and dangle by its upper supporting wires. Then the right wing snapped and fluttered in the air. He might as well have been astride an anvil in the clouds, for the Taube dropped like a plummet into San Francisco Bay, plunging into the water between the army transports Crook and Logan.

The machine embedded itself in the mud under thirty feet of water. Beachey was hopelessly strapped in the only fuselage in which he had ever ridden. A launch and sixteen divers were sent over from the battleship Oregon—the same boat which Beachey had so often bombed in canvas effigy. It required the services of a derrick on a lighter to lift the Taube out of the mud. Beachey was still firmly held in his seat by safety straps.

The editor of the Indianapolis Star was wrong about it being a front-page story every day that Beachey remained alive. He was a front-page story the day after his death. Beachey had retired four times, but each time my twenty-four-sheets had pulled him back. But he would have come back without my ballyhoo. He was a professional dare-devil, and no professional dare-devil ever quits. It is the same spirit that keeps Walter Johnson on the pitching mound after twenty years of service in front of the public. Barney Oldfield retired a half dozen times and always returned. If you think that old Barney is through, let me remind you that only last July he drove a 1000-mile test against a speedway record in Los Angeles and broke it. Jim Jeffries came back and Benny Leonard will make the attempt.

It's in the blood. One of my dare-devils was Jake De Rosier, the pioneer of motorcycling in America. He held many records for motorcycle racing on board and dirt tracks. He retired on the average of once a week, but couldn't withstand the lure of the flaming billboards. He was severely injured in an accident on a board track in 1912 out on the coast. It was necessary to amputate his right leg, and when I visited him the same night in the hospital, he smiled up from his pillows and said, "Bill, I'm through for good this time."

I knew he was, for the surgeons had told me before I entered the room. They allowed me to stay for a scant five minutes, but I saw he was following the pacemaker who leads to eternity. Jake must have thought over his retirement during those five minutes, for when I arose to leave he smiled again and whispered, "Bill, ballyhoo me as the only one-legged motorcyclist in the world, will you?"

But Jake never saw the twenty-four-sheets.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Pickens. The next will appear in the November twelfth issue

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

A Hundred Years Ago

WHEN "milkmaids" were in fashion—a hundred years ago—tomatoes were considered poison. They were grown for decoration. No one thought of eating them. Now millions of bushels are used every year.

It is only a generation since people had fear of tomatoes in cans. Now more canned tomatoes are used than any other kind. They are so surely safe and wholesome that the juice of canned tomatoes is used to give babies one of the important vitamins which health requires.

So much have we learned. A generation ago people had prejudice against all food in cans. They thought the can harmed the food. Now we know that food sterilized in sealed cans is the safest, most wholesome of food. We know the can doesn't destroy the freshness. We know it *keeps* the freshness. Fresh food that has been kept fresh and safe and wholesome by sterilization in the sealed can has a distinctive flavor. That flavor was "queer" a generation ago. It is coming now to be more and more preferred. To-morrow we shall wonder at the preference in other days for the flavor of any other kind of food.

The most important single item in the human diet—milk—is one of the most fragile of foods. The utmost of care and protection is needed to make sure that the milk we use is pure and safe and wholesome. Evaporated Milk, sterilized in sealed cans, is the answer to that need. We know that it is always free from anything that can harm health. It is just pure milk—nothing added to it. We know it is rich *always* in all the food substances of milk. Nothing is taken from the pure milk but part of the water. The sealed can protects its purity. The sterilization preserves its freshness. A standard fixed by the United States Government guarantees its richness. It is the last step in the march of progress to an absolutely safe and wholesome milk supply for every place and season.

The flavor of it. Evaporated Milk has a flavor that is distinctive—the characteristic flavor of pure milk that is kept fresh and sweet by sterilization. You know the flavor of boiled milk. The flavor of Evaporated Milk is that same "cooked" flavor intensified because the milk is concentrated and sterilized. It is the flavor that thousands of families are coming to know and to like.

What the flavor adds. Food made with Evaporated Milk has a rich flavor that is definitely due to the flavor of the milk—a flavor that cannot be approximated by any other means. This is particularly noticeable in cream soups, creamed vegetables, sauces and gravies. In pies, puddings, custards and ice creams, where the recipe calls for milk, Evaporated Milk, diluted with an equal part of water, will give you richer tasting desserts. Chocolate and cocoa are better because of the flavor. The very best of milk shakes and eggnogs are made with Evaporated Milk.

The modern cream and milk supply. Produced under the supervision of experts in the best dairying sections of America—received in sanitary plants while it is fresh and sweet—carefully tested for purity and cleanness—the pure, fresh milk is concentrated, put in air-tight containers and sterilized—protected from everything that can impair its freshness and sweetness and purity. Undiluted, Evaporated Milk is rich enough to use in place of cream. It costs less than half as much as cream. It can be diluted to suit any milk need. It costs less than ordinary milk. Every grocer has it.

Have you brought your milk supply up-to-date? Evaporated Milk is the favored milk and cream supply to-day in millions of American homes. And there the flavor of the milk—the flavor it gives to food—has become the preferred flavor. *Let us send you our free booklets demonstrating the adaptability of Evaporated Milk to every cream and milk use*—an astonishing revelation that will surprise you and delight you.

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In ordinary milk the butterfat (cream) begins to separate as soon as the milk comes from the cow.

In Evaporated Milk sixty per cent. of the water is removed. . . . Therefore every drop contains more than twice as much cream and other food substances.

It is never skimmed milk . . . the butterfat never separates . . . the cream is kept in the milk.

ONLY WATER IS REMOVED — NOTHING IS ADDED

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MANUFACTURERS OF
INDUSTRIAL AND COMMERCIAL CHAINS FOR EVERY PURPOSE

To men *who go unchaperoned to pantries*

THERE is no intention here to cast reflections upon men who do go unescorted, maybe at night, to the family larder. It's a great place, early discovered and seldom forgotten.

Merely do we want to point out to such men some attractions there which they may have overlooked.

The finer-flavored raisin dishes which have been showing up on your table and coming more and more frequently of late, are due to two cartons you have seen with unseeing eyes—a red package of Sun-Maid Nectars and a blue package of Sun-Maid Puffed. New types of raisins!

Unlike ordinary seedless raisins, Sun-Maid Nectars have the fresh flavor, the plump tenderness and *even the fragrance* of grapes full ripened on the vine. Naturally your wife insists upon getting those Nectars.

And Sun-Maid Puffed not only carry all the flavor of the muscat grape, but, different from any other *seeded* raisins, they aren't sticky! Convenient to use, your wife buys them so that she can make oftener for you and the family certain dishes you like especially well.

The next time you make a raid, look into those two cartons. Taste the Nectars; taste the Puffed. And while you're eating a handful of each, it will occur to you that vast progress has been made in the raisin industry by Sun-Maid; also that your wife, much to her credit, is watchful of such things.

SUN-MAID NECTARS *in the red carton* ·· SUN-MAID PUFFED *in the blue carton*

"They Know Orange Juice"

"THOSE people in the food-research laboratories of the world know *why* orange juice is good for men like you and me.

"We drink it every day and enjoy it and *feel* better for it.

"But they have analyzed it and found the organic salts and acids that give it its flavor and its appetizing and digestive qualities.

"They have proved that although commonly referred to as 'acid fruit,' oranges have an *alkaline* reaction in the blood and, therefore, are one of the most potent of food-factors in the prevention and the actual *correction* of the condition known as 'Acidosis.' They know that orange juice makes all the other foods more efficient by increasing the nutrition from them.

"I take three full glasses of orange juice each day—morning, noon and night. I began six months ago and I've felt distinctly better ever since.

"I *like* it—Science says it's very beneficial. That's a good combination to my way of thinking."

THE Laboratory also proves that *California* Oranges are unusually rich in the soluble solids from which those benefits are derived.

So it is well to specify *California Orange Juice* when you want this luscious drink at home or at down-town soda fountains and drink stands.

To be sure of getting California Sunkist Oranges, of uniformly good eating quality, look for the trade-mark on the wrapper and on the fruit.

Sunkist California Orange Juice

Richest Juice
Finest Flavor

Look for this Machine

It is being distributed by the growers of *Sunkist Oranges* and *Lemons* to enable cafeterias, restaurants, hotels, clubs and soda fountains to more quickly and conveniently make for you pure, wholesome orange and lemon juice drinks.

The dealers using the Sunkist (Electric) Fruit Juice Extractor serve real orange and lemon juice drinks made to your order from fresh oranges and lemons. Watch for this machine—it is your visible assurance of purity.

Prospective Buyers: Learn about our unusual cost-price proposition on this quick, efficient machine. Write us for complete information. Terms if desired. State line of business.

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